Baptism with the Holy Ghost

Full Gospel

THORO HARRIS
612 S. Campbell Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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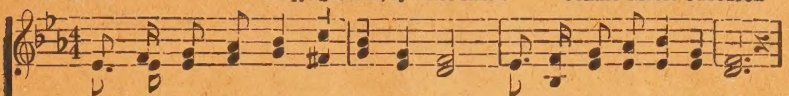
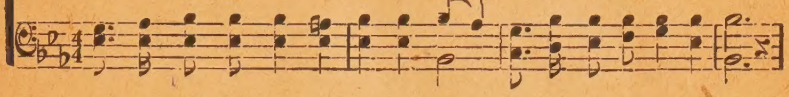
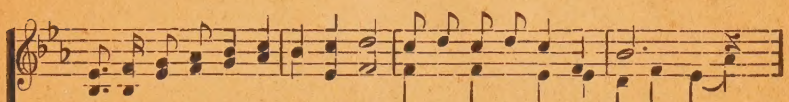
Send the Old Time Power.

J. M. J. Copyright 1923, by Thoro Harris Jennie Marie Jacobson

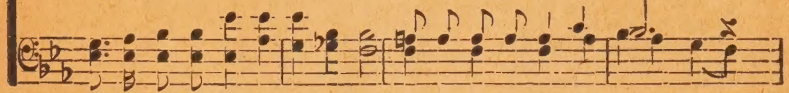


1. As up - on the day of Pen- te-cost Down from heav'n the fire did fall,
2. Then the clov-en tongues of flame appeared And they spake with tongues unknown
3. While we tar - ry at the Sav-ior's feet, Let the fire from heaven de-scend;
4. All the chaff of sin at once con-sume—Hear, O Lord, this earnest cry;
5. With this ho - ly unc - tion from a-bove Forth in-to the world we'll go;





And there fell the blessed Holy Ghost, Filling and bap-tiz-ing all—
Fill - ing and bap-tiz-ing all—
All the multitude which heard them feared, When they saw what God had done.
Now the sacred scene, O Lord, repeat, And the promis'd blessing send.
With the light of love our path il-lume Leading to our home on high.
To confirm the message of Thy love, Mighty signs and wonders show.



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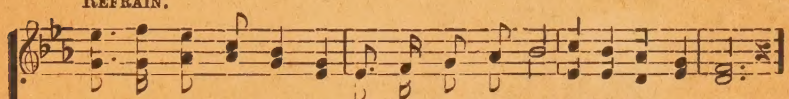
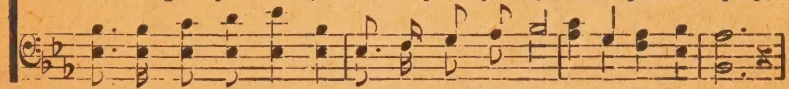
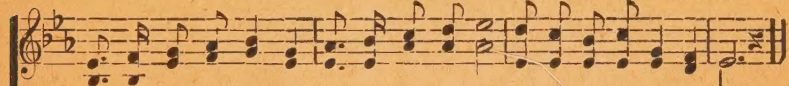
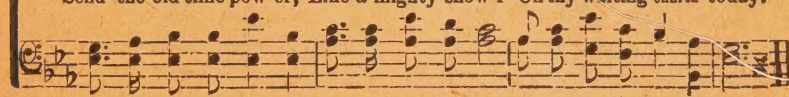


Like a might - y show-er, Send the Spirit's pow'r, Lord, Thy children pray;





Send the old time pow-er, Like a mighty show'r On thy waiting Church today.



To Whom Can I Go?

T. H.

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

1. To whom can I go but to Je - sus When tempted to doubt and de-spair?
2. To whom can I go but to Je - sus? A bove me the tempest may break:
3. To whom can I go but to Je - sus? Who loves me so fond - ly as He
4. To whom can I go but to Je - sus? He knoweth the way that I take;
He on - ly can heal my dis - eas - es. He on - ly will an-swer my pray'r.
He sure - ly will save me from dan-ger. His child He will nev - er for-sake.
Who died on the cross to re-deem me And liv - eth my Help - er to be?
His sheep He will suve-ly de - liv - er, His own He will uev - er for-sake.
REFRAIN
To whom can I go? To whom can I go But
to the dear Sav - ior who lov - eth me so? This won - der - ful
Friend Is true to the end: To whom can I go but Je - sus?

3 God Lives Within My Soul

T. H. Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris Thoro Harris

1. This sa-cred truth means more to me Than aught on earth can ev - er be:
2. God man - i - fest in form of man, Once wro't redemption's wondrous plan;
3. Tho I am weak, yet He is strong; He is my life, my joy my song;
4. And heav'n seems not some far-off place, Since e-ven here, thru sav-ing grace,
5. When He shall bid me "come up hig'r," I'll sing with all the ransom'd choir;
1. That now, and thru e - ter - ni - ty, God lives with - in my soul.
2. Com - plet - ing what He then be - gan, God lives with - in my soul.
3. And tho the night be dark and long, God lives with - in my soul.
4. In fan - cy I be - hold His face Who lives with - in my soul.
5. But then than now He'll be no nigh'r—God lives with - in my soul!
CHORUS
With - in my soul, With - in my soul;
He lives with - in my rapt - ur'd soul, I yield Him ab-so - lute con - trol;
His Spir-it guides, For He a - bides With - in my soul;
God lives with - in my ran-som'd soul;
His Spir - it guides, For He a - bides With - in my soul.
my ran - som'd soul.

Our Hope.

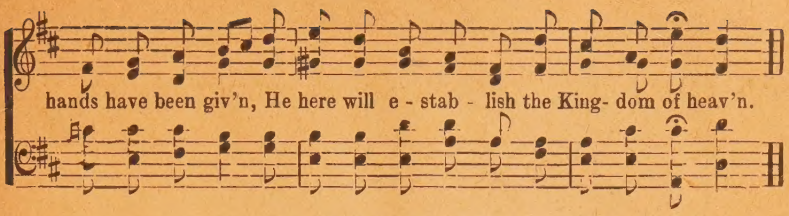
Thoro Harris Copyright 1923, Thoro Harris Henry Housley

1 The earth is op-prest by a bur- den of wo, Cre - a - tion is groan-ing in pain;
The day of God's wrath soon will break; but we know, Our Sav- ior is com-ing a - gain.
2. The desert re-joic-ing shall bloom like a rose, The curse shall be lift-ed a- way;
An end He will make of our sorrows and woes; We long for that glo-ri- ous day.

REFRAIN

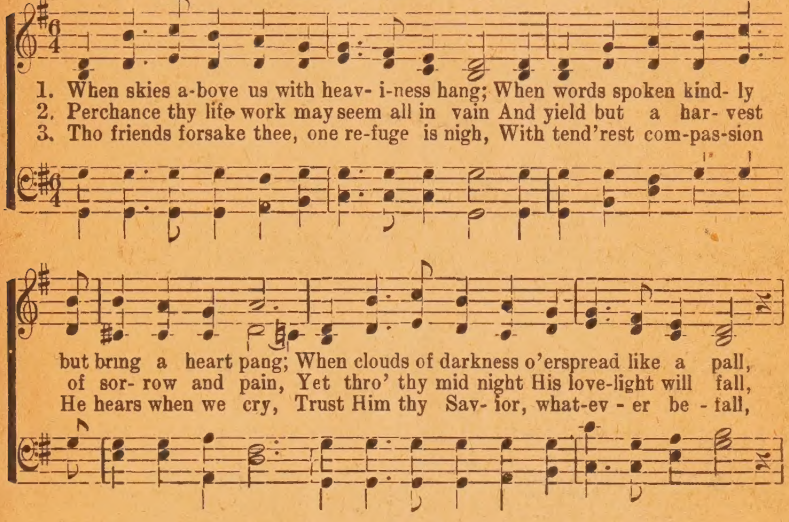
Je- sus is com- ing, is com-ing a- gain, O'er all the na-tions in jus- tice to reign, Do-min-ion and pow'r in His hands have been giv'n, He here will e-stablish the King-dom of heav'n, Na-tions in jus-tice to reign, Do- min-ion and pow'r in His

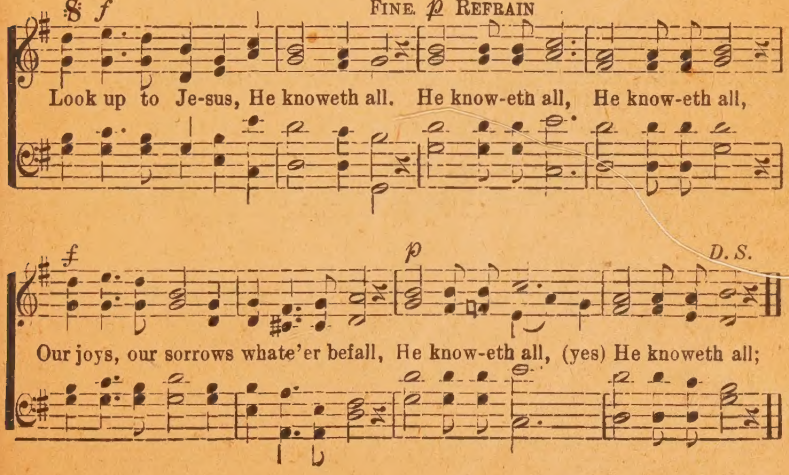
Our Hope



5 He Knoweth All

Jennie Marie Jacobson Copyright 1923 by Thoro Harris Mildred Smith


1. When skies a-bove us with heav- i-ness hang; When words spoken kind- ly
2. Perchance thy life work may seem all in vain And yield but a har- vest
3. Tho friends forsake thee, one re-fuge is nigh, With tend'rest com-pas-sion
but bring a heart pang; When clouds of darkness o'erspread like a pall,
of sor- row and pain, Yet thro' thy mid night His love-light will fall,
He hears when we cry, Trust Him thy Sav- ior, what-ev - er be - fall,


f
FINE. p REFRAIN
Look up to Je-sus, He knoweth all. He know-eth all, He know-eth all,
f
p
D. S.
Our joys, our sorrows whate'er befall, He know-eth all, (yes) He knoweth all;

Heavenly Sunlight.

"I am the Light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness."—John 8:12.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. G. H. COOK.

1. Walk-ing in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the moun-tains
2. Shad-ows a-round me, shad-ows a-bove me, Nev-er con-ceal my
3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to
thro' the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,
Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark-ness,
man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing His prais-es glad-ly I'm walk-ing
CHORUS.
Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail.
Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to His side. Heav-en-ly sun-light,
Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love.
heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le-
lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Sing-ing His prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

1899, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J. By per.

The Story of His Love.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. What's the grand - est word That was ev - er heard? 'Tis the sweet old
2. When the skies are blue What can hope re - new Like the sweet old
3. What will be the song Of the ran-somed throng But the sweet old
1. sto - ry of His love. What will wand'rers win From the paths of sin But the
2. sto - ry of His love? What can peace im-part To an ach - ing heart But the
3. sto - ry of His love! When they see the King All the saints will sing Of the
CHORUS.
1. sweet old sto - ry of His love?
2. sweet old sto - ry of His love?
3. sweet old sto - ry of His love.
'Tis the noblest theme to mortals giv'n, 'Tis the
So we'll tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er Till we
joy of earth, 'tis the praise of heav-en; Nothing else could be as dear to me
reach our home on the golden shore; And then with all the ransomed souls a - bove
1
2
As the sto - ry of Je - sus' love.
Sing the sto - ry of His love.
might-y love.

Meet Me There.

H. E. Blair.

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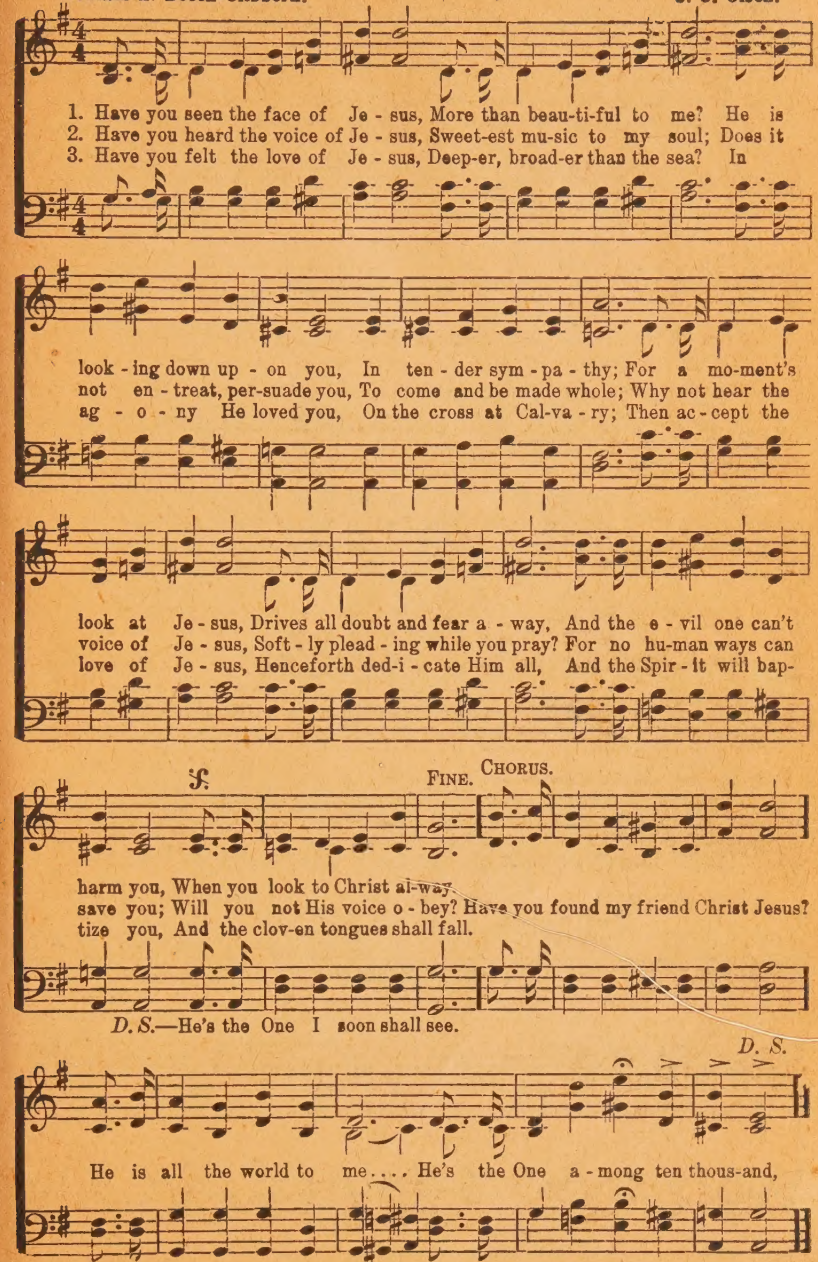
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. On the hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev-er sing, In the
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a-way In-to
Heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv-er sparkling bright, In the
pal-ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with
FINE.
pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
cit-y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight,
heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end,
Meet me there.
D. S.-hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.
CHORUS.
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
Meet me there, Meet me there,
D. S.
blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there;

The Face of Jesus.

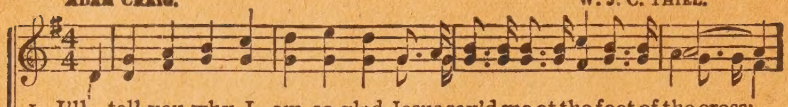
Copyright, 1919, by W. ' ' Booth-Clibborn.

William E. Booth-Clibborn. J. O. Olson.


1. Have you seen the face of Je - sus, More than beau-ti-ful to me? He is
2. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus, Sweet-est mu-sic to my soul; Does it
3. Have you felt the love of Je - sus, Deep-er, broad-er than the sea? In
look - ing down up - on you, In ten - der sym - pa - thy; For a mo-ment's
not en - treat, per-suade you, To come and be made whole; Why not hear the
ag - o - ny He loved you, On the cross at Cal-va - ry; Then ac - cept the
look at Je - sus, Drives all doubt and fear a - way, And the e - vil one can't
voice of Je - sus, Soft - ly plead - ing while you pray? For no hu-man ways can
love of Je - sus, Henceforth ded-i - cate Him all, And the Spir - it will bap-
f.
FINE.
CHORUS.
harm you, When you look to Christ al-way.
save you; Will you not His voice o - bey? Have you found my friend Christ Jesus?
tize you, And the clov-en tongues shall fall.
D. S.—He's the One I soon shall see.
D. S.
He is all the world to me.... He's the One a - mong ten thous-and,

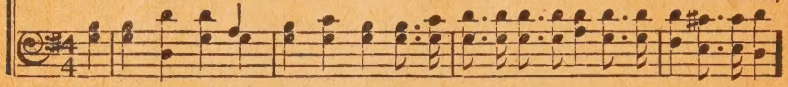
At the Foot of the Cross.

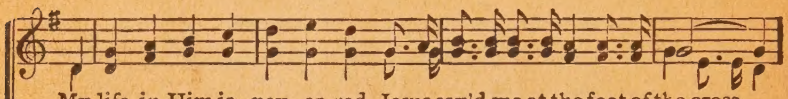
ADAM CRAIG. W. J. C. THIEL.



1. I'll tell you why I am so glad, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
2. I once was blind, He pitied me, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
3. My burden now is rolled a-way, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
4. 'Twas faith in Him that sav'd my soul, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
5. My pathway shines in glorious light, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;
6. I'm ready now when life shall end, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;

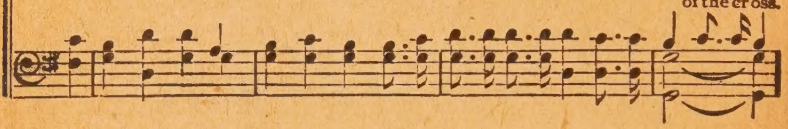
of the cross;



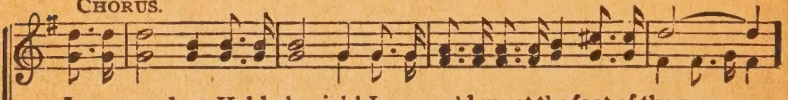


My life in Him is nev - er sad, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
My eyes He open'd, now I see, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
And He is now my strength and stay, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
He made my wounded spirit whole, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
He fills my soul with pure delight, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.
For now He is my Savior, Friend, Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.

of the cross.

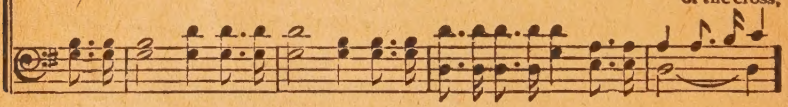


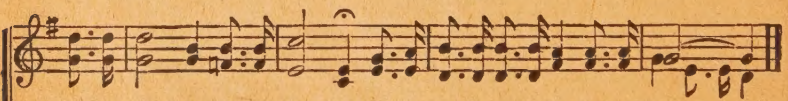
CHORUS.



Jesus saved me, Hal-le-lu - jah! Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross;

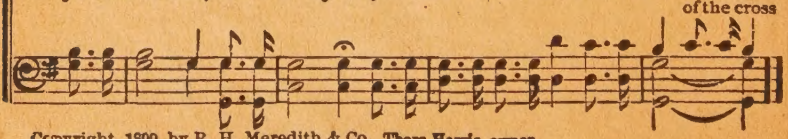
of the cross;





Jesus saved me, Hal-le-lu - jah! Jesus sav'd me at the foot of the cross.

of the cross



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11 My Refuge

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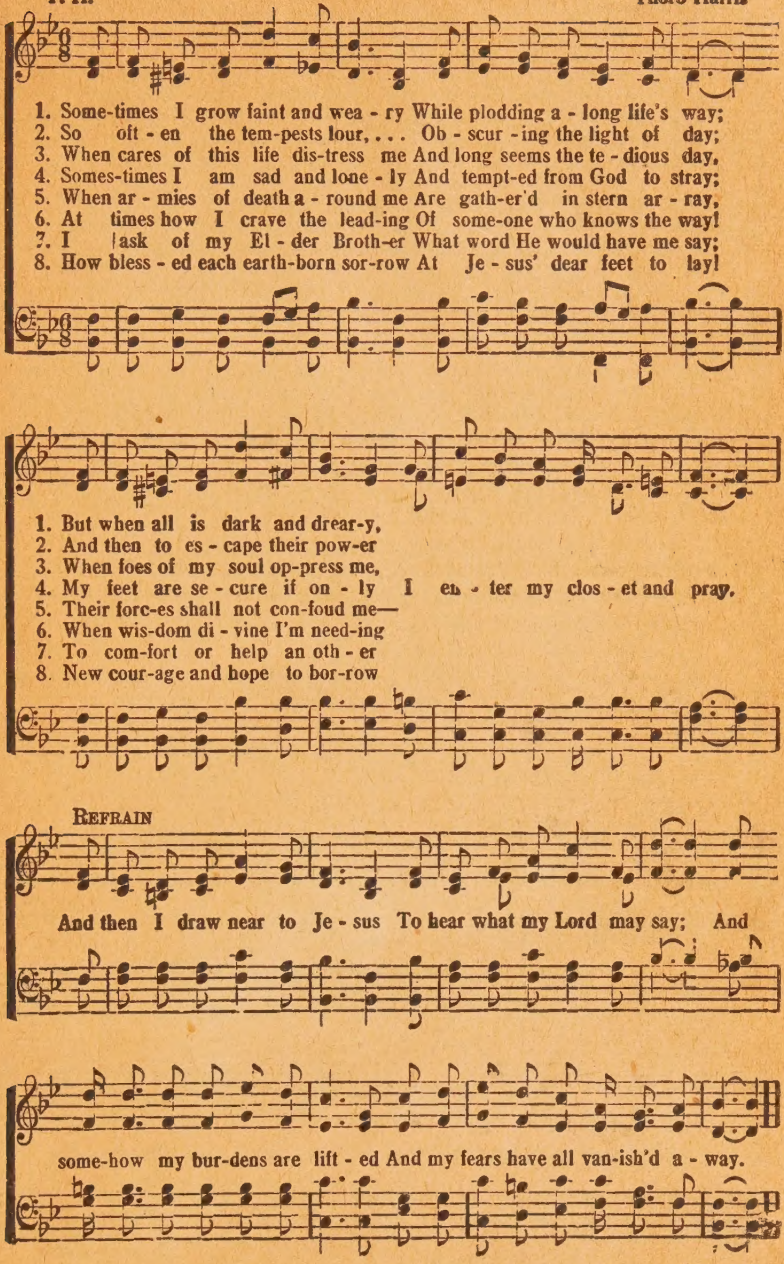
T. H. Thoro Harris


1. Some-times I grow faint and wea - ry While plodding a - long life's way;
2. So oft - en the tem-pests lour, . . . Ob - scur - ing the light of day;
3. When cares of this life dis-tress me And long seems the te - dious day,
4. Somes-times I am sad and lone - ly And tempt-ed from God to stray;
5. When ar - mies of death a - round me Are gath-er'd in stern ar - ray,
6. At times how I crave the lead-ing Of some-one who knows the way!
7. I ask of my El - der Broth-er What word He would have me say;
8. How bless - ed each earth-born sor-row At Je - sus' dear feet to lay!
1. But when all is dark and drear-y,
2. And then to es - cape their pow-er
3. When foes of my soul op-press me,
4. My feet are se - cure if on - ly I en - ter my clos - et and pray.
5. Their forc-es shall not con-foud me—
6. When wis-dom di - vine I'm need-ing
7. To com-fort or help an oth - er
8. New cour-age and hope to bor-row
REFRAIN
And then I draw near to Je - sus To hear what my Lord may say; And
some-how my bur-dens are lift - ed And my fears have all van-ish'd a - way.

If We Can See Jesus.

C. B. H. C. BENJ. HOPKINS.

1. If we can see Je - sus as on-ward we go, We'll fear not the
2. If we can see Je - sus when wea - ry in heart, A strength for our
3. If we can see Je - sus then oth - ers will know, We'll car - ry his
4. If we can see Je - sus: O Mas - ter, be near, Each hour, yes, each
con - flict though fierce be the foe; No harm can be - fall us, no
weak-ness 'twill quick - ly im - part; When tried and dis-cour-aged and
glad - ness wher - ev - er we go; We'll brighten the path-way, dis-
mo - ment to strengthen and cheer; And grant us, we pray thee, when
dan-gers af-fright; If we can see Je - sus then all will be right.
doubtings pur-sue; A glimpse of the Sav - ior our faith will re - new.
pell - ing the gloom, And make life a bow - er of e - den-like bloom.
life shall be past, In man-sions e - ter - nal to see thee at last.
CHORUS.
We would see Je - sus, We would see Je - sus al - way;
We would see Je-sus our Sav-ior to - day.
Sav - - ior
Touch thou our eyes bless-ed Mas - ter, So we may see thee to - day.

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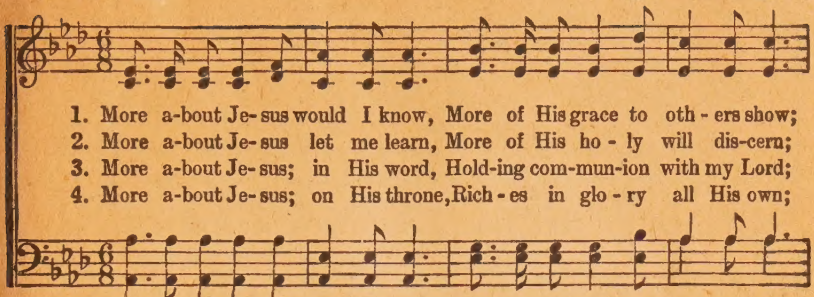
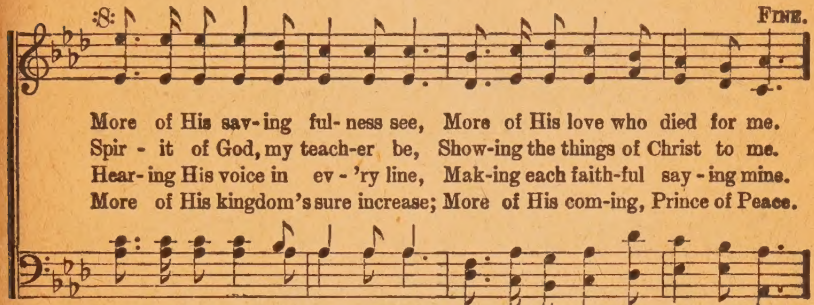
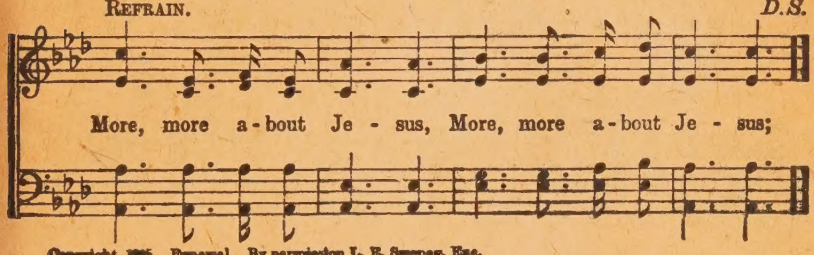
13 More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;


FINE.
More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

D.S.—*More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.*



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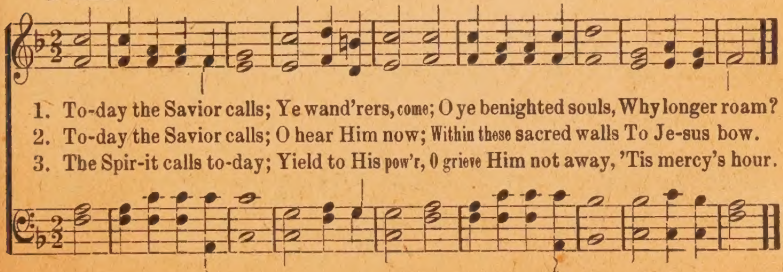
14 To-day the Savior Calls.

S. Smith. L. Mason.


1. To-day the Savior calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Savior calls; O hear Him now; Within these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.
3. The Spir-it calls to-day; Yield to His pow'r, O grieve Him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.

15 I Am Happy in Jesus

D. M. Cathey Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris W. R. Plumlee

1. I am hap - py in Je - sus, His love makes me free; Once I was
2. Man - y tri - als may vex me and dan - gers be - fall: What doth it
3. When my la - bor, temp-ta-tions and con-flicts are past. With all the
blind - ed, but now I can see. His grace has reach'd me, its pow'r makes me
mat - ter? I'll tri-umph o'er all! His arm will hold me, He'll take me straight
faith - ful I'll reach home at last Where sin and sor - row can taunt me no
whole, And I'm on my way re - joic - ing, with glo - ry in my soul.
thru; Yes, I know He'll not for - sake me, His prom - is - es are true.
more, There we'll sing His praise to - geth - er on Ca-naan's peace-ful shore.
CHORUS
I'll go sing-ing, I'll go shout-ing As I jour-ney home to glo - ry, And pro-
To that land where all is gladness, Not a trace of care or sad-ness, Till I
1
2
claim redemption's sto - ry Till I cross the nar-row sea
reach that heav'nly mansion (Omit.....,) Wait-ing there for me.

It is Mine.

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ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. God's a - bid-ing peace is in my soul to - day, Yes, I feel it
2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per-fect rest, In my raptured
3. He has giv - en me a nev - er - fail-ing joy, Oh, I have it
4. Oh, the love of God is com-fort - ing my soul, For His love is
now, yes, I feel it now; He has tak - en all my doubts and fears a-
heart I can feel it now; He each pass-ing moment keeps me sav'd and
now! oh, I have it now! To His praise I will my ransom'd pow'rs em-
mine, yes, His love is mine! Waves of joy and glad-ness o'er my spir - it
CHORUS.
way, Tho' I can-not tell you how.
blest, Floods with light my heart and brow.
ploy, And re - new my grate-ful vow.
roll, Thrill-ing me with life di - vine.
It is mine, mine,
It is mine, this price-less treas-ure, ev-er
blessed be His name! He has giv-en peace, perfect peace to me; It is
mine, mine, blessed be His name! Mine for all e-ter-ni - ty!
mine, this priceless treasure, ev-er

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My Vision.

T. H.

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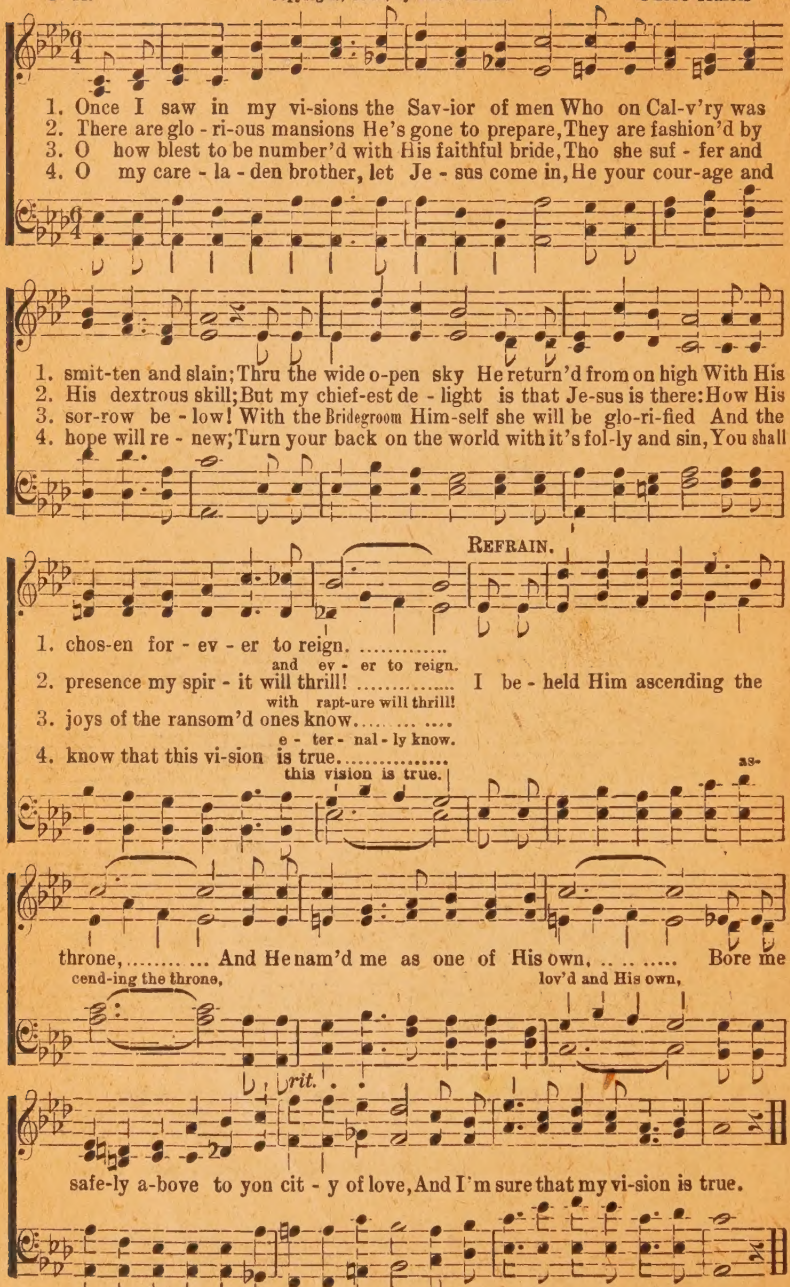
Thoro Harris


1. Once I saw in my vi-sions the Sav-ior of men Who on Cal-v'ry was
2. There are glo - ri-ous mansions He's gone to prepare, They are fashion'd by
3. O how blest to be number'd with His faithful bride, Tho she suf - fer and
4. O my care - la - den brother, let Je - sus come in, He your cour-age and
1. smit-ten and slain; Thru the wide o-pen sky He return'd from on high With His
2. His dextrous skill; But my chief-est de - light is that Je-sus is there: How His
3. sor-row be - low! With the Bridegroom Him-self she will be glo-ri-fied And the
4. hope will re - new; Turn your back on the world with it's fol-ly and sin, You shall
REFRAIN.
1. chos-en for - ev - er to reign.
2. presence my spir - it will thrill! and ev - er to reign. I be - held Him ascending the
3. joys of the ransom'd ones know. with rapt-ure will thrill!
4. know that this vi-sion is true. e - ter - nal - ly know. this vision is true.
throne, And He nam'd me as one of His own, Bore me
cend-ing the throne, lov'd and His own,
rit.
safe-ly a-bove to yon cit - y of love, And I'm sure that my vi-sion is true.

The Conquering Christ Within

T. H. Copyright, 1922. by Thoro Harris Thoro Harris

1. How can the heart so prone to stray From vir - tue and from God
2. Our Sav - ior in His flesh o'er-came All vain and world - ly pride,
3. Temp-ta-tion would my soul ap - pal, I face a de - mon throng;
Be kept with - in the King's highway, The straight and nar - row road?
And they who hide be - hind that name Can ev - 'ry storm out - ride.
With - in a - bides my All in all, The Strong-er than the strong.
CHORUS
The conq'ring Christ with-in..... Can stem the tide of sin,.....
The conq'ring Christ who dwells within, Can stem the ris - ing tide of sin,
1
Can break His pow'r From hour to hour And might - y vic-t'ries win;
2
Cres.
f rit.
O glo - ry to His peer - less name, The conq'ring Christ with - in!

Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it
told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the
pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be-
fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I
cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I
REFRAIN.
arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,
Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend. near - er, near-er,
may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me
near - er, near - er, near-er bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

By permission.

20 Jesus is Coming Soon.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Howard E. Smith.

1. Let all the ran-som'd u-nite to sing Prais-es to Je-sus our
2. Signs in the earth and the star - ry sky Loud-ly pro-claim our re-
3. War and com-mo-tion in ev - 'ry land Point to the end with un-
4. Sav-ior, come quick-ly! Thy chil-dren pray; Bring res-ti-tu-tion, and
conq - 'ring King; Let all the joy-bells of heav-en ring:—
demp - tion nigh; Lift up your head, and with fer-vor cry,
err - ing hand; Chris-tian, pre-pare in your lot to stand—
speed the day When want and sor-row shall pass a-way—
CHORUS.
Je-sus is com-ing soon..... Com - ing
Hal-le-lu-jah!
soon, Je-sus is com - ing soon;.... King of the
Com - -
na-tions, our glo-ri-ous Groom, Com - ing soon.....
ing, com - ing, yes, Je-sus is com - ing, com ing soon.

21 Love Unchanging

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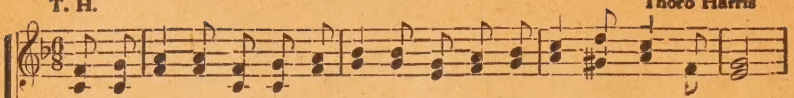
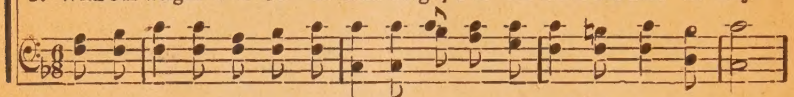
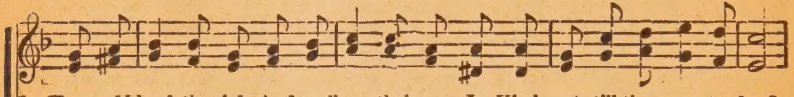
T. H. Thoro Harris

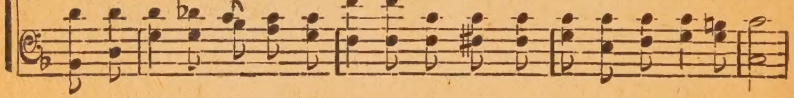


1. When so long a - go Je-sus walk'd be-low On His rug-ged, thorn-y way,
2. To the demon-driv'n Who with f iends had striv'n, Did He not in mer - cy say,
3. In the strife with wrong Some had suffer'd long—Never one was cast a - way;
4. In the Master's name When to-geth-er came All His faith-ful band to pray,
5. With our weight of wo Un - to Him we go, For our Lord has said we may!

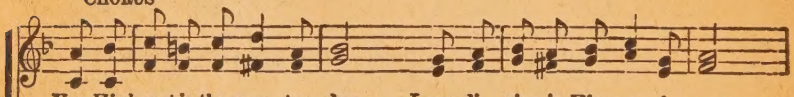




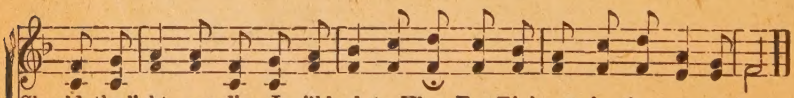
1. He would heal the sick And re-lieve their wo: Is His heart still the same to-day?
2. "Soul, depart in peace; Thou art all forgiv'n"—Will He par-don my sin to-day?
3. Ah, His love was deep And His grace was strong—Will His touch make me whole today?
4. Fell the Ho-ly Ghost Like a liv - ing flame: Will He pour out that gift to-day?
5. In His word we read, And by faith we know, "Je-sus Christ is the same to-day."



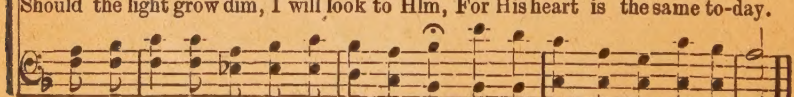
CHORUS



Yes, His heart is the same to - day, Love di - vine is His name for aye;
to-day. for aye;

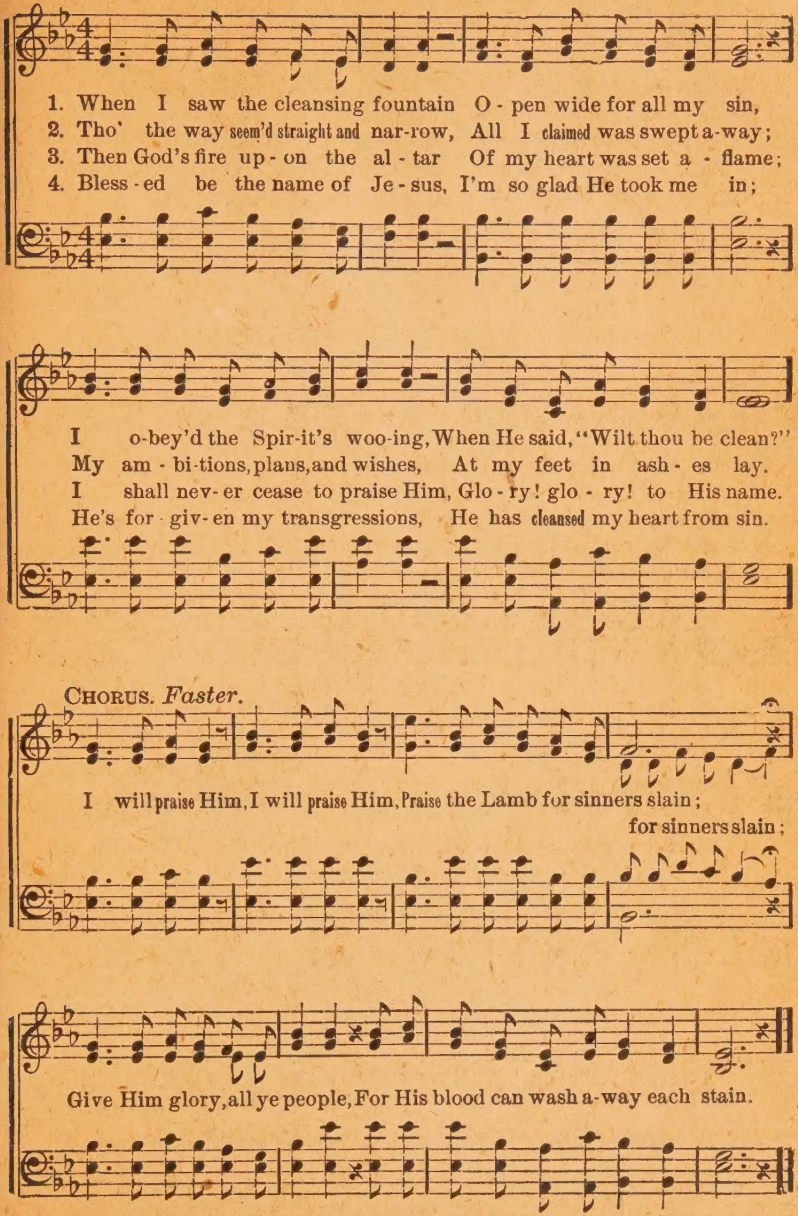


Should the light grow dim, I will look to Him, For His heart is the same to-day.



I Will Praise Him.

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.


1. When I saw the cleansing fountain O - pen wide for all my sin,
2. Tho' the way seem'd straight and nar-row, All I claimed was swept a-way;
3. Then God's fire up - on the al - tar Of my heart was set a - flame;
4. Bless - ed be the name of Je - sus, I'm so glad He took me in;
I o-bey'd the Spir-it's woo-ing, When He said, "Wilt thou be clean?"
My am - bi-tions, plans, and wishes, At my feet in ash - es lay.
I shall nev- er cease to praise Him, Glo - ry! glo - ry! to His name.
He's for - giv-en my transgressions, He has cleansed my heart from sin.
Chorus. Faster.
I will praise Him, I will praise Him, Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;
for sinners slain;
Give Him glory, all ye people, For His blood can wash a-way each stain.

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23 Glory to the Name of Jesus

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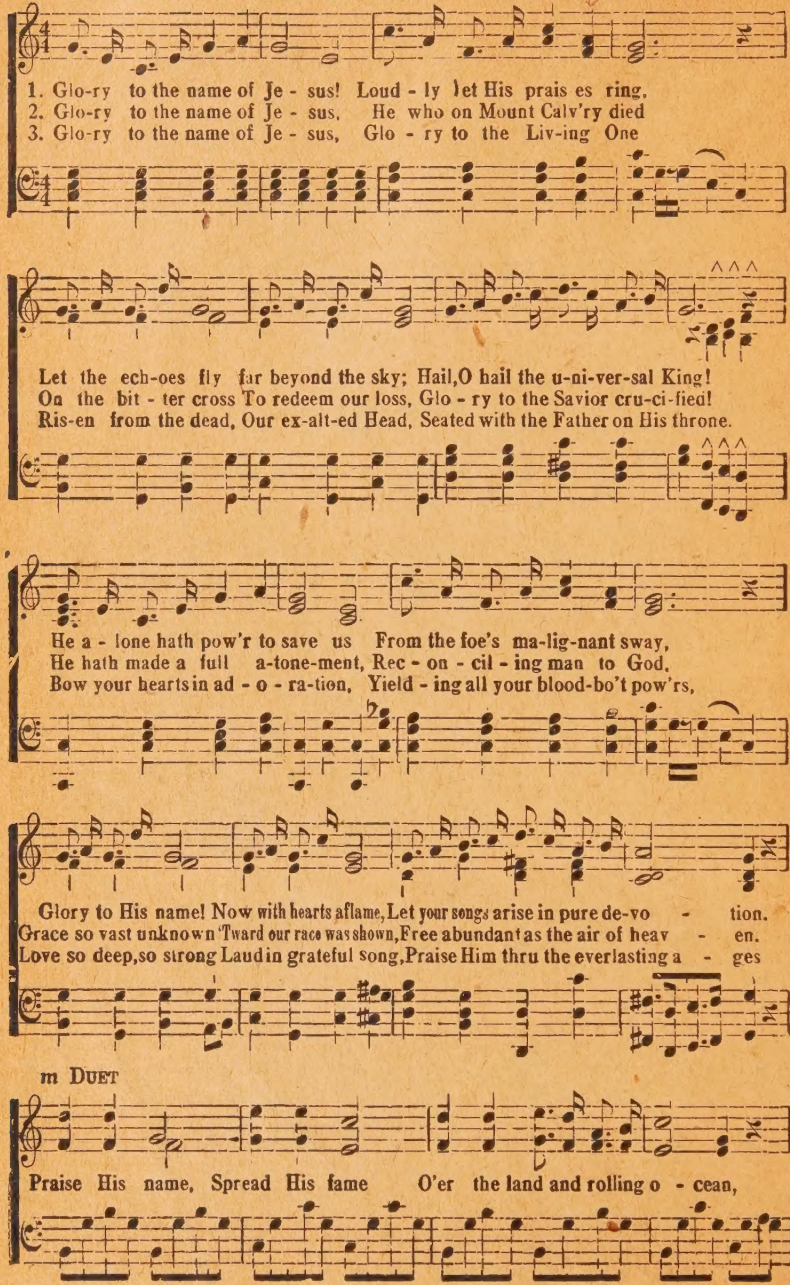
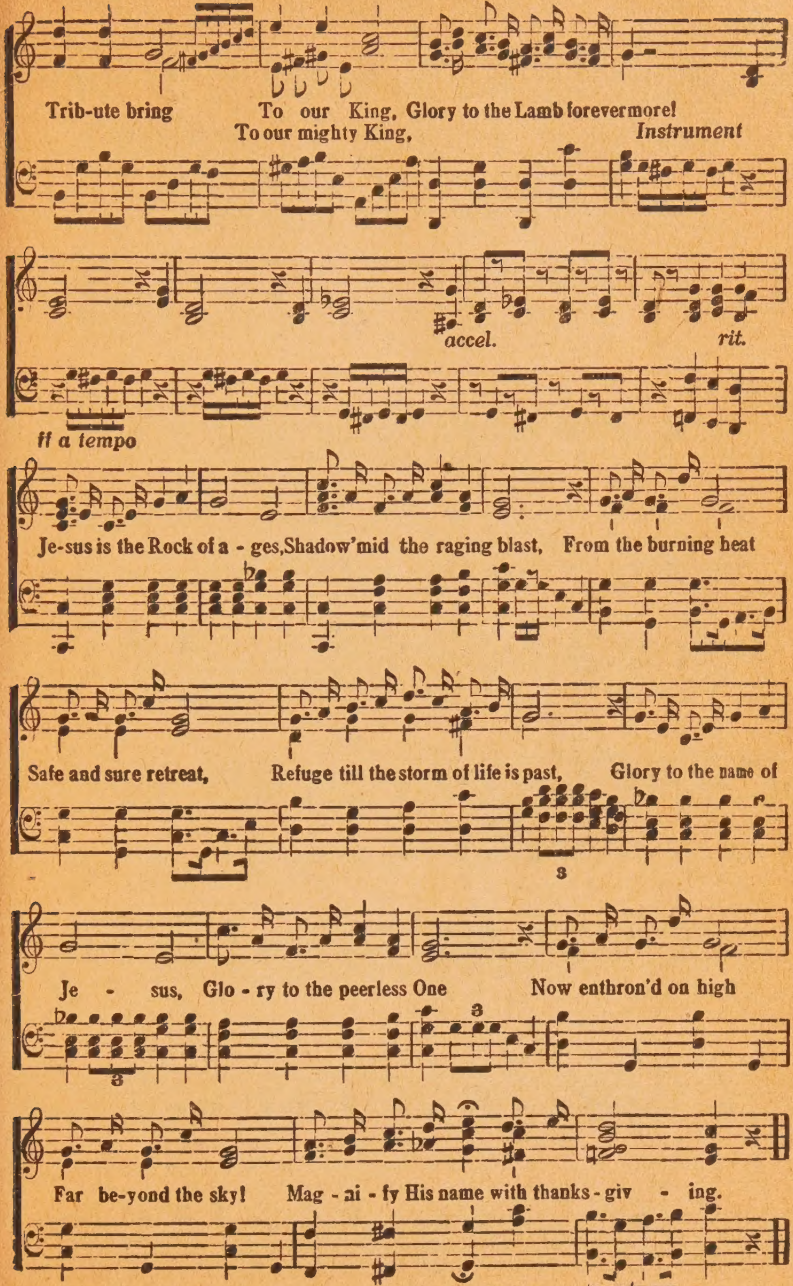
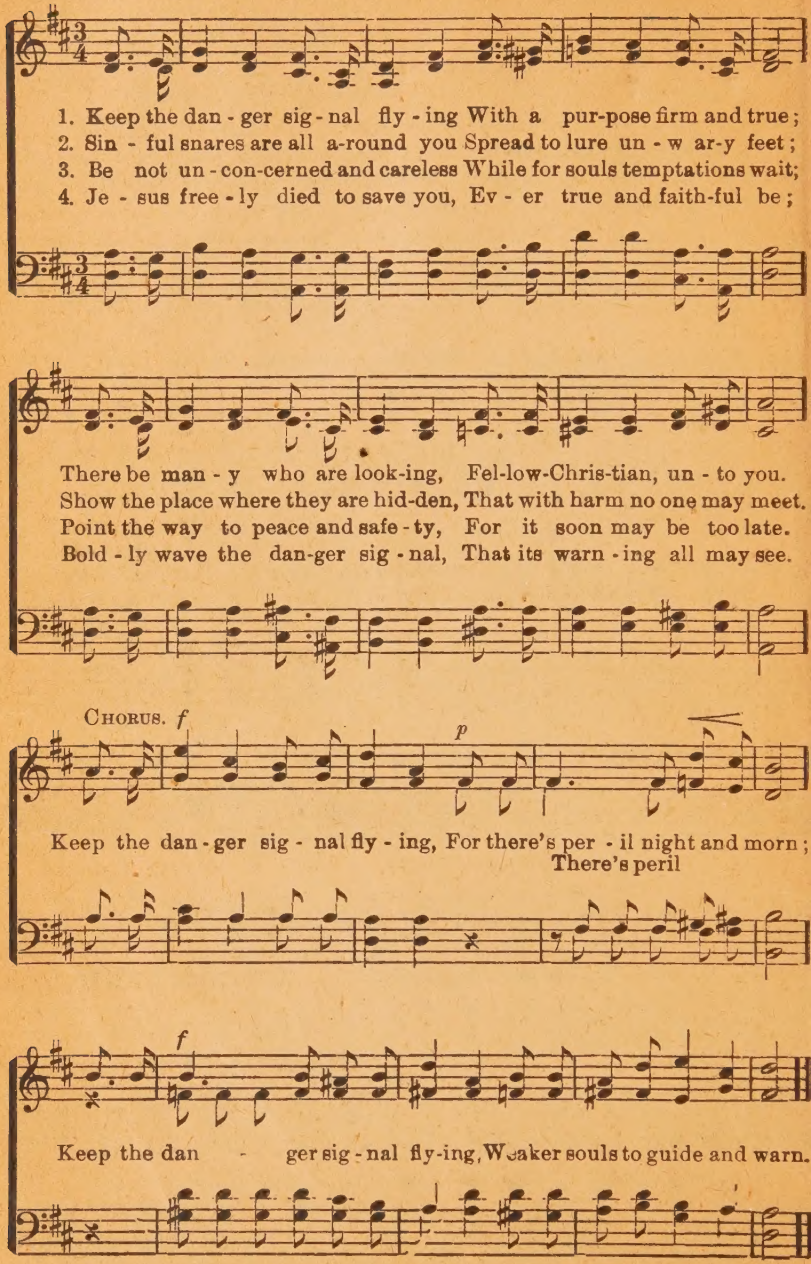

1. Glo-ry to the name of Je - sus! Loud - ly let His prais es ring,
2. Glo-ry to the name of Je - sus, He who on Mount Calv'ry died
3. Glo-ry to the name of Je - sus, Glo - ry to the Liv-ing One
Let the ech-oes fly far beyond the sky; Hail, O hail the u-ni-ver-sal King!
On the bit - ter cross To redeem our loss, Glo - ry to the Savior cru-ci-fied!
Ris-en from the dead, Our ex-alt-ed Head, Seated with the Father on His throne.
He a - lone hath pow'r to save us From the foe's ma-lig-nant sway,
He hath made a full a-tone-ment, Rec - on - cil - ing man to God.
Bow your hearts in ad - o - ra-tion, Yield - ing all your blood-bo't pow'rs,
Glory to His name! Now with hearts aflame, Let your songs arise in pure de-vo - tion.
Grace so vast unknown 'Tward our race was shown, Free abundant as the air of heav - en.
Love so deep, so strong Laud in grateful song, Praise Him thru the everlasting a - ges
m DUET
Praise His name, Spread His fame O'er the land and rolling o - cean,

Glory to the Name of Jesus


Trib-ute bring To our King, Glory to the Lamb forevermore!
To our mighty King,
Instrument
accel.
rit.
ff a tempo
Je-sus is the Rock of a - ges, Shadow'mid the raging blast, From the burning heat
Safe and sure retreat, Refuge till the storm of life is past, Glory to the name of
Je - sus, Glo - ry to the peerless One Now enthron'd on high
Far be-yond the sky! Mag - ni - fy His name with thanks - giv - ing.

The Danger Signal.

Jennie Wilson. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

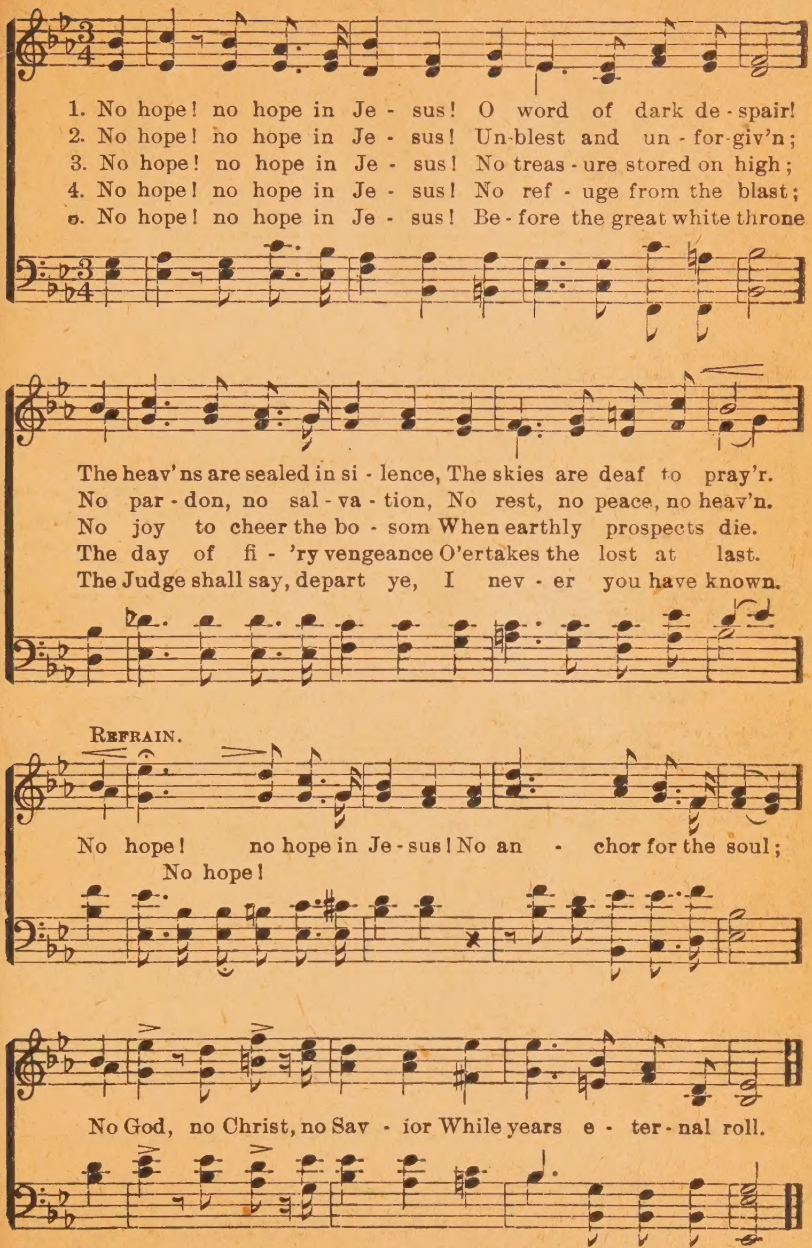

1. Keep the dan - ger sig - nal fly - ing With a pur-pose firm and true;
2. Sin - ful snares are all a-round you Spread to lure un - w ar-y feet;
3. Be not un - con-cerned and careless While for souls temptations wait;
4. Je - sus free - ly died to save you, Ev - er true and faith-ful be;
There be man - y who are look-ing, Fel-low-Chris-tian, un - to you.
Show the place where they are hid-den, That with harm no one may meet.
Point the way to peace and safe - ty, For it soon may be too late.
Bold - ly wave the dan-ger sig - nal, That its warn - ing all may see.
Chorus. f
p
Keep the dan - ger sig - nal fly - ing, For there's per - il night and morn;
There's peril
f
Keep the dan - ger sig - nal fly - ing, Weaker souls to guide and warn.

No Hope in Jesus.

"Without God and without hope."—Eph. 2: 12.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris

Andante.


1. No hope! no hope in Je - sus! O word of dark de - spair!
2. No hope! no hope in Je - sus! Un-blest and un - for-giv'n;
3. No hope! no hope in Je - sus! No treas - ure stored on high;
4. No hope! no hope in Je - sus! No ref - uge from the blast;
5. No hope! no hope in Je - sus! Be - fore the great white throne
The heav'ns are sealed in si - lence, The skies are deaf to pray'r.
No par - don, no sal - va - tion, No rest, no peace, no heav'n.
No joy to cheer the bo - som When earthly prospects die.
The day of fi - 'ry vengeance O'ertakes the lost at last.
The Judge shall say, depart ye, I nev - er you have known.
Refrain.
No hope! no hope in Je - sus! No an - chor for the soul;
No hope!
No God, no Christ, no Sav - ior While years e - ter - nal roll.

Deeper, Deeper.

C. P. J.

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CHAS. P. JONES.

1. Deep-er, deep-er in the love of Je-sus Dai-ly let me go;
2. Deep-er, deep-er! bless-ed Ho-ly Spir-it, Take me deep-er still,
3. Deep-er, deep-er! tho' it cost hard tri-als, Deep-er let me go!
4. Deep-er, high-er ev-'ry day in Je-sus, Till all con-flict past,

High-er, high-er in the school of wis-dom, Mere of grace to know.
Till my life is whol-ly lost in Je-sus And his per-fect will.
Root-ed in the ho-ly love of Je-sus, Let me fruit-ful grow.
Finds me con-qu'ror, and in his own im-age Per-fect-ed at last.

CHORUS.

O deep - - - er yet, I pray,..... And
O deep-er yet, I pray, deep-er yet, I pray, And

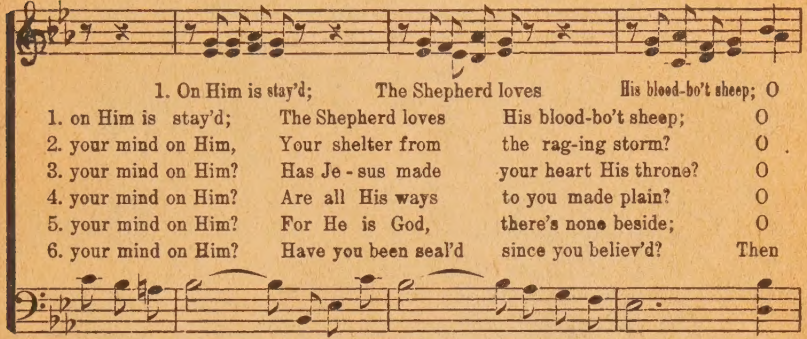
high - - - er ev-'ry day,..... And wis - - - er,
high-er ev-'ry day, high-er ev-'ry day, And wis-er, bless-ed Lord,

bless-ed Lord,..... In thy pre-cious ho-ly Word.
wis-er, bless-ed Lord,

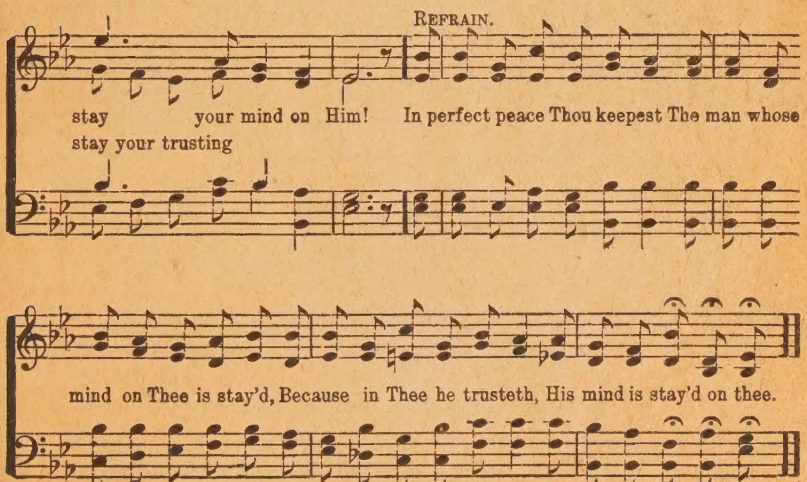
Kept In Peace.

C. P. Jones. Arrangement copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris. C. P. Jones.

1. In per-fect peace the Lord will keep The man whose mind
2. No rav'nous beast may do them harm; O have you stay'd
3. O have you made the Lord your own, And have you stay'd
4. Does perfect peace with-in you reign? And have you stay'd
5. O have you all the world de-nied, And have you stay'd
6. The Ho - ly Ghost have you receiv'd? And do you stay

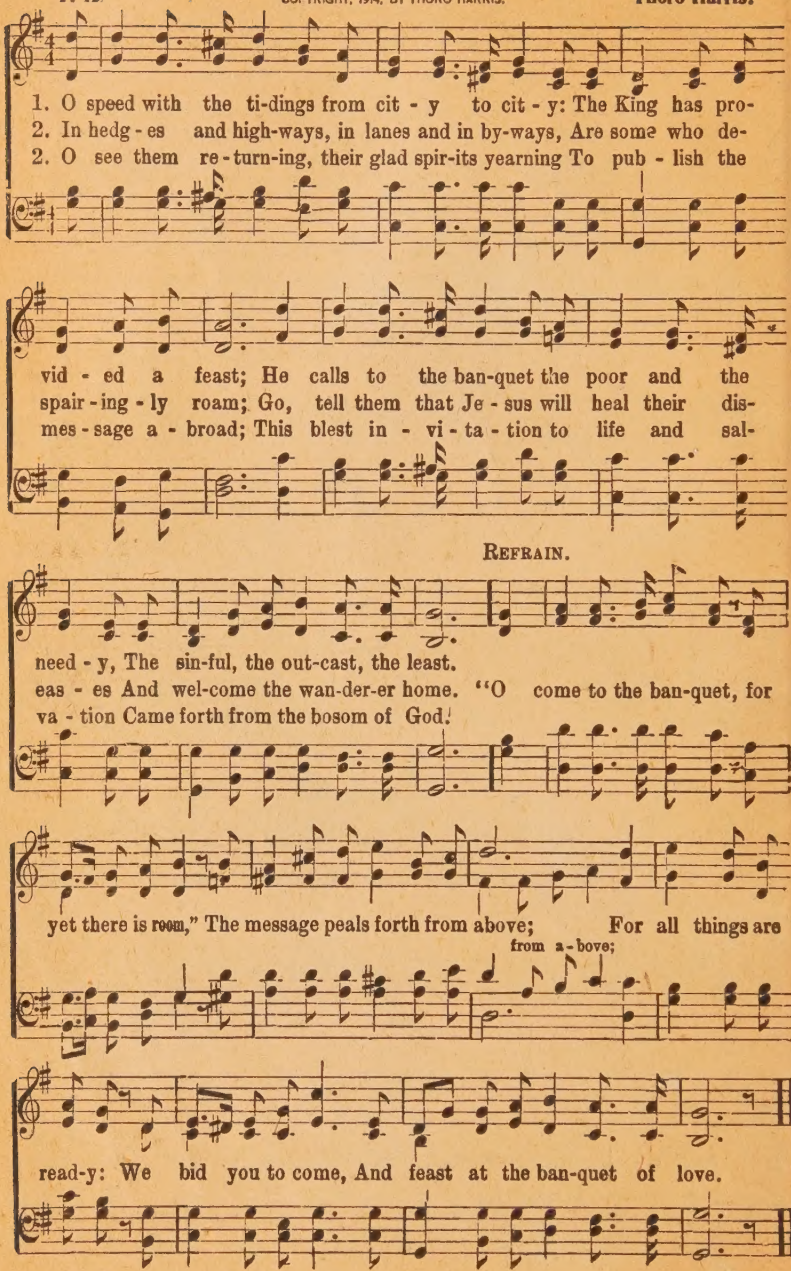


1. on Him is stay'd; The Shepherd loves His blood-bo't sheep; O
2. your mind on Him, Your shelter from the rag-ing storm? O
3. your mind on Him? Has Je - sus made your heart His throne? O
4. your mind on Him? Are all His ways to you made plain? O
5. your mind on Him? For He is God, there's none beside; O
6. your mind on Him? Have you been seal'd since you believ'd? Then


Refrain.
stay your mind on Him! In perfect peace Thou keepest The man whose
stay your trusting
mind on Thee is stay'd, Because in Thee he trusteth, His mind is stay'd on thee.

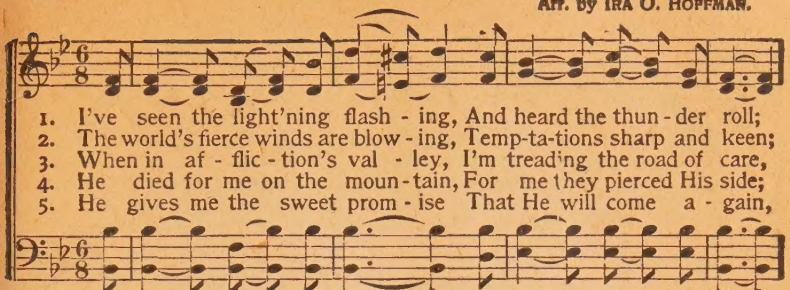
The Banquet of Love.

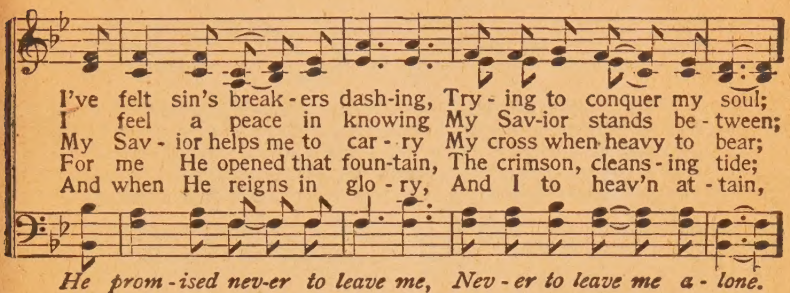
T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.


1. O speed with the ti-dings from cit - y to cit - y: The King has pro-
2. In hedg - es and high-ways, in lanes and in by-ways, Are some who de-
2. O see them re - turn-ing, their glad spir-its yearning To pub - lish the
vid - ed a feast; He calls to the ban-quet the poor and the
spair - ing - ly roam; Go, tell them that Je - sus will heal their dis-
mes - sage a - broad; This blest in - vi - ta - tion to life and sal-
REFRAIN.
need - y, The sin-ful, the out-cast, the least.
eas - es And wel-come the wan-der-er home. "O come to the ban-quet, for
va - tion Came forth from the bosom of God.
yet there is room," The message peals forth from above; For all things are
from a - bove;
read-y: We bid you to come, And feast at the ban-quet of love.

Never Alone.

Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.


1. I've seen the light'ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll;
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temp-ta-tions sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the moun - tain, For me they pierced His side;
5. He gives me the sweet prom - ise That He will come a - gain,
CHO.— No, nev-er a - lone, No, nev-er a - lone;


I've felt sin's break - ers dash-ing, Try - ing to conquer my soul;
I feel a peace in knowing My Sav-ior stands be - tween;
My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear;
For me He opened that foun-tain, The crimson, cleans - ing tide;
And when He reigns in glo - ry, And I to heav'n at - tain,
He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

I've heard the voice of my Sav - ior Tell-ing me still to fight on;
He stands to shield me from dan-ger When earth - ly friends are gone;
My feet, en-tan-gled with bri - ers Read-y to cast me down,
For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seat-ed up - on His throne;
I shall, in that dear coun-try, Be num - bered with His own;
No, nev-er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone;
D. C. for chorus.

He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Sav - ior whispers His promise: "I never will leave thee alone.
He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
And live with Him for - ev - er, Nev - er, no, nev-er a - lone.
He prom - ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

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Your Last Invitation.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris. Wm. S. Pitts. Arr. by T. H.

1. Come now, from your slumber a-wak-ing, And list to the voice of the Lord;
2. There's no one can save you but Je-sus, There's no other name God has giv'n;
3. Find par-don and peace in be-liev-ing, And rest on-ly saved ones can know;
4. Then haste while the Savior is wait-ing, The call of the gos-pel o-bey;
5. To-day is the day of sal-va-tion Now en-ter the wide o-pen door;
1. A-bove you the sunlight is break-ing, And o'er you His love is outpoured;
2. He on-ly can heal your dis-eas-es, He on-ly can guide you to heav'n;
3. The grace of as-sur-ance re-ceiv-ing, And joy on-ly He can be-stow.
4. Give o-ver your fruitless de-bat-ing, And kneel at His footstool to-day.
5. This may be your last in-vi-ta-tion, God's Spir-it may call you no more.
Chorus.
O come, come, come, come, Come while the Spir-it is call-
Come to Him
ing, O come to the Sav-ior to-day, (Come to-day); This may be your now,
last in-vi-ta-tion; Sin-ner, come, and no lon-ger de-lay.

The Song Triumphant.

Ps. 126.

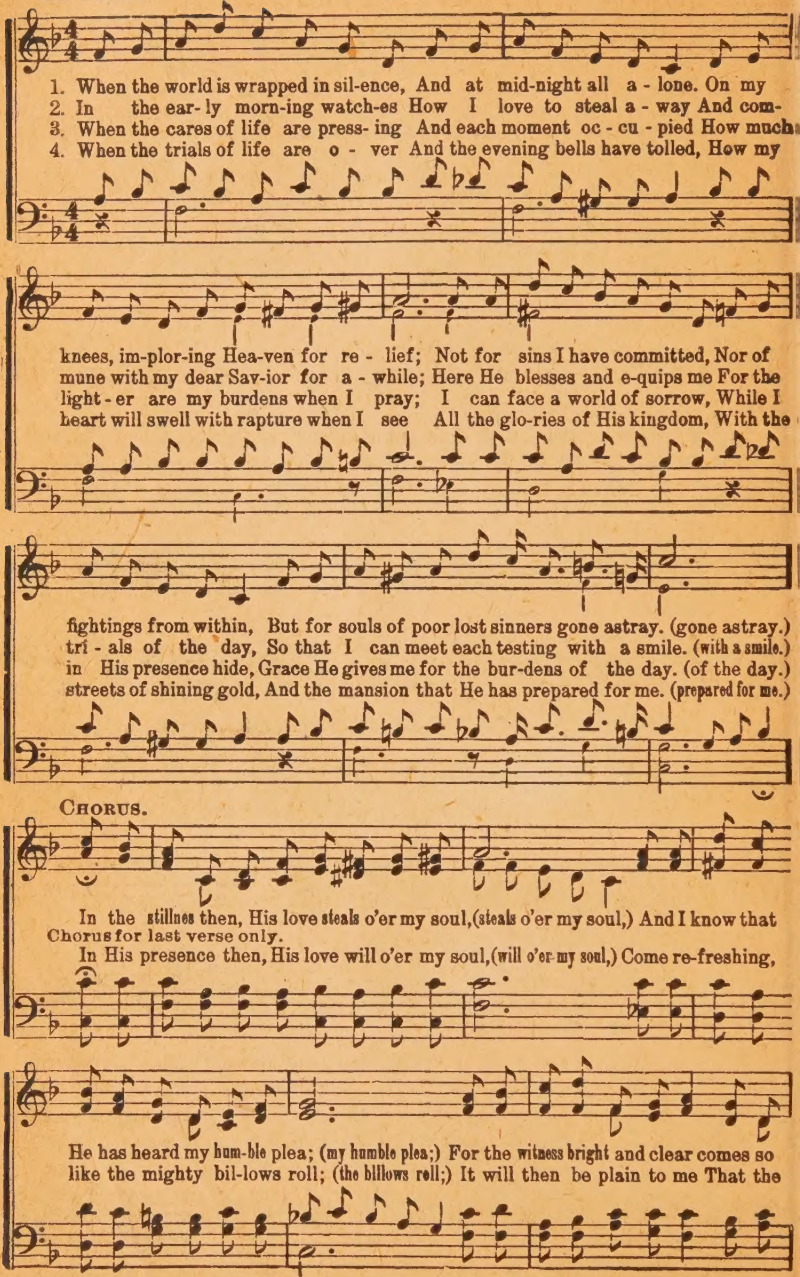
Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. Arr. by T. H.

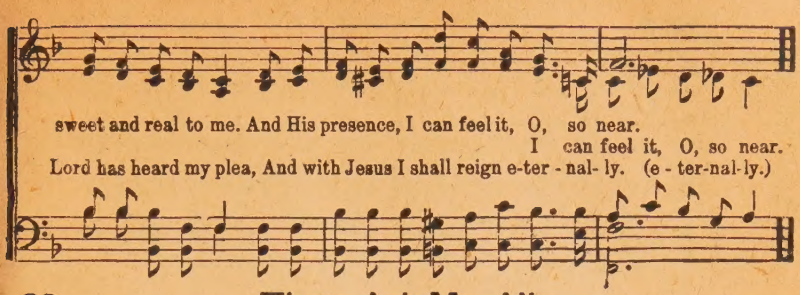
1. When Is - rael out of Ba - bel came In - to his na - tive coasts,
2. From dis - tant re - gions far a - way Back to their home they came;
3. 'Tis so when we shall reach that land Be - yond the gates of day,
4. Be Thou ex - alt - ed, O Most High, A - bove the kings of earth;
5. Not un - to us, not un - to us Be aught of glo - ry giv'n,
1. He praised the great De - liv - 'rer's name, The might - y Lord of hosts.
2. That was a long - re-mem-bered day, Their hearts with joy a - flame.
3. The cit - y built by God's own hand, Which can-not pass a - way.
4. Let all the ar - mies of the sky Pro-claim Thy match-less worth.
5. But laud the Name in whom we trust, The Po - ten - tate of heav'n.
CHORUS.
Loud the song tri - um-phant rings, Glo - ry to the King of kings!
He shall reign to earth's re-mot-est shore, In His name shall be our boast,
Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost: Mag - ni - fy Him for - ev - er - more.

Communion With Jesus.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris

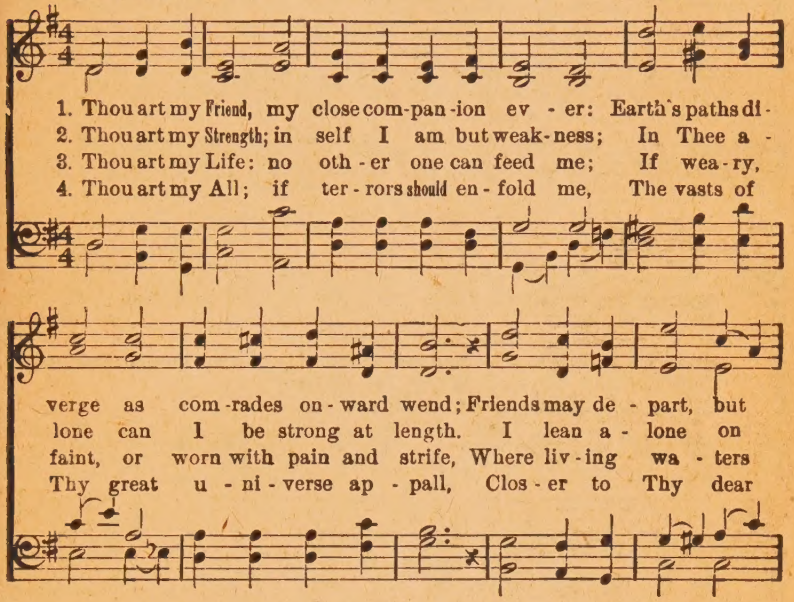
REV. S. L. F. (SOLO OR DUET.) REV. S. L. FLOWERS.

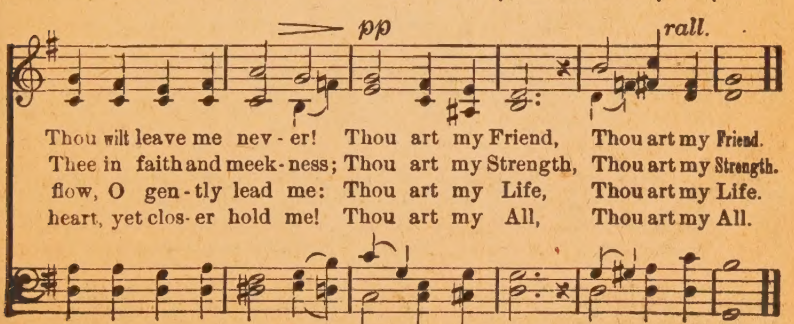

1. When the world is wrapped in sil-ence, And at mid-night all a - lone. On my
2. In the ear- ly morn-ing watch-es How I love to steal a - way And com-
3. When the cares of life are press- ing And each moment oc - cu - pied How much
4. When the trials of life are o - ver And the evening bells have tolled, How my
knees, im-plor-ing Hea-ven for re - lief; Not for sins I have committed, Nor of
mune with my dear Sav-ior for a - while; Here He blesses and e-quips me For the
light - er are my burdens when I pray; I can face a world of sorrow, While I
heart will swell with rapture when I see All the glo-ries of His kingdom, With the
fightings from within, But for souls of poor lost sinners gone astray. (gone astray.)
tri - als of the day, So that I can meet each testing with a smile. (with a smile.)
in His presence hide, Grace He gives me for the bur-dens of the day. (of the day.)
streets of shining gold, And the mansion that He has prepared for me. (prepared for me.)
Chorus.
In the stillnes then, His love steals o'er my soul,(steals o'er my soul,) And I know that
Chorus for last verse only.
In His presence then, His love will o'er my soul,(will o'er my soul,) Come re-freshing,
He has heard my hum-ble plea; (my humble plea;) For the witness bright and clear comes so
like the mighty bil-lows roll; (the billows roll;) It will then be plain to me That the


sweet and real to me. And His presence, I can feel it, O, so near.
I can feel it, O, so near.
Lord has heard my plea, And with Jesus I shall reign e-ter-nal-ly. (e-ter-nal-ly.)

33 Thou Art My All.

EMMA C. DOWD. THORO HARRIS.


1. Thou art my Friend, my close com-pan-ion ev-er: Earth's paths di-
2. Thou art my Strength; in self I am but weak-ness; In Thee a-
3. Thou art my Life: no oth-er one can feed me; If wea-ry,
4. Thou art my All; if ter-rors should en-fold me, The vasts of
verge as com-rades on-ward wend; Friends may de-part, but
lone can I be strong at length. I lean a-lone on
faint, or worn with pain and strife, Where liv-ing wa-ters
Thy great u-ni-verse ap-pall, Clos-er to Thy dear


pp
rall.
Thou wilt leave me nev-er! Thou art my Friend, Thou art my Friend.
Thee in faith and meek-ness; Thou art my Strength, Thou art my Strength.
flow, O gen-tly lead me: Thou art my Life, Thou art my Life.
heart, yet clos-er hold me! Thou art my All, Thou art my All.

Copyright, 1905, by S. H. Bolton.

O Blest Redeemer.

A. Alexander. Copyright 1924, by Thoro Harris. Lenna M. Roberts.

1. O blest Re-deem-er, Je - sus our King, Je - sus our Sav - ior,
2. O hal - le - lu-jah! praise His dear name! Think how He saved us
3. How can we tell the joy of our heart, Tell of the peace our
4. O sin - ner, now our mes-sage o - bey, From this Re-deem - er
Thy praise we sing; Thou who did'st suf - fer on Cal - v'ry's tree,
from guilt and shame, How He re - deemed from sor - row and strife,
Christ doth im-part, Tell how His grace doth ful - ly con - trol,
turn not a-way; If you re - pent He'll free - ly for - give,
Refrain.
Dy - ing for sin - ners, dy - ing for me!
Je - sus, the Way, the Truth and the Life. Pow'r and do - min-ion
How He each hour a - bides in the soul?
If you but trust Him, your soul shall live.
ev - er be Thine, Throned in Thy ma-jes-ty, Sav - ior di-vine; Let all cre-
a-tion her Mak-er ex - tol, Praising Je-ho-vah while a-ges shall roll.

Wonderful Peace.

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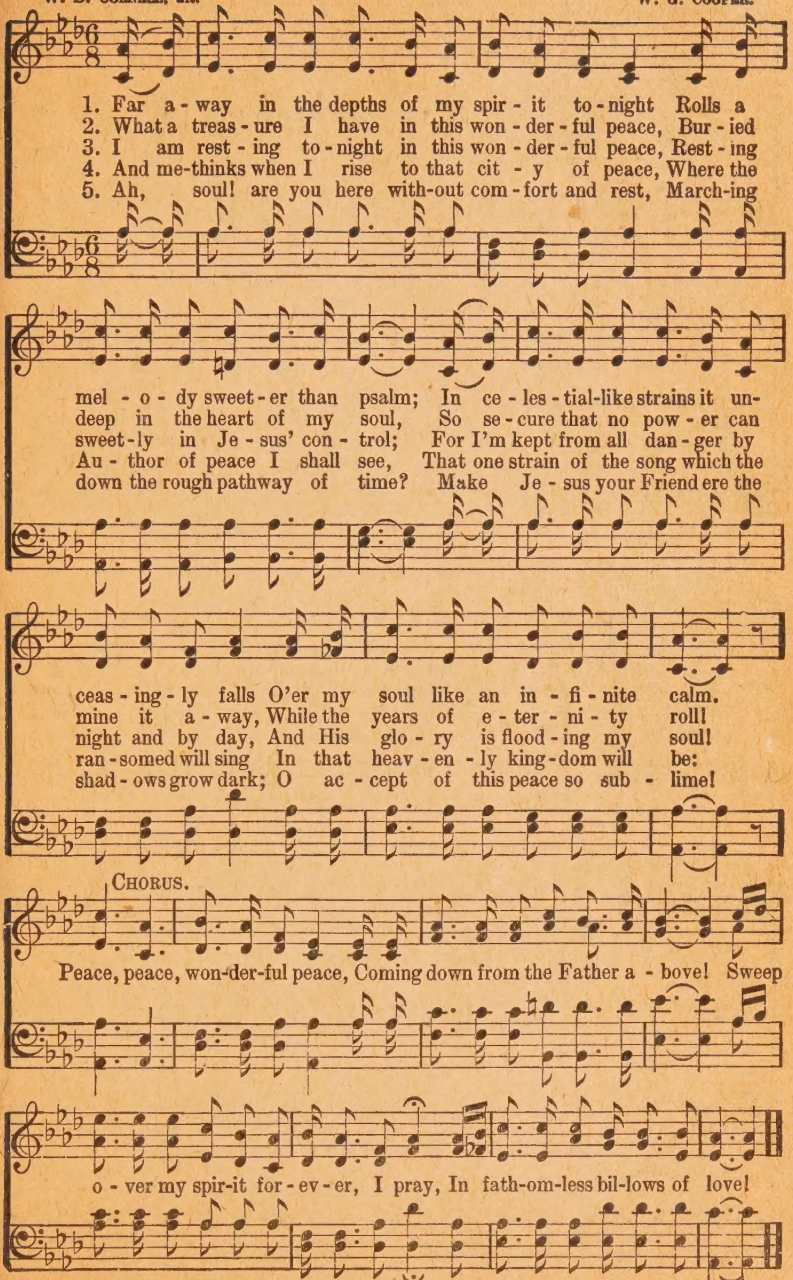
W. D. CORNELL, alt. W. G. COOPER.


1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah, soul! are you here with-out com - fort and rest, March-ing
mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul, So se - cure that no pow - er can
sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul!
ran - somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be:
shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, won-der-ful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove! Sweep
o - ver my spir-it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath-om-less bil-lows of love!

When the Train Comes In.

COPYRIGHT, 1928, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris, arr.

1. We are sol-diers in the bless-ed war for Je-sus, We are
2. We will go out in the high-ways and the hedg-es, We will
3. See, the land of Beu-lah lies so plain be-fore you, Of a
4. Come, poor sin-ner, Je-sus of-fers you a ran-som Thru His
CHO.—We are sweep-ing on to claim the bless-ed prom-ise Of a
march-ing on with a shout and song; Tho' the dev-il tries to
sing and pray ev-'ry night and day, Till poor sin-ners leave their
hap-py life free from sin and strife, Where are songs of joy and
blood so dear,—He is ev-er near; And the an-gel throng will
hap-py home, nev-er-more to roam; Where the sun-light's on the
both-er and de-ceive us,— We'll be read-y when the train comes in.
sins and fol-low Je-sus,— And be read-y when the train comes in.
shouts of ho-ly rap-ture,—O be read-y when the train comes in!
shout in joy-ful cho-rus, If you're read-y when the train comes in.
hills of end-less glo-ry,—We'll be read-y when the train comes in.
CHORUS.
When the train comes in, the train comes in, We'll be ready when the train comes in;
Up to Glo-ry-land 'twill bear our band, We'll be ready when the train comes in.

Sing His Praise.

I. O. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY BROWN BROTHERS.

I. O. Brown.

1. Forward move, ye sol-diers of the liv - ing God, Sing His praise,
2. Shout a-loud, ye peo-ple, and His name a - dore, Sing His praise,
3. Be a val - iant sol-dier, rout-ing ev - 'ry sin, Sing His praise,
4. When the battle's o - ver and the con-flict's won, Sing His praise,

Sing His praise,

sing His praise; Lift the blood-stained banner where the saints have trod,
sing His praise; He shall gain the conquest, reign for - ev - er - more,
sing His praise; Christ, the great Je-ho - vah, will be sure to win,
sing His praise; Sor-row will be end - ed and our joy be - gun,

sing His praise;

CHORUS.

Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise, sing His

Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise.

praise, Let the glo - ry in your soul, sing His praise; Sing His

sing His praise, sing His praise;

praise, sing His praise, While the endless a-ges roll, sing His praise.

Sing His praise, sing His praise, sing His praise.

Gentle Jesus.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. Arr. by T. H.

1. Je - sus is my heart's e - ter - nal treas - ure, More than all the
2. O how sweet to know the day is near - ing When these eyes shall
3. At the tho't of Thee my bur-dens van - ish, All my cares take
world to me so dear. Gen - tle Je - sus, O bless - ed Je - sus,
see my heart's de - sire! Gen - tle Je - sus, O bless - ed Je - sus,
wing, my sor-rows flee. Gen - tle Je - sus, O bless - ed Je - sus,
CHORUS.
Sweet Thy name, like mu - sic to mine ear.
With this hope my heart is all a - fire. Praise His pre - cious name!
We are one for all e - ter - ni - ty.
I am all a - flame, For His love is burn-ing in my soul. Gen - tle
Je - sus, O bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine while countless a - ges roll.

As White as Snow.

ISA. 1: 18

B. B. B.

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

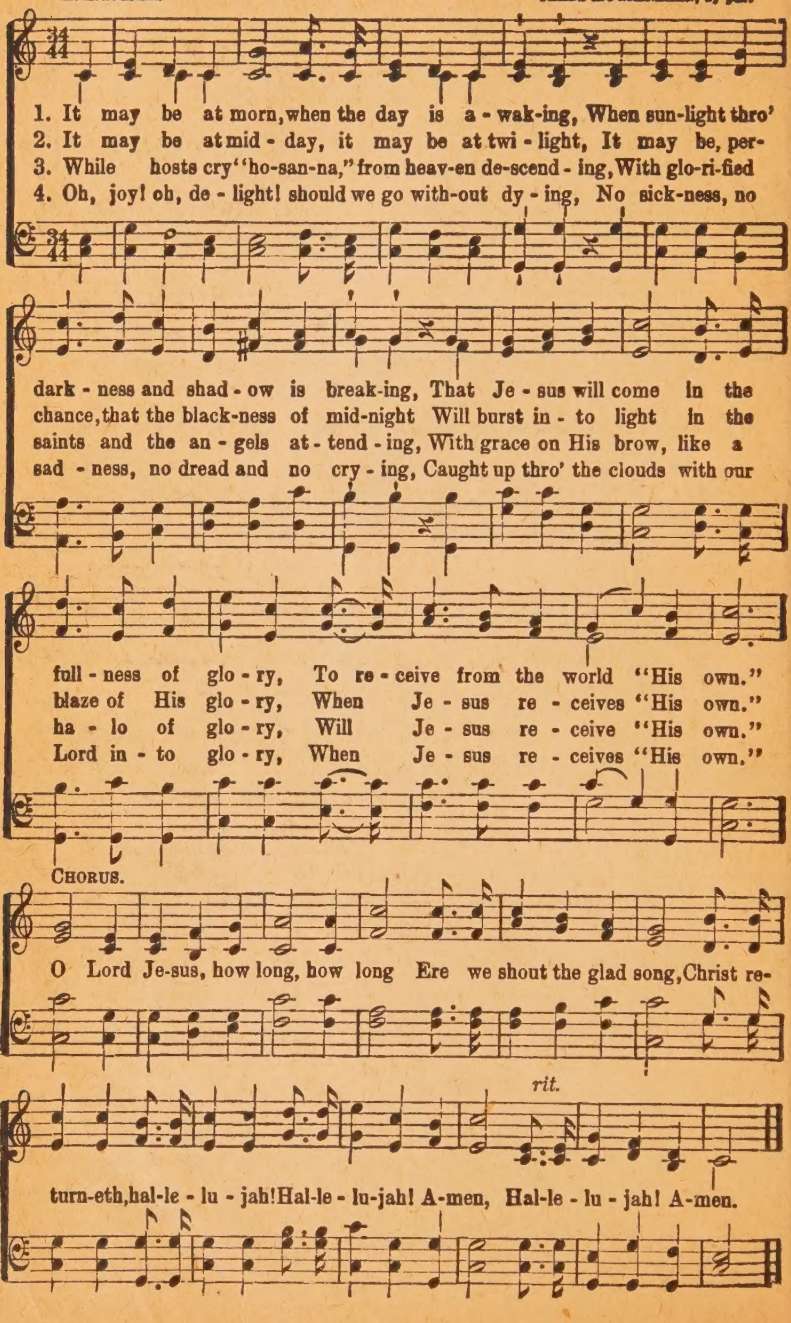
B. B. Bosworth

1. Hear the in - vi - ta - tion from God's ho - ly word, "Come and let us
2. Com - ing now to Ju - sus with your load of sin, Throw your heart wide
3. Join the hap - py cho - rus with the throng a-bove, Those who once were
rea - son now," thus saith the Lord; "Plunging 'neath the cur-rent of Mount
o - pen, let the Heal - er in! He will sweet-ly save you, make your
sav'd thru His re - deem - ing love, Sing - ing thru e - ter - ni - ty with
Cal - v'ry's flow, Tho your sins be crim-son, they shall be as snow.
heart a - new, For there's per-fect cleansing in the blood for you.
hearts a-glow, "Tho our sins were scar - let, they are now as snow."
REFRAIN
Tho your sins be as scar - let, Tho your sins be as scar - let,
Tho your sins be like crim - son red, They shall be as white as snow.

Christ Returneth.

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—John 15: 8.

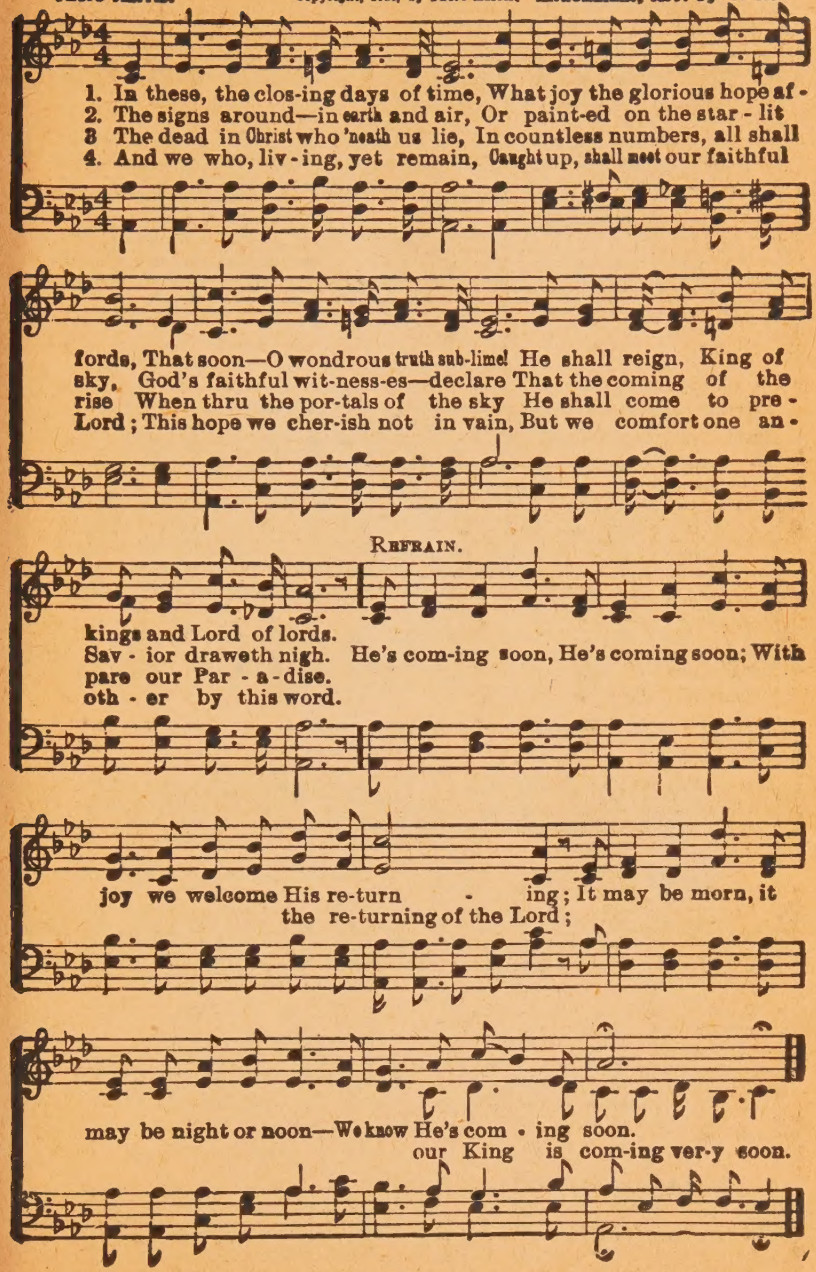
H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.


1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak-ing, When sun-light thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It may be, per-
3. While hosts cry "ho-san-na," from heav-en de-scend - ing, With glo-ri-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with-out dy - ing, No sick-ness, no
dark - ness and shad - ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the black-ness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our
full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
CHORUS.
O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-
rit.
turn-eth, hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le - lu - jah! A-men.

He's Coming Soon.

Hawaiian Melody.

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Liliuokalani, Arr. by T. H.


1. In these, the clos-ing days of time, What joy the glorious hope af-
fords, That soon—O wondrous truth sub-lime! He shall reign, King of
2. The signs around—in earth and air, Or paint-ed on the star-lit
sky, God's faithful wit-ness-es—declare That the coming of the
3 The dead in Christ who 'neath us lie, In countless numbers, all shall
rise When thru the por-tals of the sky He shall come to pre-
4. And we who, liv-ing, yet remain, Caught up, shall meet our faithful
Lord; This hope we cher-ish not in vain, But we comfort one an-
Refrain.
kings and Lord of lords.
Sav-ior draweth nigh. He's com-ing soon, He's coming soon; With
pare our Par-a-dise.
oth-er by this word.
joy we welcome His re-turn - ing; It may be morn, it
the re-turning of the Lord;
may be night or noon—We know He's com-ing soon.
our King is com-ing ver-y soon.

Saved By the Blood.

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Thoro Harris.

1. Blest and so hap - py am I Je - sus did not pass me by;
2. Once I was ru - ined by sin, Help-less, un-done and un - clean;
3. Since He is liv - ing in me, How can I com-fort-less be?
4. Je - sus can save ev-'ry soul, Mak-ing them per-fect-ly whole,
5. Ho - ly, com-pas-sion-ate One, Glo - ry to Je - sus, God's Son,
1. But when be-liev-ing I came He set my heart all a - flame.
2. Till to the foun-tain I went And of my sin did re - pent.
3. Free-ly my tri - als He shares, Knowing, He loves and He cares!
4. If they but turn to Him now, Hum-bly in pen - i-tence bow.
5. Now and for - ev - er the same: Praise His a-dor - a - ble name!
CHORUS.
Un - der the blood, Life - giv-ing flood, Peace-ful and blest, I am at rest,
Kept by His love, look - ing a - bove, Saved by the blood of the Lamb.

Flowing On

T. H.

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

1. Would you lose your weight of sad-ness, Would you joy - ful be?
2. Would you aid the lost and stray-ing Hope a - new to win?
3. Where - so-e'er this stream is flow - ing All the land is heal'd:
4. Tell the sick of ev - 'ry na - tion Of this foun - tain wide:
5. Flow - ing on each day and hour, Won-drous heal - ing stream!

1. Lo, a stream of ho - ly glad - ness Flows from Cal - va - ry.
2. Bid them seek, no moro de - lay - ing, Cleans - ing from their sin.
3. By its banks a tree is grow - ing Leaves of life to yield.
4. They will rush, for full sal - va - tion, To its sil - ver tide.
5. It can nev - er lose its pow - er Sin - ners to re - deem.

CHORUS

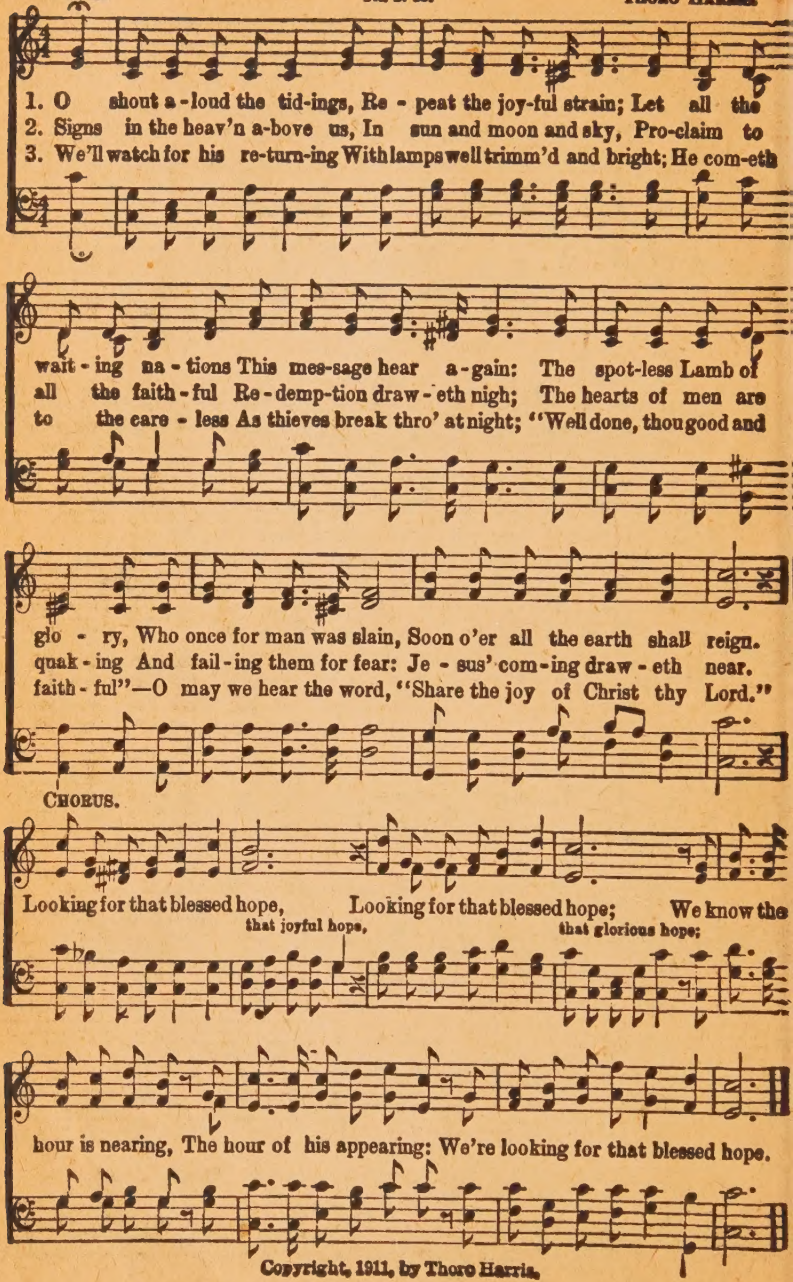
Flow - ing on, Flow - ing on,
Flow - ing ev - er, Ceas - ing nev - er, From the throne a - bove:

P Poco rit.

Bless - ed riv - er of sal - va - tion, Fount of e - ter - nal love.

Looking For That Blessed Hope.

T. H. Tit. 2: 13. Thoro Harris.


1. O shout a-loud the tid-ings, Re-peat the joy-ful strain; Let all the
2. Signs in the heav'n a-bove us, In sun and moon and sky, Pro-claim to
3. We'll watch for his re-turn-ing With lamps well trimm'd and bright; He com-eth
wait-ing na-tions This mes-sage hear a-gain: The spot-less Lamb of
all the faith-ful Re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh; The hearts of men are
to the care-less As thieves break thro' at night; "Well done, thou good and
glo-ry, Who once for man was slain, Soon o'er all the earth shall reign.
quak-ing And fail-ing them for fear: Je-sus' com-ing draw-eth near.
faith-ful"—O may we hear the word, "Share the joy of Christ thy Lord."
CHORUS.
Looking for that blessed hope, Looking for that blessed hope; We know the
that joyful hope, that glorious hope;
hour is nearing, The hour of his appearing: We're looking for that blessed hope.

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Jesus Is Coming, Hallelujah!

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Geo. F. Root.

1. We have heard the glo - rious news of our re - turn - ing Lord;
2. We have seen the signs ful - fill - ing ev - 'ry pass - ing year;
3. Let us bear the joy - ful news o'er o - cean's surg - ing main,
4. Speed, O speed Thee on Thy way, Thou bless - ed Prince of Peace!
1. Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! Now on all the earth a-broad the
2. Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! Tho' the hearts of sin - ful men are
3. Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! That the might-y King of kings is
4. Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! When the gold - en morn shall break that
S.
FINE.
1. lat - ter rain is poured; Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
2. fail - ing them for fear, Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
3. com - ing back a - gain, Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
4. brings from death re - lease, Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
D. S.—sing the glad re - frain, Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
CHORUS.
The Sav - ior is com - ing, is com - ing a - gain, Com - ing in
D. S.
glo - ry, com - ing to reign; Let the "lit - tle flock" re - joice and

Man of Galvary.

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY THORO HARRIS.

M. F. F.—Thoro Harris. M. F. Ferguson, arr.

1. Fair - er than all on earth be - side, Dear-est to Thy en-rap-tured bride,
2. Grant-ing the bur-dened sin-ner peace, Bringing the cap-tive glad re - lease,
3. Show'ring Thy gifts on ran-somed men, Pour-ing out life be-yond our ken,
4. All my poor praise would I out-pour; Je - sus, I love Thee more and more;
5. Com-fort a - long my lone - ly way, Sav - ior, I'll see Thy face some day,
6. Then to yon blest e - ter - nal home All Thy redeemed at last shall come,
1. Full - ness di - vine in Thee I see, Won-der - ful Man of Cal - va - ry.
2. Shedding Thy blood to make him free, Mer - ci - ful Man of Cal - va - ry.
3. Clothe with Thy spotless pu - ri - ty, Boun-ti - ful Man of Cal - va - ry.
4. Thine, on - ly Thine I long to be, Serv-ing the Man of Cal - va - ry.
5. Cen - ter of glo - ry aye to be, Suf - fer - ing Man of Cal - va - ry.
6. Stars in Thy crown, O Christ, to be, Glo - ri - ous Man of Cal - va - ry.
REFRAIN.
The Man of Cal - va - ry Hath won my heart from me;
f
He died to set me free, Blest Man of Cal - va - - ry.
rug - ged Cal - va - ry.

The Joy of my Life

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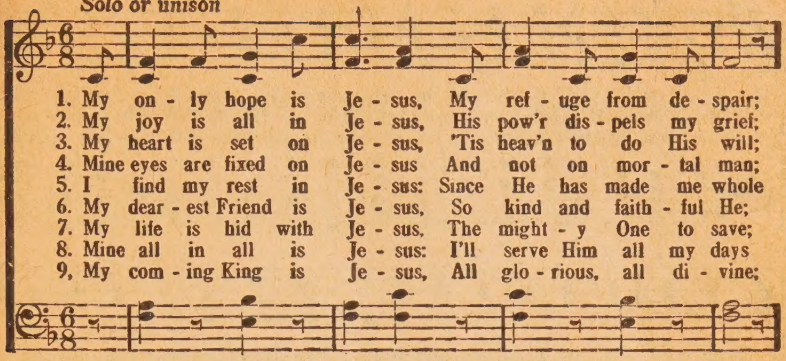
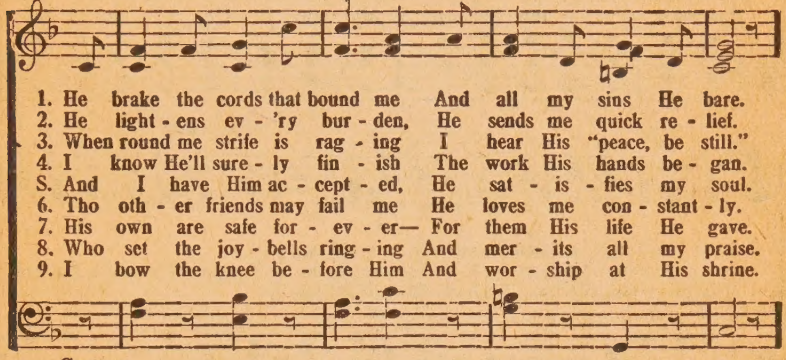
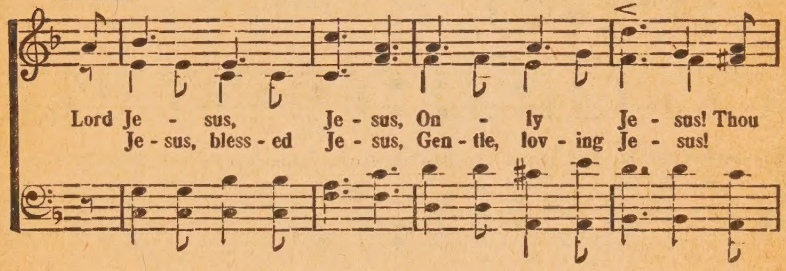
T. H. Thoro Harris

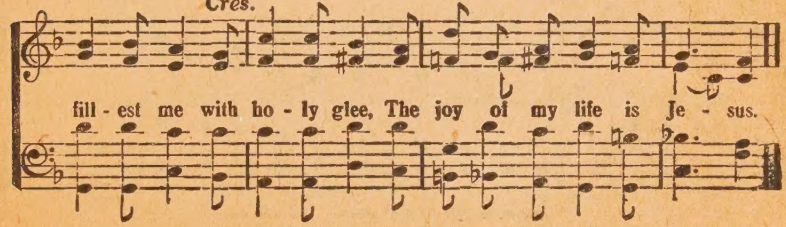
Solo or unison


1. My on - ly hope is Je - sus, My ref - uge from de - spair;
2. My joy is all in Je - sus, His pow'r dis - pels my grief;
3. My heart is set on Je - sus, 'Tis heav'n to do His will;
4. Mine eyes are fixed on Je - sus And not on mor - tal man;
5. I find my rest in Je - sus: Since He has made me whole
6. My dear - est Friend is Je - sus, So kind and faith - ful He;
7. My life is hid with Je - sus, The might - y One to save;
8. Mine all in all is Je - sus: I'll serve Him all my days
9. My com - ing King is Je - sus, All glo - rious, all di - vine;


1. He brake the cords that bound me And all my sins He bare.
2. He light - ens ev - 'ry bur - den, He sends me quick re - lief.
3. When round me strife is rag - ing I hear His "peace, be still."
4. I know He'll sure - ly fin - ish The work His hands be - gan.
5. And I have Him ac - cept - ed, He sat - is - fies my soul.
6. Tho oth - er friends may fail me He loves me con - stant - ly.
7. His own are safe for - ev - er— For them His life He gave.
8. Who set the joy - bells ring - ing And mer - its all my praise.
9. I bow the knee be - fore Him And wor - ship at His shrine.

CHORUS





His Way With Thee.

S. & K. Ps. 37:5. Rev. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him
Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His ser - vice la - bor
CHORUS.
car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee.
always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
His pow'r can make you what you
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can
rit.
fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

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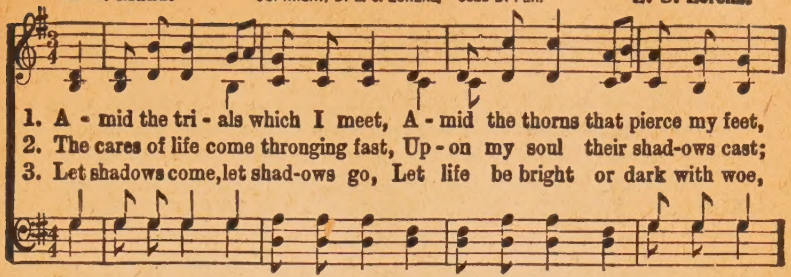
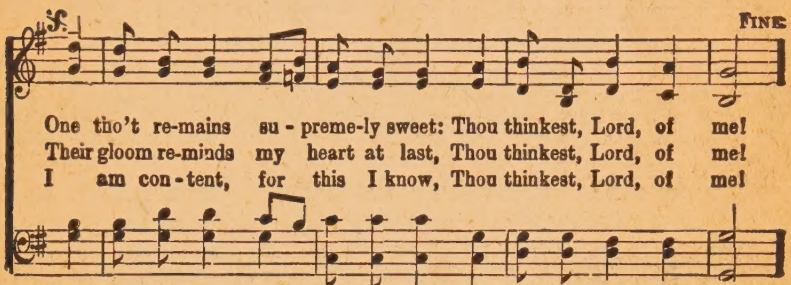
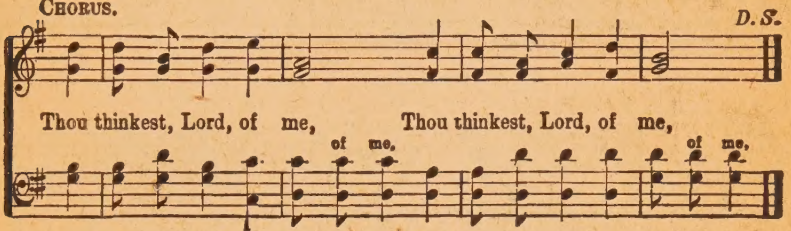
49 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. Mund. COPYRIGHT, BY E. S. LORENZ, USED BY PER. E. S. Lorenz.


1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad-ows cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

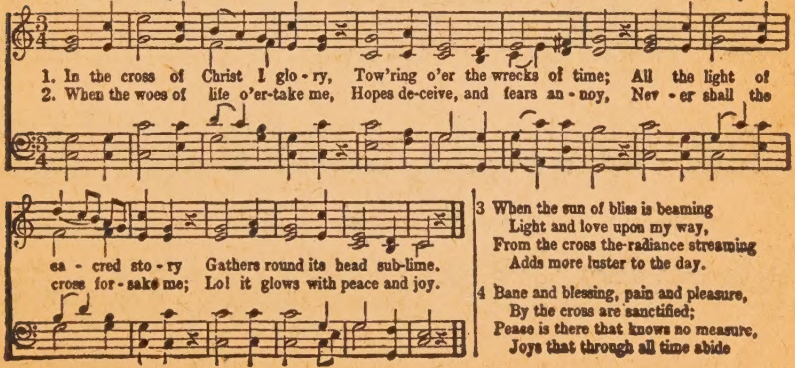

FINE.
One tho't re-mains su - preme-ly sweet: Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S.—*What need I fear when Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me?*



50 In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the
ca - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide

The Changeless Christ.

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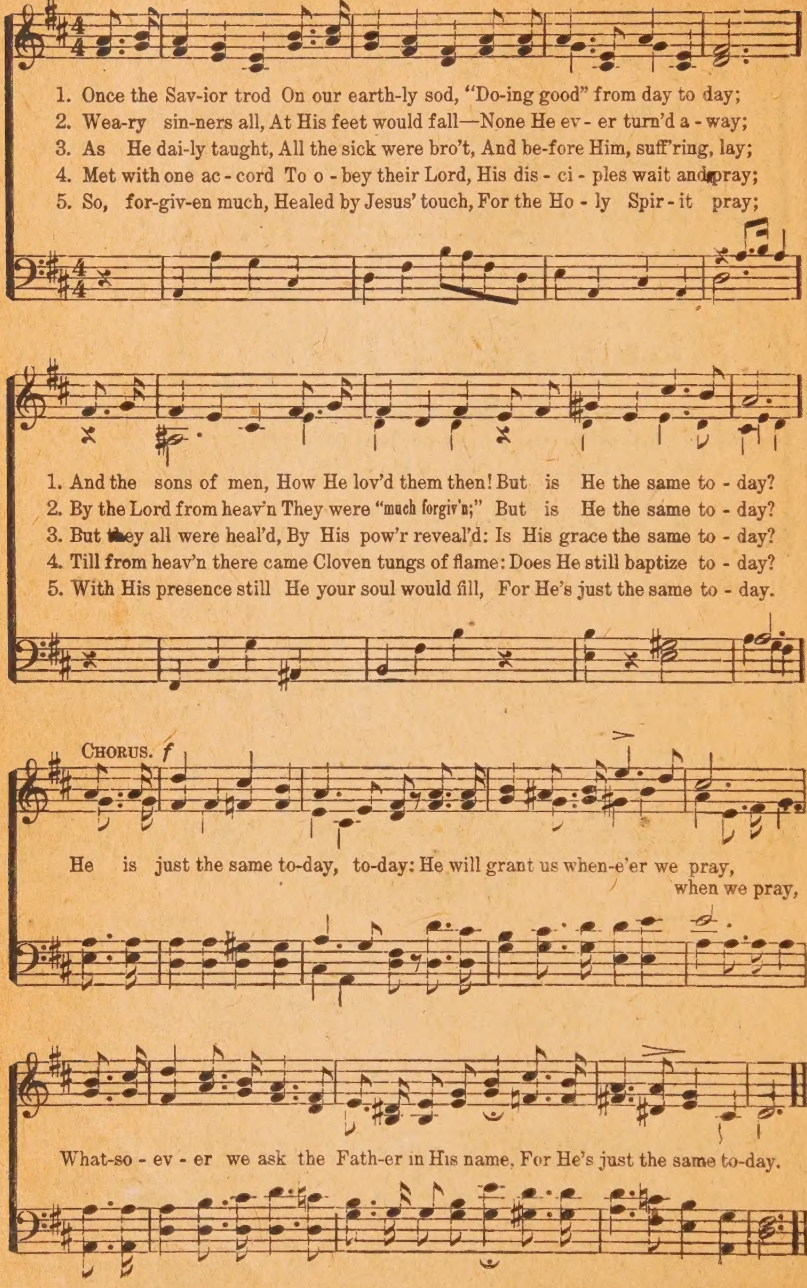
1. Once the Sav-ior trod On our earth-ly sod, "Do-ing good" from day to day;
2. Wea-ry sin-ners all, At His feet would fall—None He ev - er turn'd a - way;
3. As He dai-ly taught, All the sick were bro't, And be-fore Him, suff'ring, lay;
4. Met with one ac - cord To o - bey their Lord, His dis - ci - ples wait and pray;
5. So, for-giv-en much, Healed by Jesus' touch, For the Ho - ly Spir - it pray;
1. And the sons of men, How He lov'd them then! But is He the same to - day?
2. By the Lord from heav'n They were "much forgiv'n;" But is He the same to - day?
3. But they all were heal'd, By His pow'r reveal'd: Is His grace the same to - day?
4. Till from heav'n there came Cloven tungs of flame: Does He still baptize to - day?
5. With His presence still He your soul would fill, For He's just the same to - day.
CHORUS. f
He is just the same to-day, to-day: He will grant us when-e'er we pray,
when we pray,
What-so - ev - er we ask the Fath-er in His name, For He's just the same to-day.

Dearer Than Life

T. H.

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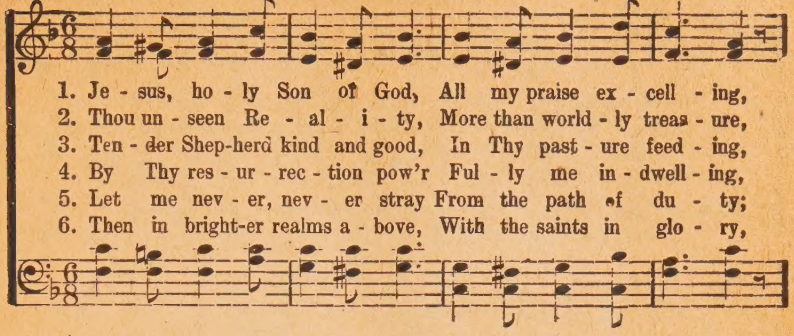
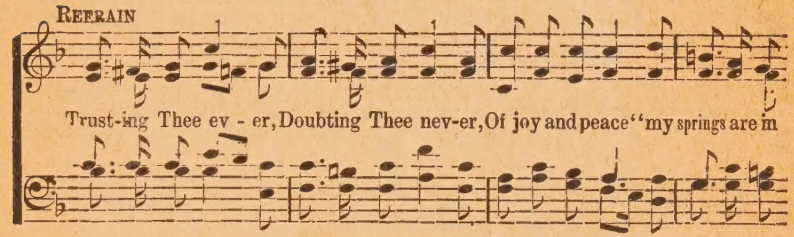
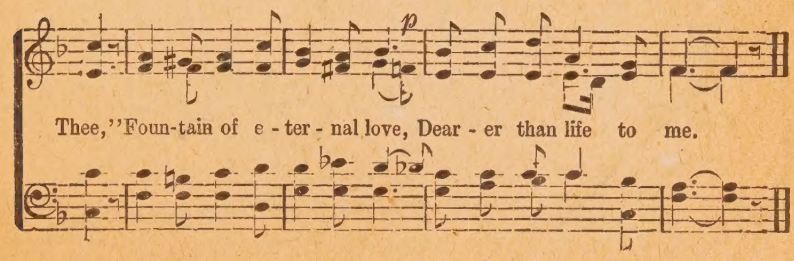
Thoro Harris.


1. Je - sus, ho - ly Son of God, All my praise ex - cell - ing,
2. Thou un - seen Re - al - i - ty, More than world - ly treas - ure,
3. Ten - der Shep-herd kind and good, In Thy past - ure feed - ing,
4. By Thy res - ur - rec - tion pow'r Ful - ly me in - dwell - ing,
5. Let me nev - er, nev - er stray From the path of du - ty;
6. Then in bright-er realms a - bove, With the saints in glo - ry,

1. Shed in me Thy love a - broad, Make my heart Thy dwell - ing
2. Let Thy Spir - it rest on me With - out stint or meas - ure.
3. While I tread this earth - ly sod, Let me know Thy lead - ing.
4. Make me whol - ly Thine this hour, All Thy mer - cy tell - ing.
5. Guide me in the up - ward way, Show - ing forth Thy beau - ty.
6. Of Thy ev - er - lost - ing love I would sing the sto - ry.



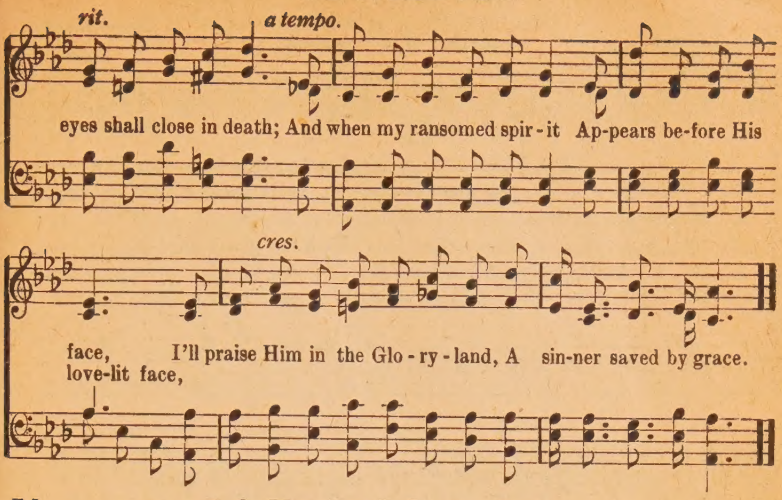


I'll Praise Him.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS Thoro Harris.

1. I'm rest - ing in my Sav - ior, Re - joic - ing all the way; I'm
2. I once was heav - y - la - den, Weighed down by earthly care, Un-
3. No more I grope in dark - ness, The light of life I see; My
4. O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm liv - ing in the light Far
rit.
a tempo.
1. trust-ing in His fa - vor Ev - 'ry hour of ev - 'ry day; He gives me
2. til I heard how Je - sus Came to lift me from de - spair: He car - ried
3. fet - ters all are bro-ken, For His pow'r has made me free. The life of
4. up the heights of Beu-lah:'Tis a grand and glor-ious sight, Be - hold - ing
cres.
1. per - fect vic - t'ry O'er ev - 'ry conquered foe: How can I keep from
2. all my sor - row Up - on the shame-ful tree; How can I keep from
3. Christ with-in me Transforms my raptured soul; His sweet a - bid - ing
4. just be - fore me The cit - y of the blest, Where I shall dwell for-
rall.
CHORUS.
1. prais-ing Him As on to heav'n I go?
2. sing-ing When His gra-cious smile I see? I'll praise Him, yes, I'll praise Him
3. Spir - it All my be - ing shall con-trol.
4. ev - er And en - joy God's promised rest.
With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath; I'll praise my bless - ed Sav - ior Till mine

I'll Praise Him.


rit.
a tempo.
eyes shall close in death; And when my ransomed spir - it Ap-pears be-fore His
cres.
face, I'll praise Him in the Glo - ry - land, A sin-ner saved by grace.
love-lit face,

54

O My Soul Sings Out.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

f
1. O my soul sings out, hal - le - lu - jah To the bless-ed Lamb of God,
He who car-ried all my sor - row, He who bore my load of pain.
2. For His church is His spe - cial treas-ure, To His heart so dear is she
From the Glo-ry-land to re-ceive us He is com - ing soon a - gain.
1
p
1. He who died for me On the shameful tree And redeemed me by His blood;
2. That He wants His own With Him on His throne Thru a long e - ter - ni - ty;
2
cres.
Sing in gladsome strain Of a Sav - ior slain, Who as King re - turns to reign.

Fill Me With Thy Fulness.

T. H.
Religioso.

"Filled with all the fulness of God."—Eph. 3: 19.

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THORO HARRIS.

p
1. Lin - ger near me, bless-ed Sav - ior, Lay thine hand up - on my brow;
2. Lord, my ut-most need con-fess - ing, At thy throne I hum-bly bow,
3. Wean my heart from sins that grieve thee, Not one trace of guilt al - low;
4. By thine own in-dwell - ing Spir - it, With thy grace this heart en-dow;
5. In thy foot-steps meek and low - ly, I would fol - low—teach me how;
6. Dai - ly cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, I no long - er live, but thou;
By thy love and price-less fa - vor, Fill me with thy ful - ness now.
On - ly one pe - ti - tion press-ing:—Fill me with thy ful - ness now.
Give the faith that dares be-lieve thee, Fill me with thy ful - ness now.
Plead I naught but Je - sus' mer - it, Fill me with thy ful - ness now.
Sanc-ti - fy and make me ho - ly, Fill me with thy ful - ness now.
Blest Re-deem-er, Friend all-gracious, Fill me with thy ful - ness now.
REFRAIN.
p
Hear my prayer, O ho - ly Sav - lor, While be - fore thy cross I bow;
Make me whol-ly thine for - ev - er, Fill me with thy ful - ness now.
Instrument 8va.

By His Stripes We Are Healed.

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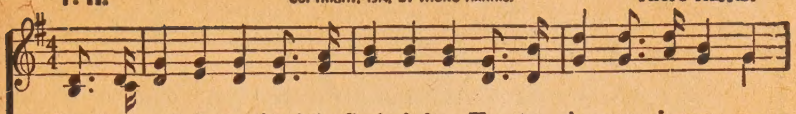
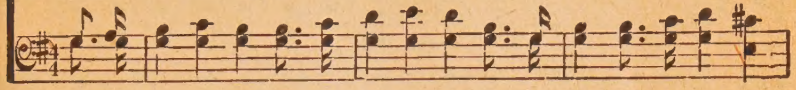
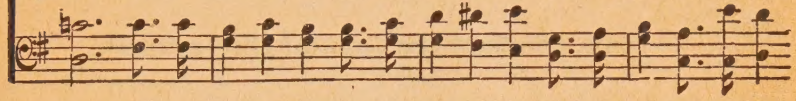


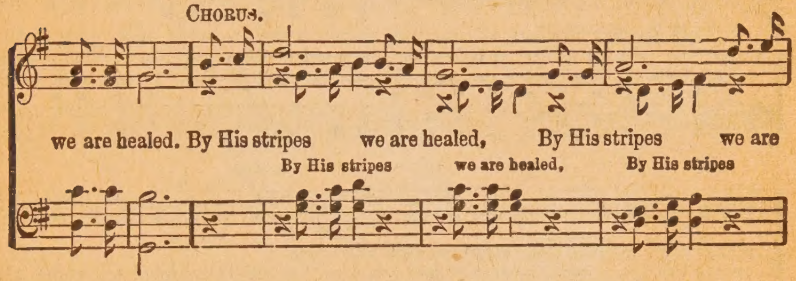
1. O the wondrous pow'r of the Savior's love Un - to sin - ners is now re-
2. There in Pi-late's hall see the Guiltless One: How the hearts of His foes were
3. His a - ton-ing blood still a - vails to - day: For the king-dom be saved and
4. Turn, O turn from sin, let the Sav - ior in, Bow the heart, in con-tri - tion



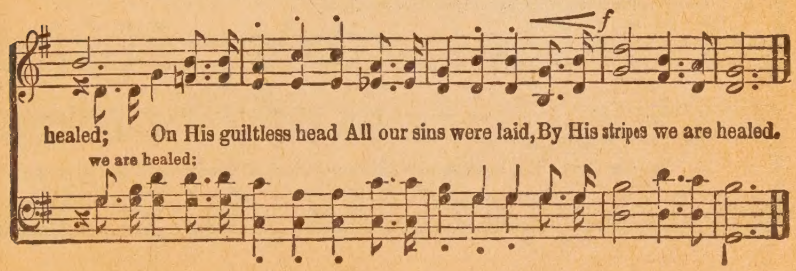
vealed; Ev - 'ry ling'ring pain Je - sus can remove: Praise the Lord, by His stripes
steeled 'Gainst the Gift of God, His be - lov-ed Son! Praise the Lord, by His stripes
sealed; In the opened fount wash thy sins a-way—Praise the Lord, by His stripes
yield To the Spir-it's pow'r this ac-cept-ed hour: Praise the Lord, by His stripes



CHORUS.



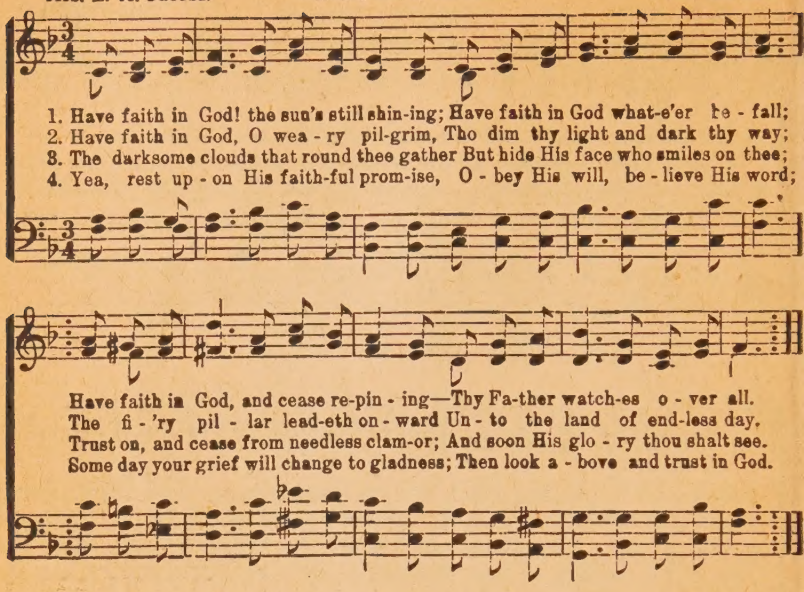
we are healed. By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes we are
By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes



healed; On His guiltless head All our sins were laid, By His stripes we are healed.
we are healed:

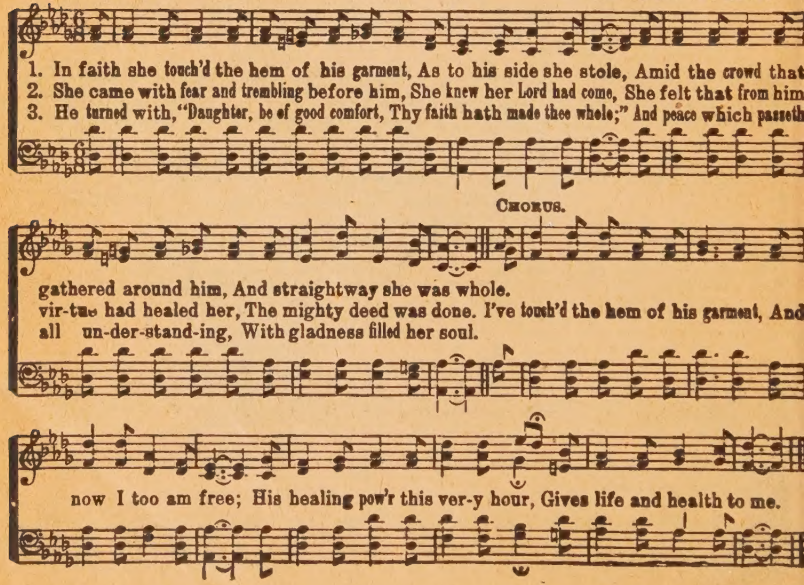
57 Have Faith in God.

Mrs. L. M. Jacobs. Copyright, 1880, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.


1. Have faith in God! the sun's still shin-ing; Have faith in God what-e'er be - fall;
2. Have faith in God, O wea - ry pil-grim, Tho dim thy light and dark thy way;
3. The darksome clouds that round thee gather But hide His face who smiles on thee;
4. Yea, rest up - on His faith-ful prom-ise, O - bey His will, be - lieve His word;
Have faith in God, and cease re-pin - ing—Thy Fa-ther watch-es o - ver all.
The fi - 'ry pil - lar lead-eth on - ward Un - to the land of end-less day.
Trust on, and cease from needless clam-or; And soon His glo - ry thou shalt see.
Some day your grief will change to gladness; Then look a - bove and trust in God.

58 I've Touched the Hem of His Garment.

(Matt. 9: 21.) Arr. from Geo. F. Root.


1. In faith she touch'd the hem of his garment, As to his side she stole, Amid the crowd that
2. She came with fear and trembling before him, She knew her Lord had come, She felt that from him
3. He turned with, "Daughter, be of good comfort, Thy faith hath made thee whole;" And peace which passeth
Chorus.
gathered around him, And straightway she was whole.
vir-tue had healed her, The mighty deed was done. I've touch'd the hem of his garment, And
all un-der-stand-ing, With gladness filled her soul.
now I too am free; His healing pow'r this ver-y hour, Gives life and health to me.

To the Work.

FANNIE J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us fol - low the
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the Foun-tain of
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the king-dom of
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a
path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun - sel our
Life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our
dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je - ho - vah ex-
crown shall our la - bor re-ward; When the home of the faith - ful our
strength to re-new; Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal-va - tion is free!"
alt - ed shall be In the loud swell-ing cho - rus, "Sal-va - tion is free!"
dwell-ing shall be, And we shout with the ransom'd, "Sal-va - tion is free!"
CHORUS.
Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on;
Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Toil-ing on. toil-ing on;
Let us hope, let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas-ter comes.
and trust, and pray,

By permission.

Every Bridge is Burned Behind Me.

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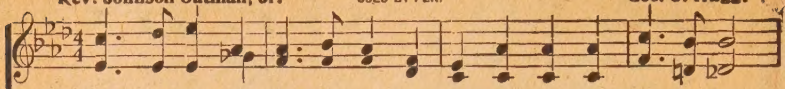
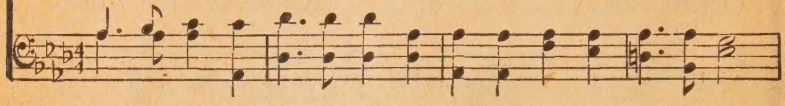
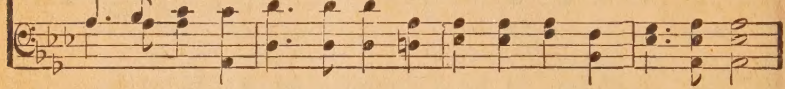
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. USED BY PER. Geo. C. Hugg.



1. Since I start - ed out to find Thee, Since I to the cross did flee,
2. Thou didst hear my plea so kind - ly, Thou didst grant me so much grace;
3. Cares of life per-plex and grieve me, Yet I keep the nar - row way;
4. All in all, I ev - er find Thee, Sav-iour, Lov - er Bro-ther, Friend;

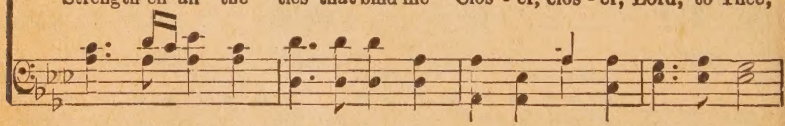


Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will nev - er turn from Thee.
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will ne'er my steps re-trace.
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I from Thee will nev - er stray.
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will serve Thee to the end.

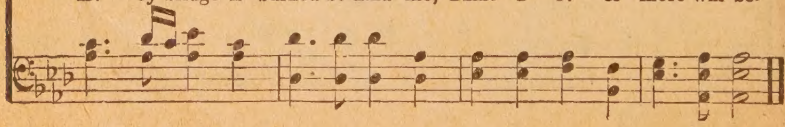


CHORUS.

Strength-en all the ties that bind me Clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee;



Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, Thine I ev - er - more will be.



61 What He Has Done for Others.

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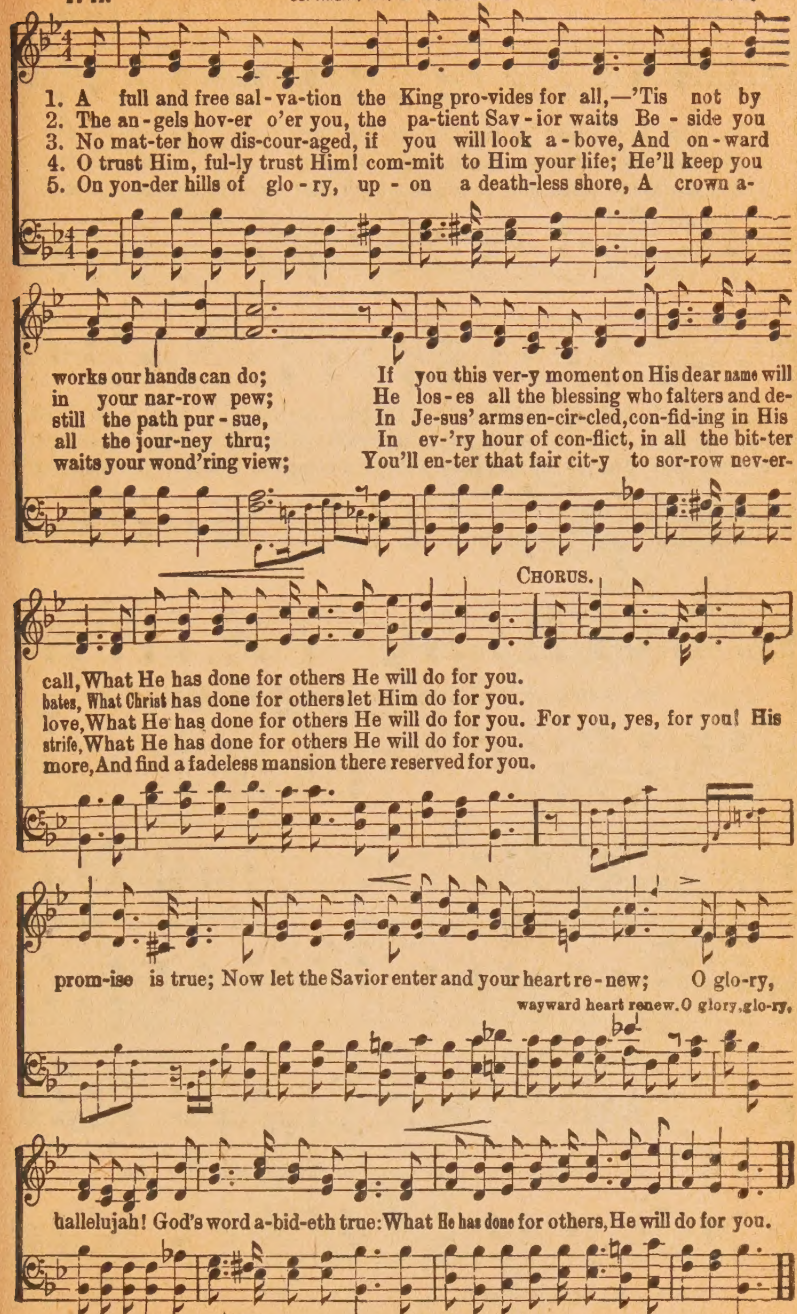
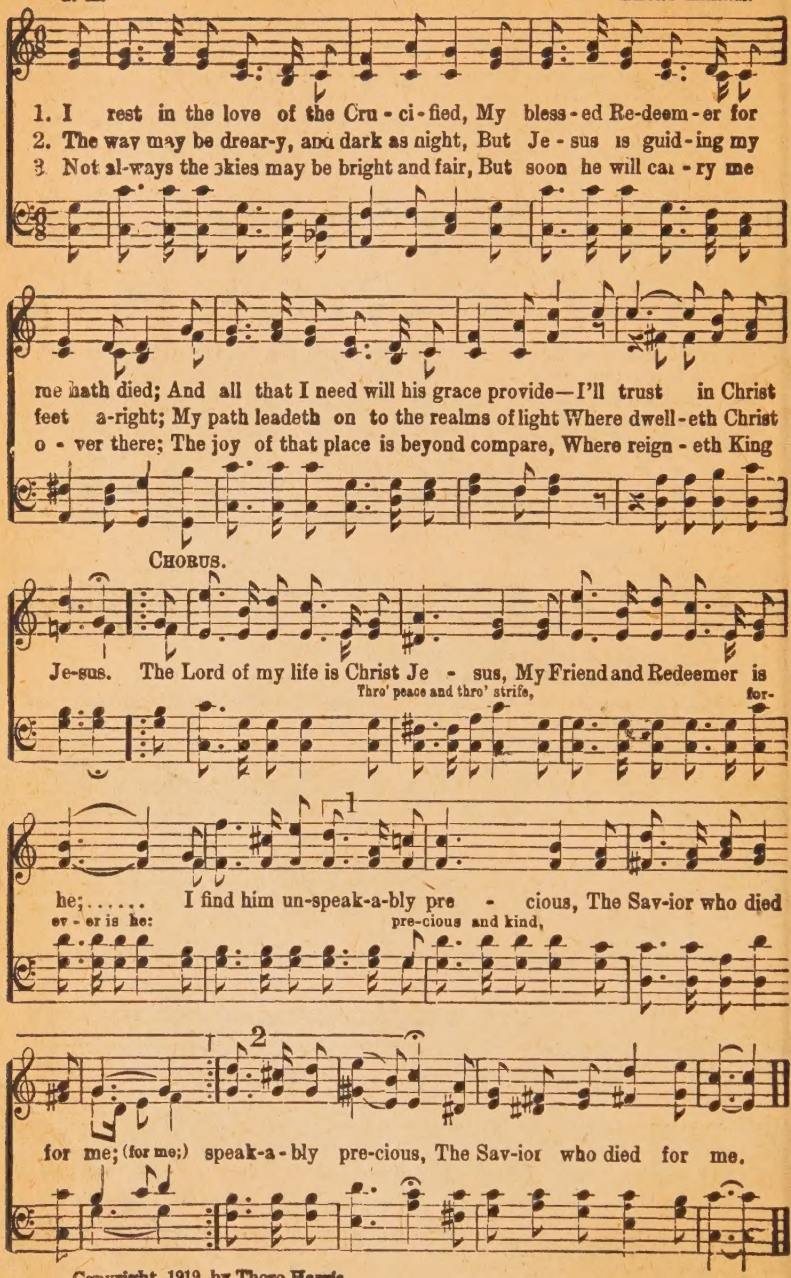

1. A full and free sal-va-tion the King pro-vides for all,—'Tis not by
2. The an-gels hov-er o'er you, the pa-tient Sav-ior waits Be-side you
3. No mat-ter how dis-cour-aged, if you will look a-bove, And on-ward
4. O trust Him, ful-ly trust Him! com-mit to Him your life; He'll keep you
5. On yon-der hills of glo-ry, up-on a death-less shore, A crown a-
works our hands can do;
in your nar-row pew;
still the path pur-sue,
all the jour-ney thru;
waits your wond'ring view;
If you this ver-y moment on His dear name will
He los-es all the blessing who falters and de-
In Je-sus' arms en-cir-cled, con-fid-ing in His
In ev-'ry hour of con-flict, in all the bit-ter
You'll en-ter that fair cit-y to sor-row nev-er-
CHORUS.
call, What He has done for others He will do for you.
bates, What Christ has done for others let Him do for you.
love, What He has done for others He will do for you. For you, yes, for you! His
strife, What He has done for others He will do for you.
more, And find a fadeless mansion there reserved for you.
prom-ise is true; Now let the Savior enter and your heart re-new; O glo-ry,
wayward heart renew. O glory, glo-ry,
hallelujah! God's word a-bid-eth true: What He has done for others, He will do for you.

The Lord of my Life.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.


1. I rest in the love of the Cru - ci - fied, My bless - ed Re-deem - er for
2. The way may be drear-y, and dark as night, But Je - sus is guid - ing my
3. Not al-ways the skies may be bright and fair, But soon he will car - ry me
me hath died; And all that I need will his grace provide—I'll trust in Christ
feet a-right; My path leadeth on to the realms of light Where dwell - eth Christ
o - ver there; The joy of that place is beyond compare, Where reign - eth King
CHORUS.
Je-sus. The Lord of my life is Christ Je - sus, My Friend and Redeemer is
Thro' peace and thro' strife,
for-
ev - er is he:
he;..... I find him un-speak-a-bly pre - cious, The Sav-ior who died
pre-cious and kind,
for me; (for me;) speak-a-bly pre-cious, The Sav-ior who died for me.

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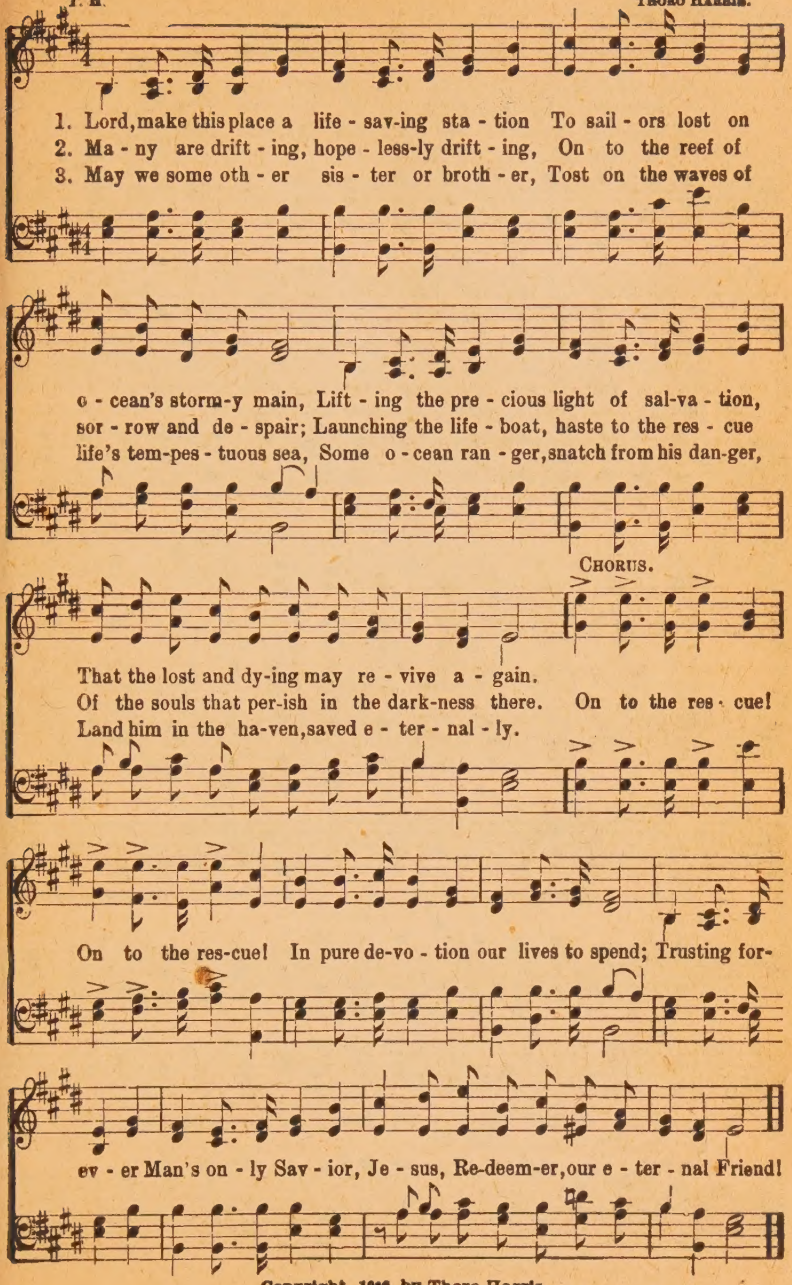
On to the Rescue!

T. H. THORO HARRIS.


1. Lord, make this place a life - sav-ing sta - tion To sail - ors lost on
2. Ma - ny are drift - ing, hope - less-ly drift - ing, On to the reef of
3. May we some oth - er sis - ter or broth - er, Tost on the waves of
o - cean's storm-y main, Lift - ing the pre - cious light of sal-va - tion,
sor - row and de - spair; Launching the life - boat, haste to the res - cue
life's tem-pes - tuous sea, Some o - cean ran - ger, snatch from his dan-ger,
CHORUS.
That the lost and dy-ing may re - vive a - gain.
Of the souls that per-ish in the dark-ness there. On to the res - cue!
Land him in the ha-ven, saved e - ter - nal - ly.
On to the res-cue! In pure de-vo - tion our lives to spend; Trusting for-
ev - er Man's on - ly Sav - ior, Je - sus, Re-deem-er, our e - ter - nal Friend!

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There is Glory in My Soul.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Cleared from all my sin, my con-dem - na - tion gone, Waves of
2. As we walk to - geth - er in the pil - grim way In a
3. Peace that pass-eth tell - ing now my heart doth know, And my
4. I can rest se - cure - ly on His faith - ful Word As I
gladness o'er my spir - it roll; Hold-ing sweet communion with my
fel - low-ship of love di - vine, Faith and hope grow brighter with each
life is full of joy and song; Heaven's pur - est pleasures thrill me
jour-ney in the nar - row way, And be hap - py in the love of
new - found Lord, There is glo - ry, glo - ry in my soul.
new - born day, There is glo - ry in this soul of mine.
as I go, And my soul is hap - py all day long.
my dear Lord Who with glo - ry fills my soul each day.
CHORUS.
There is glo - ry, glo - ry, in my soul to-day, Wondrous
glo - ry, glo - ry,
glo-ry, glo-ry, all a-long the way, Heaven's ho-liest
glo - ry, glo - ry,
ho-liest

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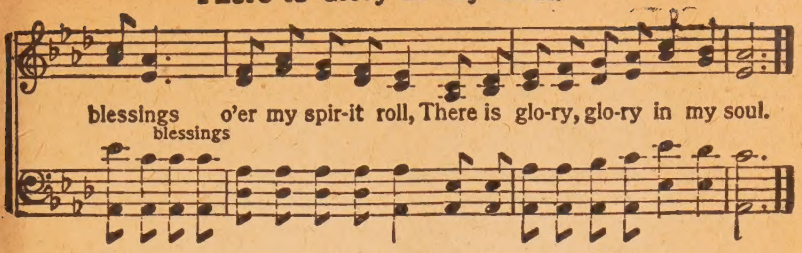
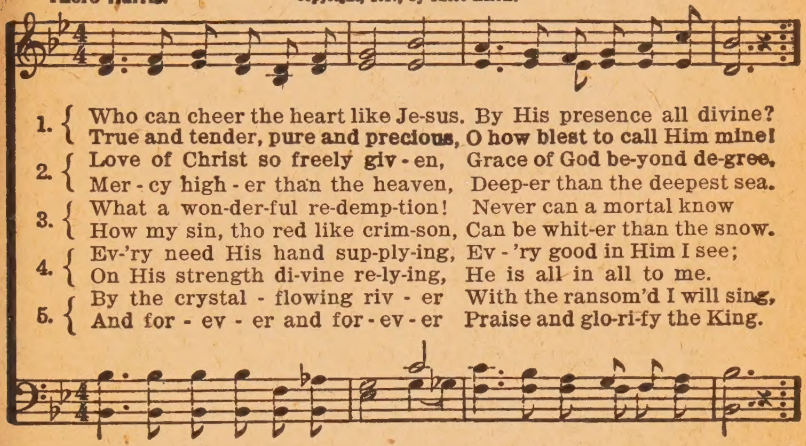
There is Glory in My Soul.



65 All That Thrills My Soul.

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.


1. Who can cheer the heart like Je-sus. By His presence all divine?
True and tender, pure and precious, O how blest to call Him mine!
2. Love of Christ so freely giv - en, Grace of God be-yond de-gree,
Mer - cy high - er than the heaven, Deep-er than the deepest sea.
3. What a won-der-ful re-demp-tion! Never can a mortal know
How my sin, tho red like crim-son, Can be whit-er than the snow.
4. Ev-'ry need His hand sup-ply-ing, Ev - 'ry good in Him I see;
On His strength di-vine re-ly-ing, He is all in all to me.
5. By the crystal - flowing riv - er With the ransom'd I will sing,
And for - ev - er and for - ev - er Praise and glo-ri-fy the King.

REFRAIN.
All that thrills my soul is Je - sus; He is more than life to me;
to me;
And the fair - est of ten - thous-and, In my bless-ed Lord I see.

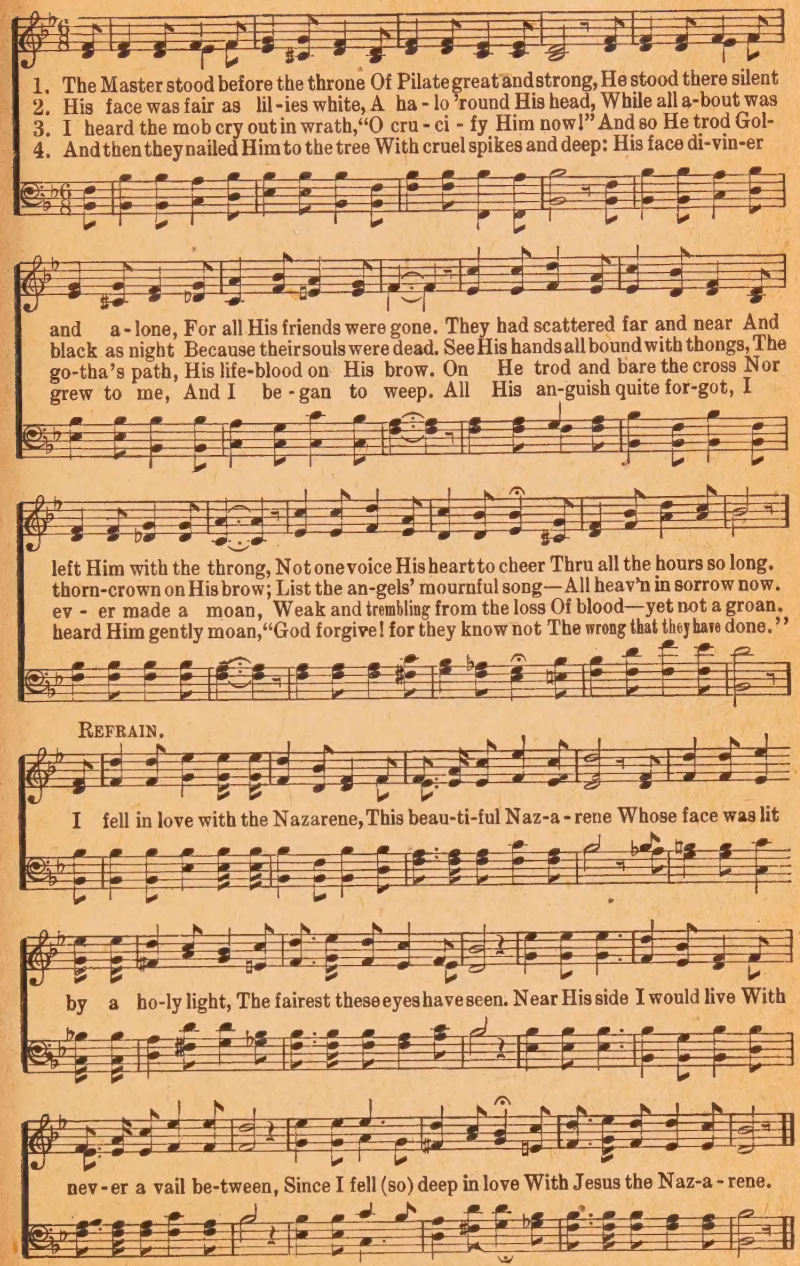
Friend of the Friendless

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

T. H. Thoro Harris.

1. Friend of the friendless, Sav - ior di - vine, Thy love hath won me—
2. Call - ing the out-cast Stranger a-stray, Car - ing for sin - ners
3. Kins - man, Re-deem-er, To Thee I turn; Me tho un - wor - thy,
4. Pa - tient com-pas-sion Beams from Thy face, Foun-tain of mer - cy,
5. No more an ex - ile Sad - ly to roam, Thy hand hath led me
1. I would be Thine. Sin - ful and er - ring, Fain would I flee,
2. "Out of the way." Lov - ing the love - less Wea - ry and lone,
3. Thou wilt not spurn. Thru first hast so't me. Now Thee I seek,
4. Auth - or of grace. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Je - sus, im - part,
5. Safe to Thy home; Friend of the friend-less, Thy love un - known
REFRAIN
1. Friend of the friend-less, Homeward to Thee.
2. Hope of the hope-less, Seek-ing Thine own.
3. Friend of the friend-less, Low - ly and meek. Calm Thou these wild a-larms,
4. Ten - der - ly fold me Close to Thy heart.
5. Wel-comes the wand'rer, Seals me Thine own.
rit.
Grant peace and rest, Held in Thy gra-cious arms, Hid in Thy breast

The Beautiful Nazarene.

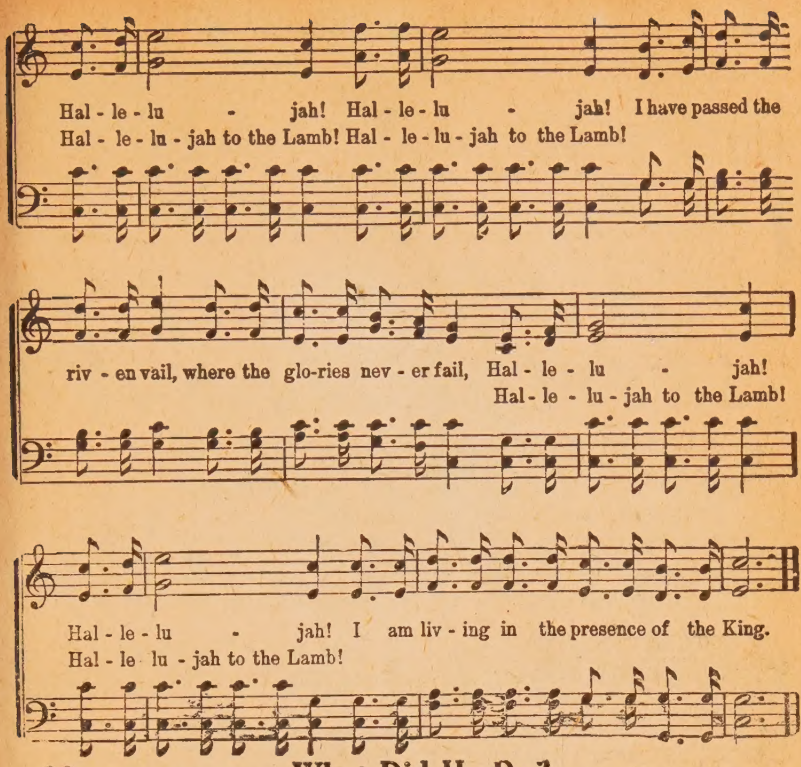

1. The Master stood before the throne Of Pilate great and strong, He stood there silent
2. His face was fair as lil-ies white, A ha-lo round His head, While all a-bout was
3. I heard the mob cry out in wrath, "O cru-ci-fy Him now!" And so He trod Gol-
4. And then they nailed Him to the tree With cruel spikes and deep: His face di-vin-er
and a-lone, For all His friends were gone. They had scattered far and near And
black as night Because their souls were dead. See His hands all bound with thongs, The
go-tha's path, His life-blood on His brow. On He trod and bare the cross Nor
grew to me, And I be-gan to weep. All His an-guish quite for-got, I
left Him with the throng, Not one voice His heart to cheer Thru all the hours so long.
thorn-crown on His brow; List the an-gels' mournful song—All heav'n in sorrow now.
ev-er made a moan, Weak and trembling from the loss Of blood—yet not a groan,
heard Him gently moan, "God forgive! for they know not The wrong that they have done."
REFRAIN.
I fell in love with the Nazarene, This beau-ti-ful Naz-a-rene Whose face was lit
by a ho-ly light, The fairest these eyes have seen. Near His side I would live With
nev-er a vail be-tween, Since I fell (so) deep in love With Jesus the Naz-a-rene.

I've Believed the True Report.

"Having therefore, brethern, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near with a true heart and full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10:19-22.

C. P. J. C. P. JONES.

1. I've believed the true re-port, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
2. I'm a king and priest to God, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
3. I have passed the out-er vail, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
4. I'm with-in the ho-liest pale, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
I have passed the out-er court, O glo-ry be to God!
By the cleansing of the blood, O glo-ry be to God!
Which did once God's light con-ceal, O glo-ry be to God!
I have passed the in-ner vail, O glo-ry be to God!
I am all on Je-sus' side, On the al-tar sanc-ti-fied,
By the Spir-it's pow'r and light, I am liv-ing day and night,
But the blood has brought me in To God's ho-li-ness so clean,
I am sanc-ti-fied to God By the pow-er of the blood,
To the world and sin I've died, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
In the ho-liest place so bright, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
Where there's death to self and sin, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
Now the Lord is my a-bode, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!


Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I have passed the
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
riv - en vail, where the glo-ries nev - er fail, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
Hal - le - lu - jah! I am liv - ing in the presence of the King.
Hal - le lu - jah to the Lamb!

69. What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. GRAY. USED BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH. W. Sweet

1. {O list - en to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
   {Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
2. {No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he;
   {The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head three!
3. {Will you sur - rend-er to this Sav - iour? To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?
   {You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now.

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He
died for you!
Where is He now? In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!
Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!

Trusting the Promises.

Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. As I jour - ney dai - ly 'mid these scenes be - low, There is bless - ed
2. Tho my foes be man - y as I strive with wrong, Prayer will bring a
3. We are told each faith-ful one a crown shall win When we gain the
4. Hid from hu - man vi - sion is the home on high, Filled with light and
1. com-fort that my soul may know; What - so - e'er be - falls me, still I
2. Help-er fear-less, brave and strong; And with glad-ness I may sing the
3. vic - t'ry o - ver self and sin; And I seek the prize while hope a-
4. beau - ty that can nev - er die; To that cit - y I am go - ing
FINE.
1. on - ward go, Trust - ing in the prom - is - es of Je - sus.
2. vic - tor's song, Trust - ing in the prom - is - es of Je - sus.
3. bides with - in, Trust - ing in the prom - is - es of Je - sus.
4. by and by, Trust - ing in the prom - is - es of Je - sus.
D. S.—*Trust - ing in the prom - is - es of Je - sus.*
CHORUS.
Looking to the Lord, Leaning on His word, Faith gives sweet assurance, cheering
D. S.
all my way (to glo-ry), While I jour-ney home-ward to the realms of day,

A Vision of Jesus.

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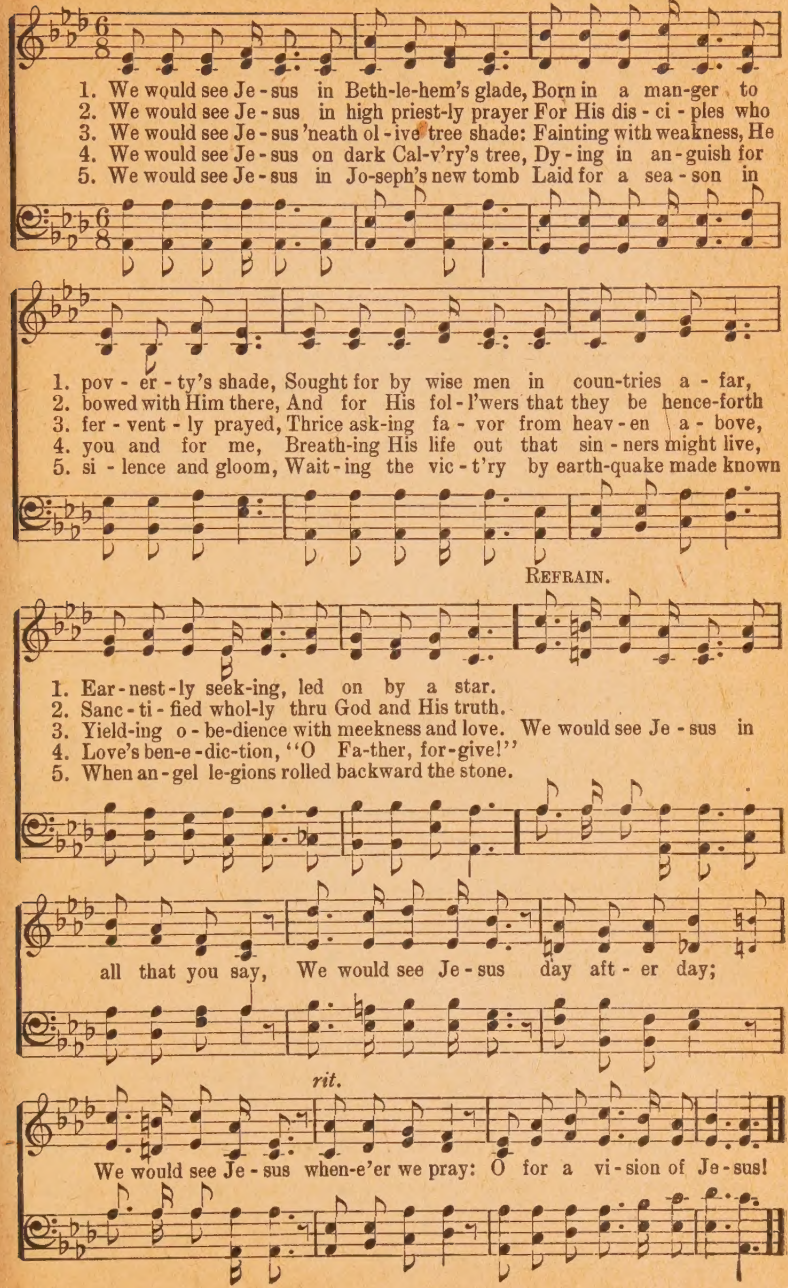
Arr. by Thoro Harris.


1. We would see Je - sus in Beth-le-hem's glade, Born in a man-ger to
2. We would see Je - sus in high priest-ly prayer For His dis - ci - ples who
3. We would see Je - sus 'neath ol - ive tree shade: Fainting with weakness, He
4. We would see Je - sus on dark Cal-v'ry's tree, Dy - ing in an - guish for
5. We would see Je - sus in Jo-seph's new tomb Laid for a sea - son in
1. pov - er - ty's shade, Sought for by wise men in coun-tries a - far,
2. bowed with Him there, And for His fol - l'wers that they be hence-forth
3. fer - vent - ly prayed, Thrice ask-ing fa - vor from heav - en a - bove,
4. you and for me, Breath-ing His life out that sin - ners might live,
5. si - lence and gloom, Wait - ing the vic - t'ry by earth-quake made known
REFRAIN.
1. Ear - nest - ly seek-ing, led on by a star.
2. Sanc - ti - fied whol-ly thru God and His truth.
3. Yield-ing o - be-dience with meekness and love. We would see Je - sus in
4. Love's ben-e - dic-tion, "O Fa-ther, for-give!"
5. When an - gel le-gions rolled backward the stone.
all that you say, We would see Je - sus day aft - er day;
rit.
We would see Je - sus when-e'er we pray: O for a vi - sion of Je - sus!

The Hallelujah Side.

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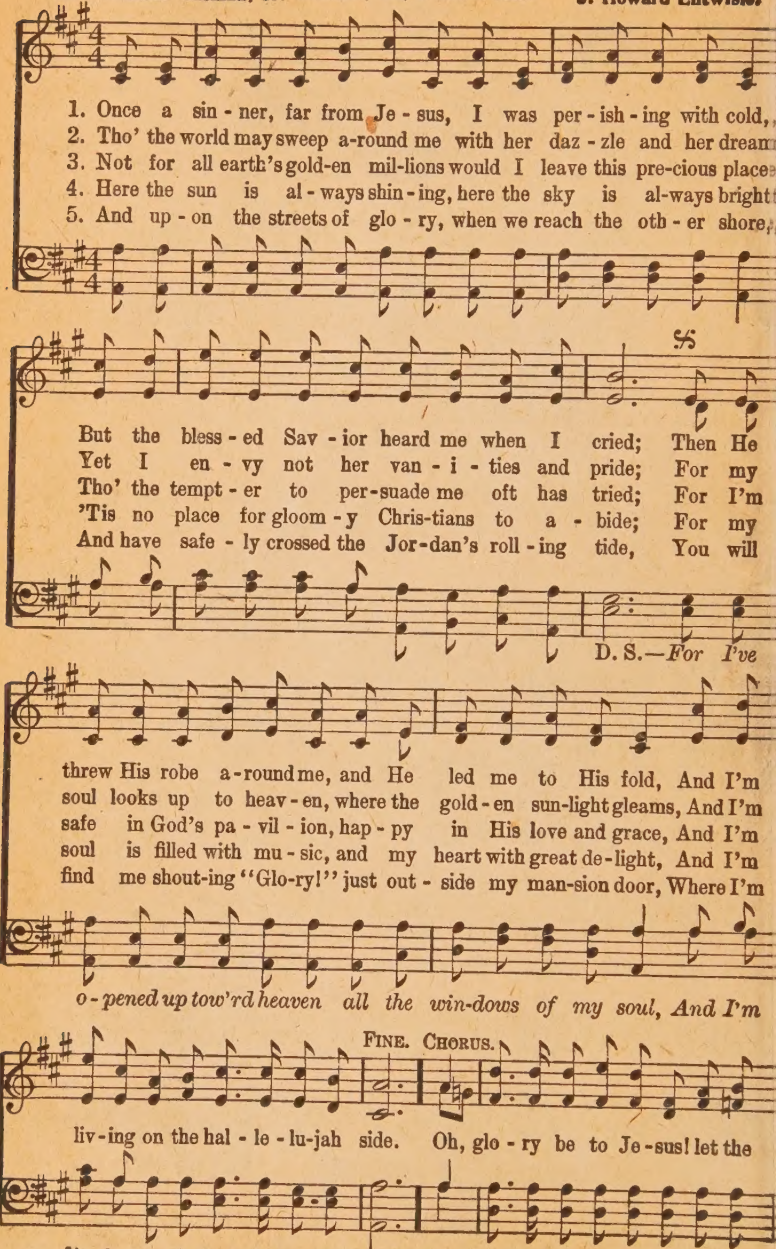
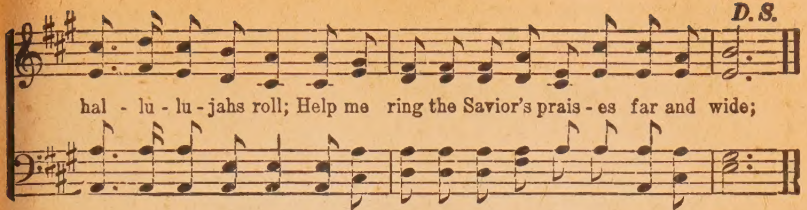

1. Once a sin - ner, far from Je - sus, I was per - ish - ing with cold,
2. Tho' the world may sweep a-round me with her daz - zle and her dream
3. Not for all earth's gold-en mil-lions would I leave this pre-cious place
4. Here the sun is al - ways shin - ing, here the sky is al-ways bright
5. And up - on the streets of glo - ry, when we reach the oth - er shore,
But the bless - ed Sav - ior heard me when I cried; Then He
Yet I en - vy not her van - i - ties and pride; For my
Tho' the tempt - er to per-suade me oft has tried; For I'm
'Tis no place for gloom - y Chris-tians to a - bide; For my
And have safe - ly crossed the Jor-dan's roll - ing tide, You will
D. S.—For I've
threw His robe a-round me, and He led me to His fold, And I'm
soul looks up to heav - en, where the gold - en sun-light gleams, And I'm
safe in God's pa - vil - ion, hap - py in His love and grace, And I'm
soul is filled with mu - sic, and my heart with great de-light, And I'm
find me shout-ing "Glo-ry!" just out - side my man-sion door, Where I'm
o - pened up tow'rd heaven all the win-dows of my soul, And I'm
FINE. CHORUS.
liv-ing on the hal - le - lu-jah side. Oh, glo - ry be to Je-sus! let the
liv - ing on the hal - le - lu-jah side.



73 Why Not You?

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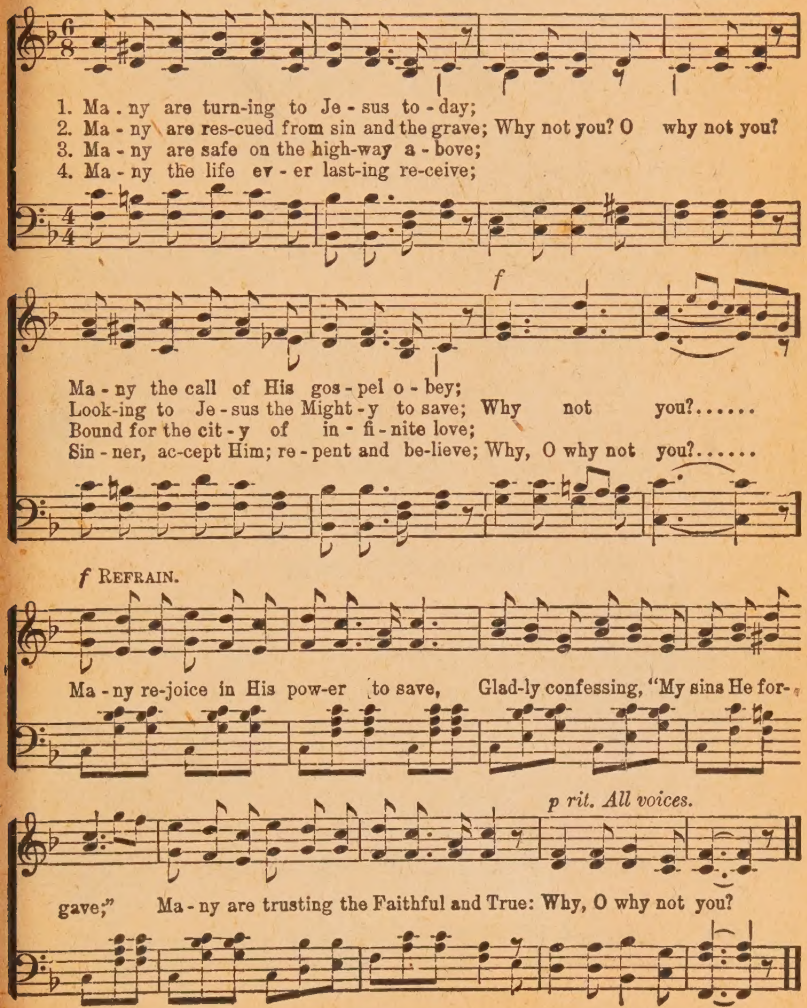
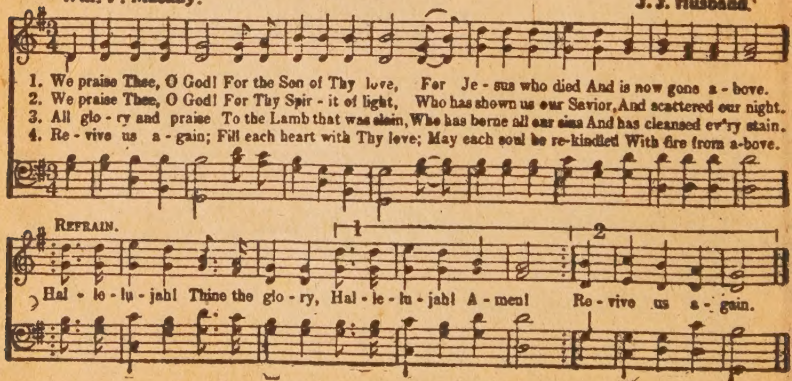

1. Ma - ny are turn-ing to Je - sus to - day;
2. Ma - ny are res-cued from sin and the grave; Why not you? O why not you?
3. Ma - ny are safe on the high-way a - bove;
4. Ma - ny the life ev - er last-ing re-ceive;
f
Ma - ny the call of His gos - pel o - bey;
Look-ing to Je - sus the Might - y to save; Why not you?.....
Bound for the cit - y of in - fi - nite love;
Sin - ner, ac-cept Him; re - pent and be-lieve; Why, O why not you?.....
f REFRAIN.
Ma - ny re-joice in His pow-er to save, Glad-ly confessing, "My sins He for-
p rit. All voices.
gave;" Ma - ny are trusting the Faithful and True: Why, O why not you?

74 Send the Fire.

mp
f
1
1. { Thou Christ of burning, cleansing flame, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!..
Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim, Send the fire, send the fire, send the [Omit
2. { God of E - li - jah, hear our cry, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!..
He'll make us fit to live or die, Send the fire, send the fire, send the [Omit
3. { 'Tis fire we want, for fire we plead, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!..
The fire will meet our ev-'ry need, Send the fire, send the fire, send the [Omit
2
cres.
f
mf
fire; Look down and see this waiting host, Give us the promised Ho-ly Ghost, We
fire; To burn up ev-'ry trace of sin, To bring the light and glo-ry in, The
fire; For strength to ev-er do the right, For grace to con-quer in the fight, For
want an - oth - er Pen - te - cost, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
rev - o - lu - tion now be - gin, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
pow'r to walk the world in white, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!

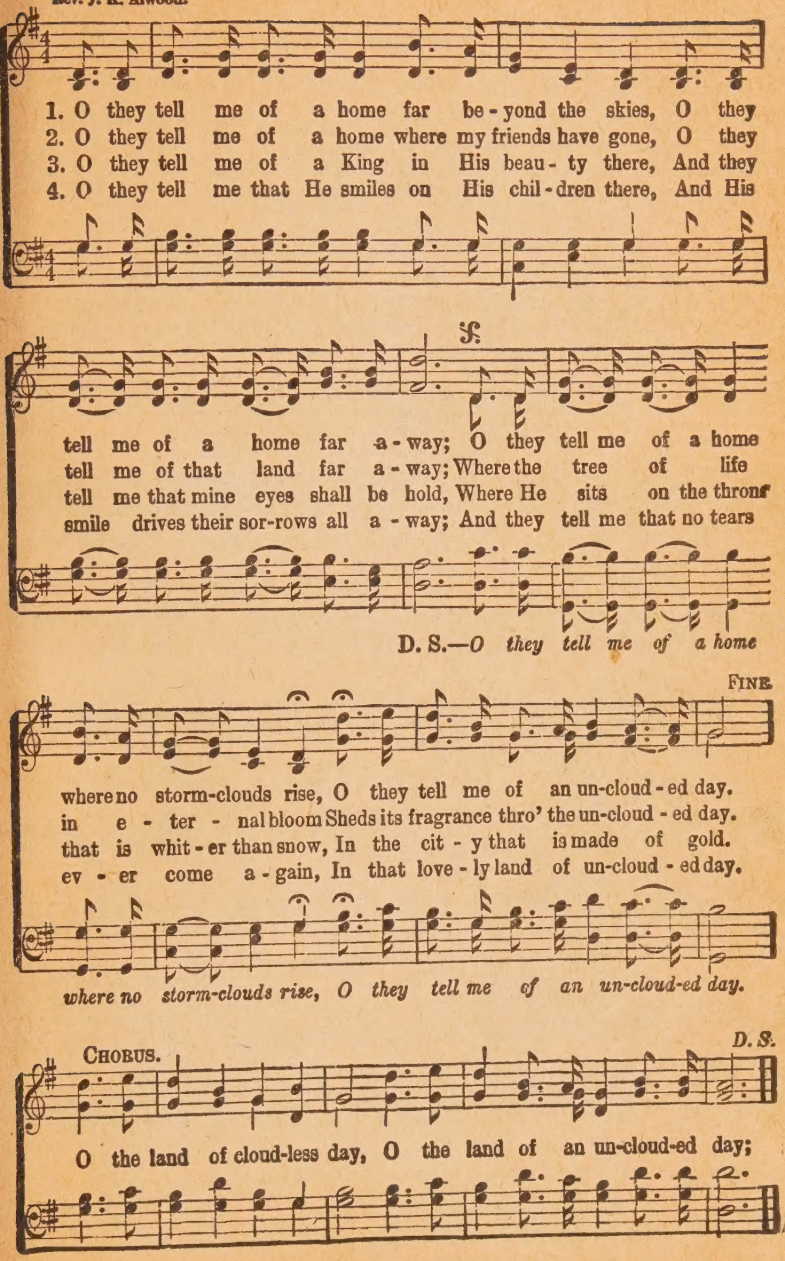
75 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.


1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.
Refrain.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

The Unclouded Day.

Words and melody by
Rev. J. K. Alwood.


1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of a King in His beau - ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His
tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a - way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears
D. S.—O they tell me of a home
FINE.
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud - ed day.
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud - ed day.
that is whit - er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un-cloud - ed day.
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
D. S.
CHORUS.
O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed day;

Beautiful.

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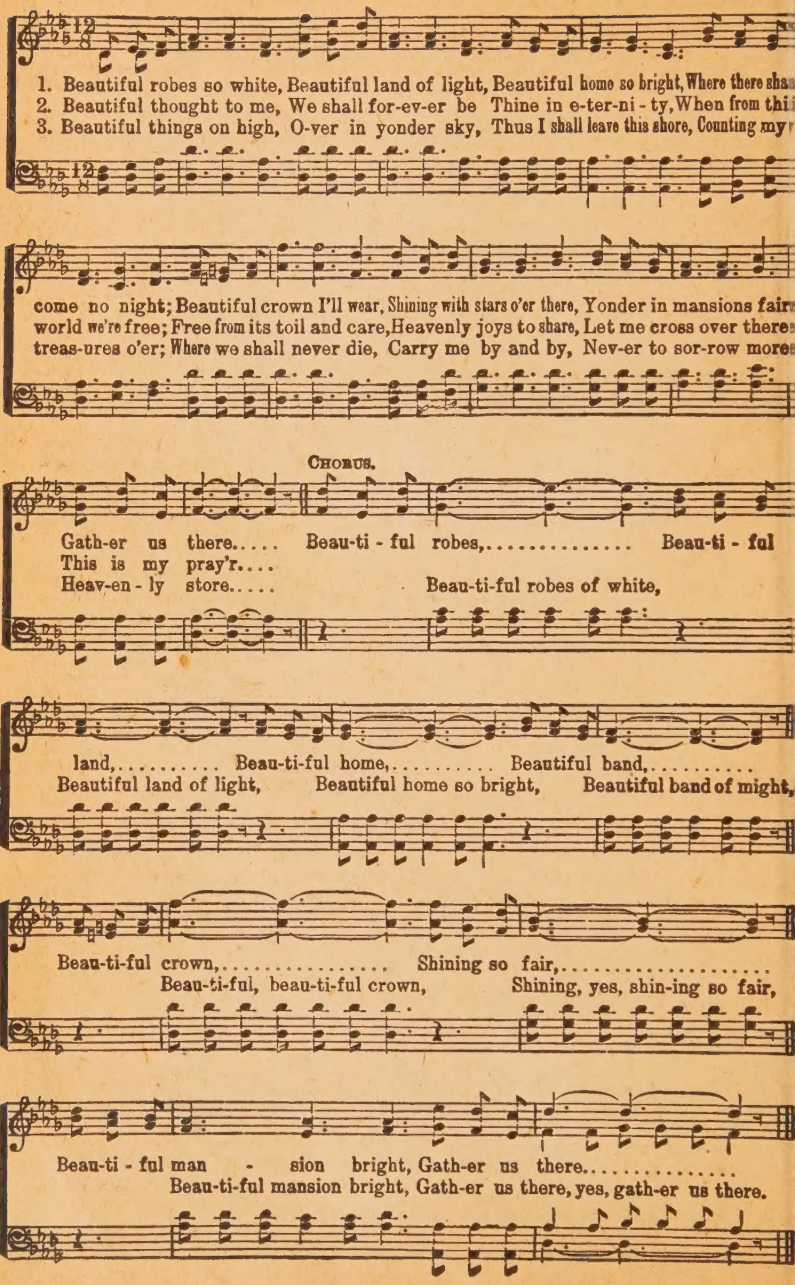
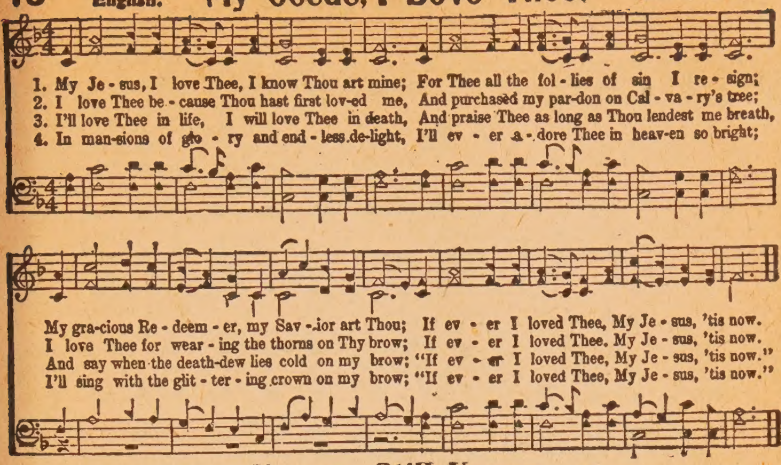
B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.


1. Beautiful robes so white, Beautiful land of light, Beautiful home so bright, Where there sha
2. Beautiful thought to me, We shall for-ev-er be Thine in e-ter-ni - ty, When from thi
3. Beautiful things on high, O-ver in yonder sky, Thus I shall leave this shore, Counting my
come no night; Beautiful crown I'll wear, Shining with stars o'er there, Yonder in mansions fair
world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heavenly joys to share, Let me cross over there
treas-ures o'er; Where we shall never die, Carry me by and by, Nev-er to sor-row more
CHORUS.
Gath-er us there..... Beau-ti - ful robes,..... Beau-ti - ful
This is my pray'r....
Heav-en - ly store.....
Beau-ti-ful robes of white,
land,..... Beau-ti-ful home,..... Beautiful band,.....
Beautiful land of light, Beautiful home so bright, Beautiful band of might,
Beau-ti-ful crown,..... Shining so fair,.....
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful crown, Shining, yes, shin-ing so fair,
Beau-ti - ful man - sion bright, Gath-er us there.....
Beau-ti-ful mansion bright, Gath-er us there, yes, gath-er us there.

78 English. My Jesus, I Love Thee. A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright;
My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee. My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

79 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M

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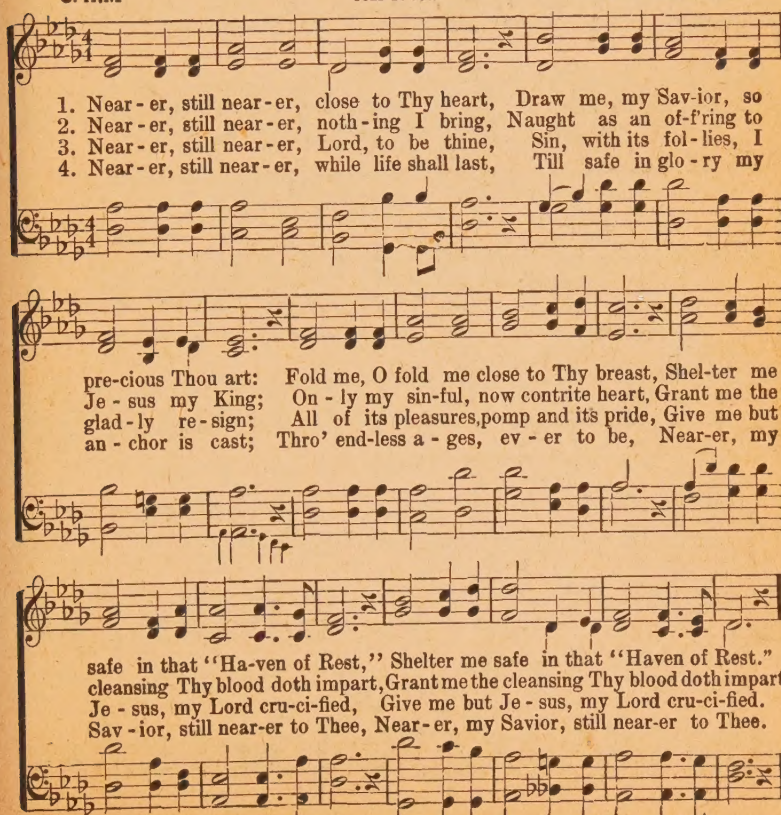
Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-ior, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an of-fring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my
pre-cious Thou art: Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' end-less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my
safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
Sav - ior, still near-er to Thee, Near - er, my Savior, still near-er to Thee.

Fishing For My Lord.

LUKE 5: 9-10.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. Norwegian.

1. Je - sus walked be-side the sea, On the shore of Gal - i - lee, When He
2. Si - mon drew out from the land, At the Master's straight command, And the
3. Let us fling the line to-day In the deep, and far a - way, For the
met His dear dis - ci - ples wan and worn; All in vain they'd toiled all night,
net was filled un - til it brake; but then Je - sus said to him, "Fear not;
fish are there, a mul - ti - tude so great; Let us lure them for our Lord
FINE.
Till there brake the morning light, And the Savior spake to comfort them that morn.
This your heav'n-appointed lot: For from henceforth thou shalt catch an host of men."
By the hook of His own word, And the blessings of the charming gos-pel bait.

D.S.—*But throw out my net once more, Catching many fishes for my blessed Lord.*

CHORUS.

I'll go fish - ing, I'll go fish - ing for my Sav - ior, I'll go
D. S.
fish-ing wheth-er rain or shine; I will not lie down at shore,
or rain or shine;

81 Another Pentecost

C. W. Philleo

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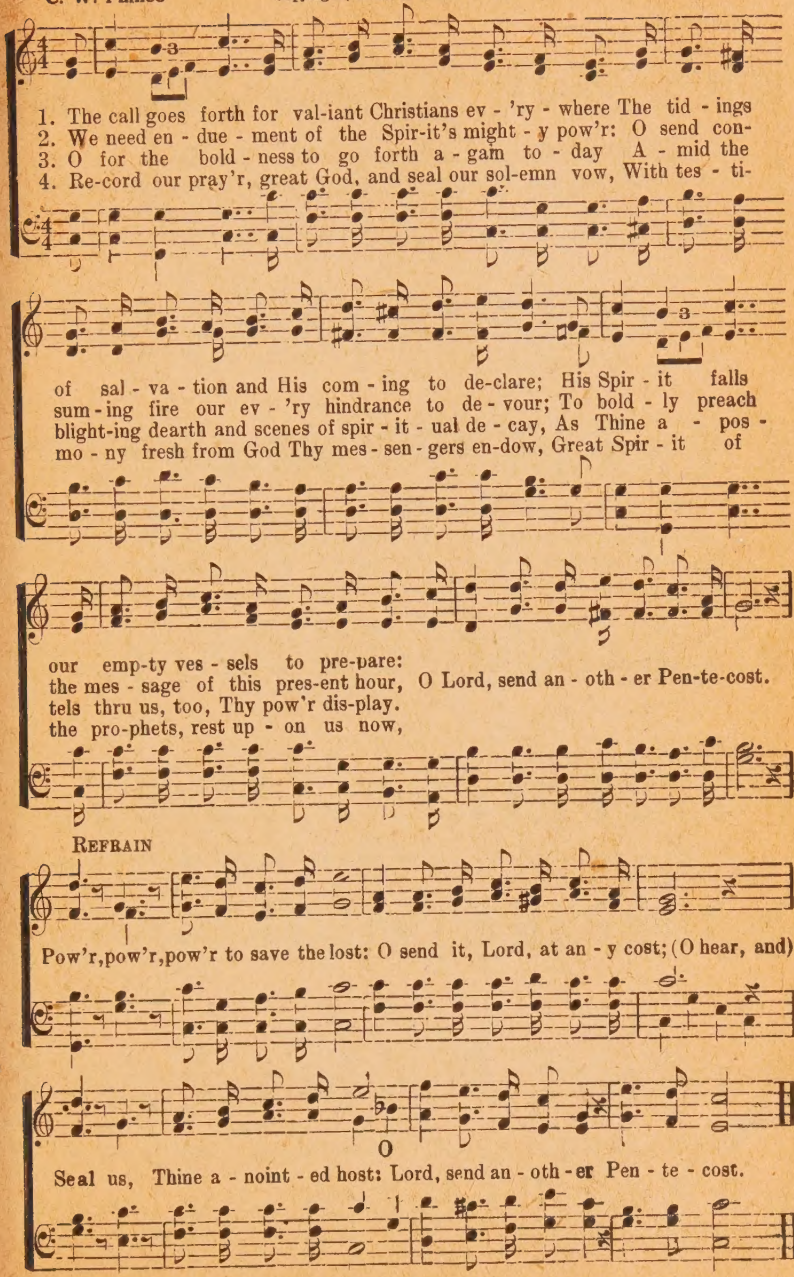
Thoro Harris


1. The call goes forth for val-iant Christians ev - 'ry - where The tid - ings
2. We need en - due - ment of the Spir-it's might - y pow'r: O send con-
3. O for the bold - ness to go forth a - gain to - day A - mid the
4. Re-cord our pray'r, great God, and seal our sol-emn vow, With tes - ti-
of sal - va - tion and His com - ing to de-clare; His Spir - it falls
sum - ing fire our ev - 'ry hindrance to de - vour; To bold - ly preach
blight-ing dearth and scenes of spir - it - ual de - cay, As Thine a - pos -
mo - ny fresh from God Thy mes - sen - gers en-dow, Great Spir - it of
our emp-ty ves - sels to pre-pare:
the mes - sage of this pres-ent hour, O Lord, send an - oth - er Pen-te-cost.
tels thru us, too, Thy pow'r dis-play.
the pro-phets, rest up - on us now,
REFRAIN
Pow'r, pow'r, pow'r to save the lost: O send it, Lord, at an - y cost; (O hear, and)
O
Seal us, Thine a - noint - ed host: Lord, send an - oth - er Pen - te - cost.

Sweeter Than All.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. Christ will me His aid af-ford, Nev-er to fall, nev-er to fall,
2. I will fol-low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call,
3. Tho' a ves-sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small,
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voi-ces will call, voi-ces will call,
While I find my pre-cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Find-ing Him, from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Yet His bless-ings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
But my Sav-ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
CHORUS.
Je-sus is now, and ev-er will be, Sweet-er than all the world to me,
Since I heard His lov-ing call,—Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.

He's Done So Much For Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS.

T. H. Thoro Harris.

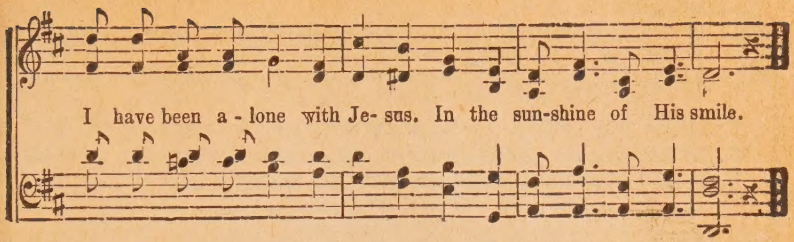
1. My bur - dens on the Christ I roll, My Bur - den - bear - er He,
2. To res - cue me from name-less wo He suf - fered on the tree;
3. He plants His peace with - in my breast, A sweet re - al - i - ty;
4. He clothes me with a spot - less dress, His robe of pu - ri - ty;
5. He quells the ris - ing tide of fears And bids my sor - rows flee;
6. I have the wit - ness in my heart, And with His word a - gree:
7. Soon I shall see Him as He is And thru e - ter - ni - ty
1. While I keep sing - ing in my soul, He's done so much for me.
2. A - maz - ing love He there did show; He's done so much for me.
3. His pres - ence brings a - bid - ing rest— He's done so much for me.
4. He is my per - fect right-eous-ness: He's done so much for me.
5. His mer - cies crown the pass - ing years— He's done so much for me.
6. How could I from this Friend de - part Who's done so much for me?
7. Re - joice to know that I am His Who's done so much for me.
REFRAIN.
He's done so much for me, He's done so much for me,
He's done so much
A worth-less wretch—how could it be? He's done so much for me.

I Have Been Alone With Jesus

Copyright 1923, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

1. I have been a - lone with Je- sus, With my head up - on His breast,
2. With a trembling heart I told Him While with joy I ling- ered there,
3. Shall I tell you what He told me While I still was wait- ing there?
4. Then He told me I was wel-come, Ev - er - more with Him to stay,
For I was so ver - y lone - ly, Long-ing so for peace and rest;
All the bur - den of my sor - - ow, All my heav - y weight of care,
For it took a - way my trou - ble, Chas-ing all my grief and care.
And He said that He would nev - er Cast His trust-ing child a - way.
I have been a - lone with Je - sus And He bade me wait a - while;
How the voice of Sa-tan's whisp'ring, Oft en- ticed me in - to sin,
Je - sus told me how He lov'd me Tho a way- ward err - ing child,
Lo! He said, I am thy Sav - ior As a rock I firm - ly stand;
O, I felt it ver - y pre-cious In the sun-shine of His smile.
And I asked Him if I might not Stay for - ev- er there with Him.
And I felt so ver - y hap - py As He look'd on me and smil'd.
Come and rest be-neath my shad-ow In this wear - y thirst - y land
REFRAIN.
I have been a - lone with Je- sus My gen- tle, lov-ing Je- sus;



85 Holy Quietness.

M. P. Ferguson. Arr. from W. S. Marshall.

M. 60 =

1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Spring-ing in - to life and glad-ness, All a-round this glo-rious Guest,
3. Like a rain that falls from heav-en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al-ways see His face!

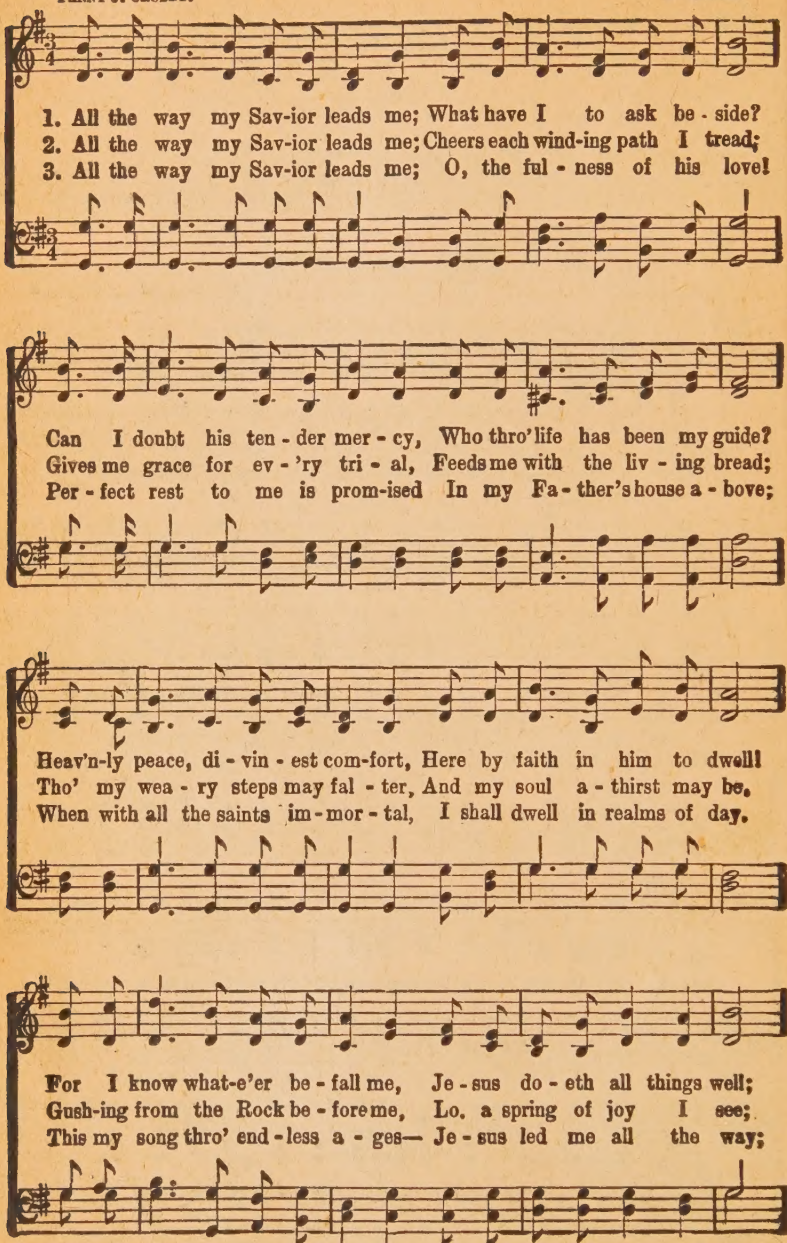
He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.
Ban-ished un - be - lief and sad - ness, And we just o - bey and trust.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.
What a peace-ful hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui-et-ness, What as-sur - ance in my soul;
On the storm-y sea, Speaking peace to me, How the bil-lows cease to roll.

86 All the Way my Savior Leads Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. LOWRY.


1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O, the ful - ness of his love!
Can I doubt his ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per - fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa - ther's house a - bove;
Heav'n-ly peace, di - vin - est com-fort, Here by faith in him to dwell!
Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When with all the saints im - mor - tal, I shall dwell in realms of day.
For I know what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo, a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end - less a - ges— Je - sus led me all the way;

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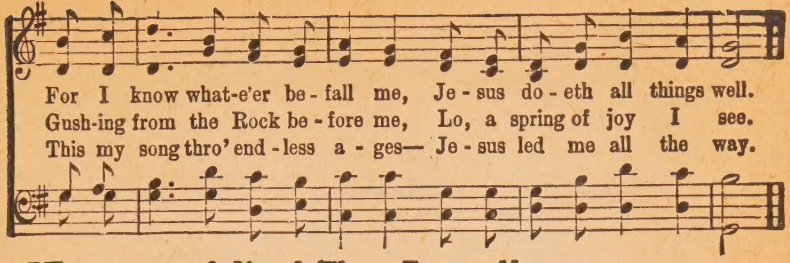
All the Way my Savior Leads Me.


For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo, a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end-less a-ges— Je-sus led me all the way.

87 I Need Thee Every Hour.

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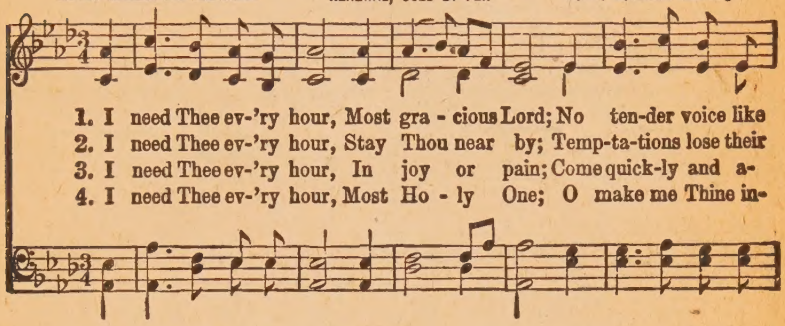
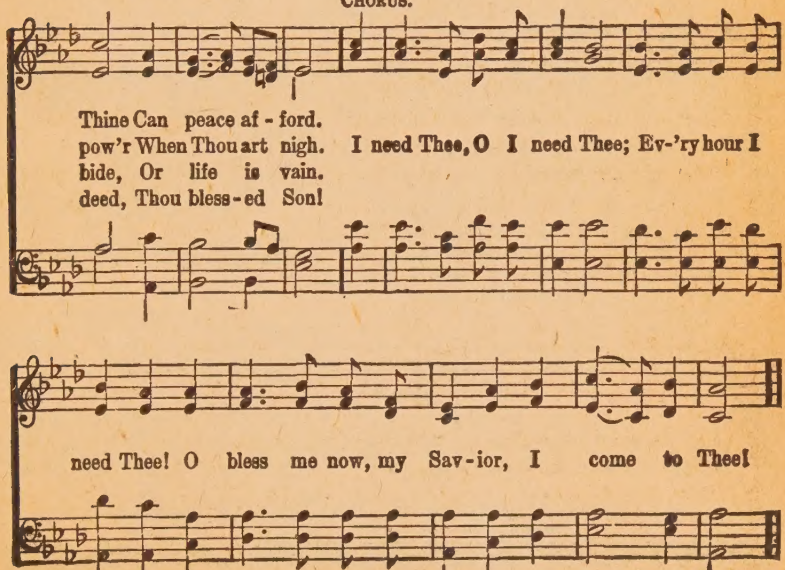
RENEWAL, USED BY PER.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Rev. Robert Lowry.

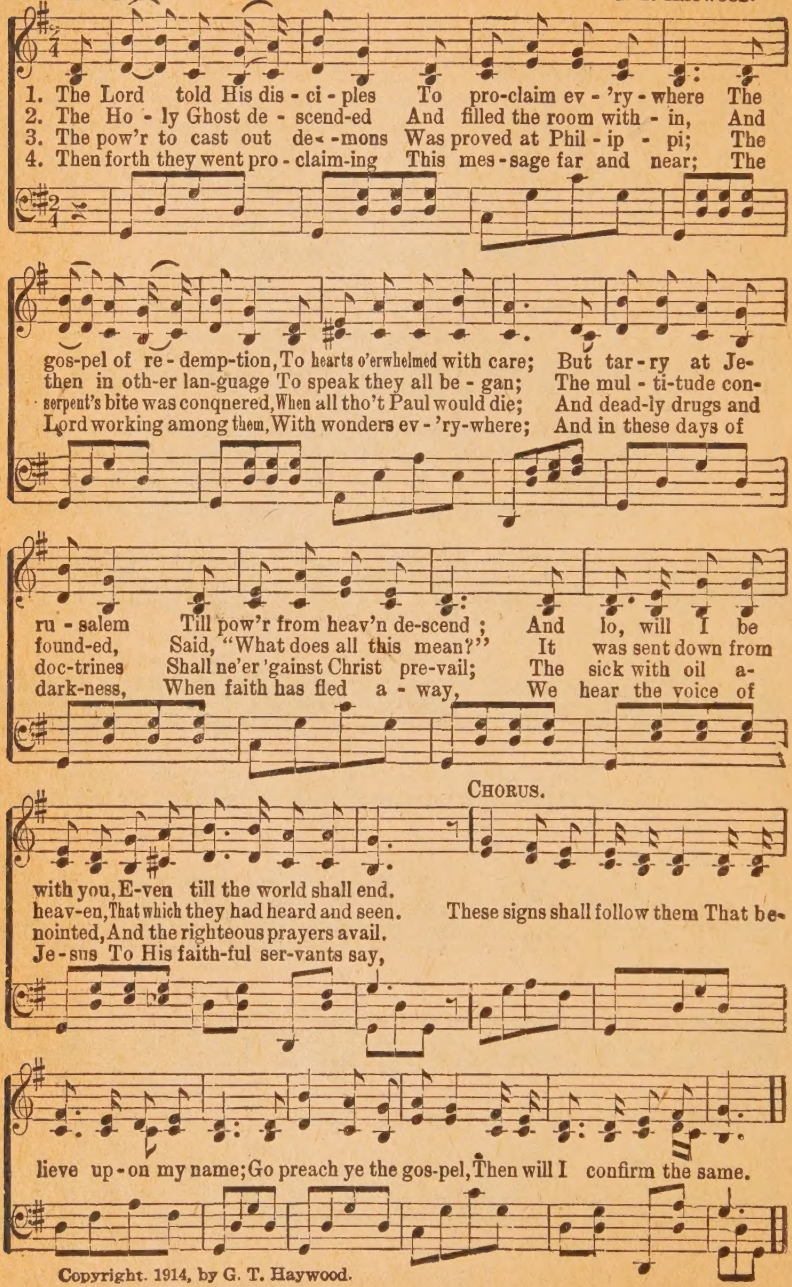

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine in-

CHORUS.


Thine Can peace af-ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee!

These Signs Shall Follow Them.

G. T. H. G. T. HAYWOOD.


1. The Lord told His dis - ci - ples To pro-claim ev - 'ry - where The
2. The Ho - ly Ghost de - scend-ed And filled the room with - in, And
3. The pow'r to cast out de< -mons Was proved at Phil - ip - pi; The
4. Then forth they went pro - claim-ing This mes - sage far and near; The
gos-pel of re - demp-tion, To hearts o'erwhelmed with care; But tar - ry at Je-
then in oth-er lan-guage To speak they all be - gan; The mul - ti-tude con-
serpent's bite was conqnered, When all tho't Paul would die; And dead-ly drugs and
Lord working among them, With wonders ev - 'ry-where; And in these days of
ru - salem Till pow'r from heav'n de-scend; And lo, will I be
found-ed, Said, "What does all this mean?" It was sent down from
doc-trines Shall ne'er 'gainst Christ pre-vail; The sick with oil a-
dark-ness, When faith has fled a - way, We hear the voice of
CHORUS.
with you, E-ven till the world shall end.
heav-en, That which they had heard and seen.
nointed, And the righteous prayers avail.
Je - sus To His faith-ful ser-vants say,
These signs shall follow them That be-
lieve up - on my name; Go preach ye the gos-pel, Then will I confirm the same.

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Follow On!

W. O. Cushing. Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would fol-low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev-er, nev-er fear: Dan-gers can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val-ley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my Sav-iour would my soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.
:S:
FINE.
D.S.—*Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would fol low on!*
REFRAIN.
Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus! An-y-where, ev-'rywhere, I would fol-low on! Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus!
D.S.

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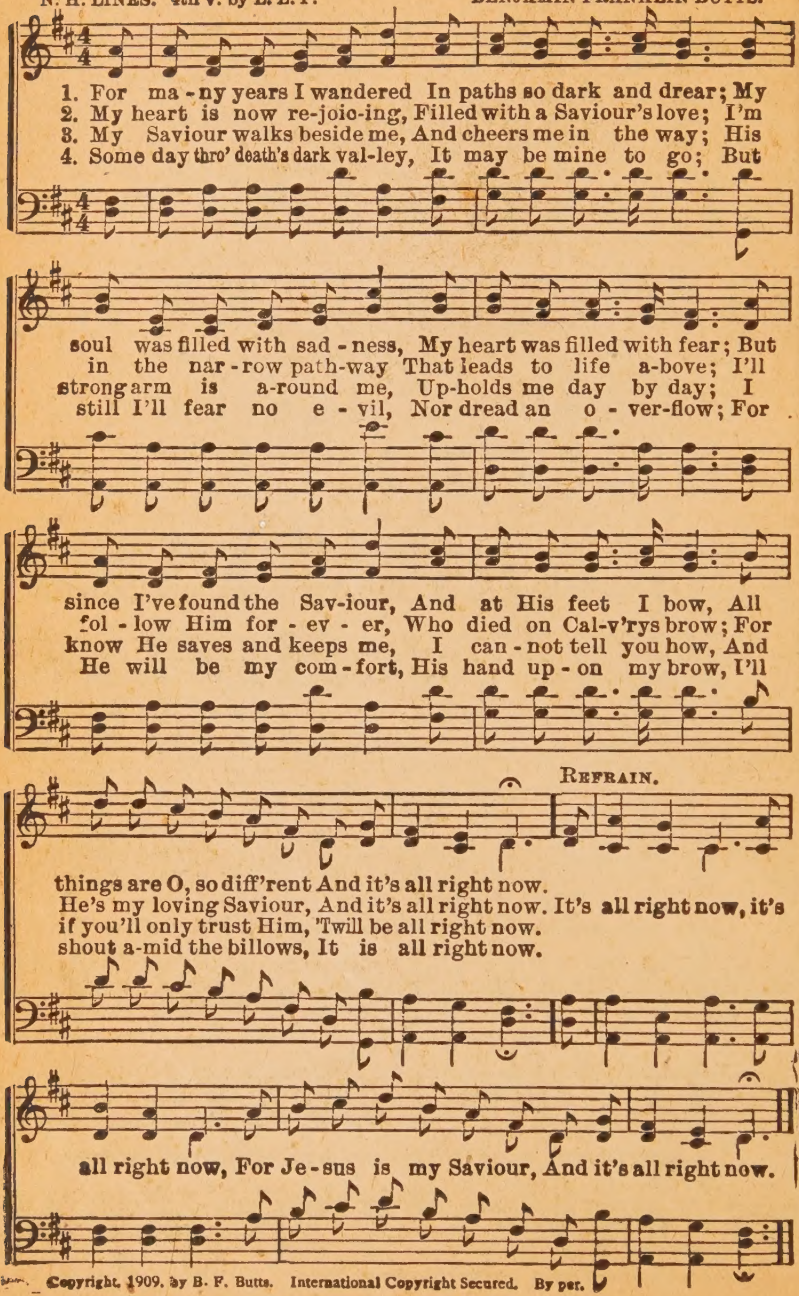
IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

(Jerry McAuley's dying words.)

N. H. LINES. 4th v. by L. L. P. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTTS.


1. For ma - ny years I wandered In paths so dark and drear; My soul was filled with sad - ness, My heart was filled with fear; But
2. My heart is now re-joic-ing, Filled with a Saviour's love; I'm in the nar - row path-way That leads to life a-bove; I'll
3. My Saviour walks beside me, And cheers me in the way; His strong arm is a-round me, Up-holds me day by day; I
4. Some day thro' death's dark val-ley, It may be mine to go; But still I'll fear no e - vil, Nor dread an o - ver-flow; For
since I've found the Sav-iour, And at His feet I bow, All
fol - low Him for - ev - er, Who died on Cal-v'rys brow; For
know He saves and keeps me, I can - not tell you how, And
He will be my com - fort, His hand up - on my brow, I'll
REFRAIN.
things are O, so diff'rent And it's all right now.
He's my loving Saviour, And it's all right now. It's all right now, it's
if you'll only trust Him, 'Twill be all right now.
shout a-mid the billows, It is all right now.
all right now, For Je - sus is my Saviour, And it's all right now.

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Almost Too Good to be True

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.
Chorus Arr.

1. I was full of sin, Now I'm pure with - in; It is al - most too good to be true; Je - sus heard my cry, did not pass me by;
2. Now the car - nal mind has been left be - hind; It is al - most too good to be true; The "Old man" is gone,—let him trav - el on;
3. I am poor on earth, but of roy - al birth; It is al - most too good to be true; I have wealth un - told, more than earth can hold;
4. I have lib - er - ty and such vic - to - ry; It is al - most too good to be true; And in ev - 'ry test I am al - ways blest;
5. This is not my sphere, heav'n is draw - ing near; It is al - most too good to be true; Soon I'll say "good - by," mounting thro' the sky;
CHORUS. Not too fast.
It is al - most too good to be true. I some-times think it's
1
al - most too good to be true, It's al - most too good to be true, It's
2
al-most too good to be true; That I am saved and on my way to glo - ry.

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I'm Going Through.

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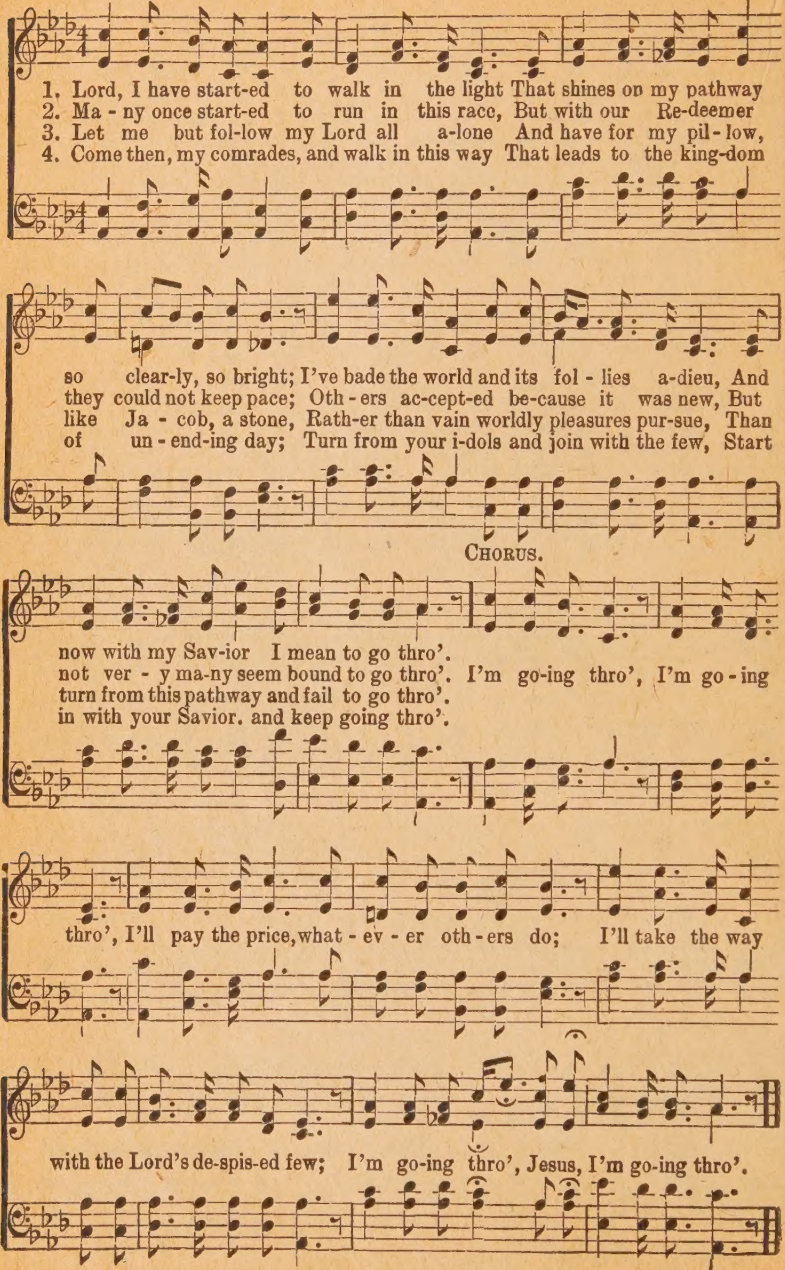
H. B.
Arr. by Thoro Harris.

Herbert Buffum.
Arr. by Wm. B. Olmstead.


1. Lord, I have start-ed to walk in the light That shines on my pathway
2. Ma - ny once start-ed to run in this race, But with our Re-deemer
3. Let me but fol-low my Lord all a-lone And have for my pil - low,
4. Come then, my comrades, and walk in this way That leads to the king-dom
so clear-ly, so bright; I've bade the world and its fol - lies a-dieu, And
they could not keep pace; Oth - ers ac-cept-ed be-cause it was new, But
like Ja - cob, a stone, Rath-er than vain worldly pleasures pur-sue, Than
of un - end-ing day; Turn from your i-dols and join with the few, Start
CHORUS.
now with my Sav-ior I mean to go thro'.
not ver - y ma-ny seem bound to go thro'. I'm go-ing thro', I'm go - ing
turn from this pathway and fail to go thro'.
in with your Savior. and keep going thro'.
thro', I'll pay the price, what - ev - er oth - ers do; I'll take the way
with the Lord's de-spis-ed few; I'm go-ing thro', Jesus, I'm go-ing thro'.

Launch Out.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. B. SIMPSON AND R. K. CARTER.

A. B. Simpson. R. Kelso Carter.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di - vine, A
2. O man - y, a - las, on - ly stand on the shore, And
3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And
4. O let us launch out on this o - cean so broad Where
bound-less and fath-om-less flood: Launch out in the deep, cut a-
gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven - tured its
lin - ger so near to the shore, The surf and the slime that beat
floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; O let us be lost in the
way the shore-line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.
depths to ex - plore Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.
o - ver the strand Sweep o'er them their floods ev - er - more.
mer - cy of God Till the depths of His full - ness we know.
CHORUS.
Launch out..... in - to the deep, O let the shore-line
O launch out
in the deep,
go; Launch out, launch out in the o-cean di-vine, Out where the full tides flow.

The Eastern Gate.

Dedicated to Rev. P. F. Bresee, Los Angeles, Cal.

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I. G. M. Arr. I. G. Martin.

M. 100 = ♩

1. I will meet you in the morn - ing, Just in - side the East-ern Gate;
2. If you has - ten off to glo - ry, Lin - ger near the East-ern Gate,
3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, For the Bridegroom watch and wait;
4. O, the joy of that glad meet - ing With the saints who for us wait!

Then be read - y, faith-ful pil - grim, Lest with you it be too late.
For I'm com-ing in the morn - ing, So you'll not have long to wait.
He'll be with us at the meet - ing, Just in - side the East-ern Gate.
What a bless-ed hap - py meet - ing, Just in - side the East-ern Gate!

CHORUS.

I will meet you, I will meet you, Just in-
in the morn-ing, in the morn-ing,

side the East-ern Gate o - ver there; I will meet you,
in the morn-ing,

I will meet you, I will meet you in the morning o - ver there.
in the morn-ing,

95 Alone With God.

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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When storms of life are round me beat-ing, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gathered o'er me? What tho' I've passed beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod;
4. And when I see the mo-ment near-ing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.
God's perfect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.
I see the King in all his beau-ty, While resting there a-lone with God.
When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.

Chorus.

A-lone with God,..... the world for-bid-den, A-lone with God,
A-lone with God,

A-lone with God,..... O blest re-treat! A-lone with God,..... and
A-lone with God, A-lone with God,

ritard.

in him hid-den, To hold with him com-mun-ion sweet.
To hold with him

96 He Saves Me Now.

T. H. Copyright, 1926, by Thoro Harris THORO HARRIS.

1. All praise to God that man's Re-deem-er came To bear our hea-vy load of
2. When in the dark-ness, on a des-ert lost, He sought the wand-'rer at a
3. His love will sat - is - fy each hun-gry soul, 'Twill heal the sick of heart and
guilt and shame; O mag-ni - fy his great and ho - ly name! Glo-ry, hal - le-
fear - ful cost; And now he saves me to the ut - ter-most: Glo-ry, hal - le-
make them whole; Now yield your life un-to his sweet con-trol, Glo-ry, hal - le-
CHORUS.
lu - jah! Je - sus saves me now. Je-sus saves me now, yes, he saves me now;
lu - jah! Je - sus saves me now.
lu - jah! he will save you now. He will save you now, he will save you now;
In my heart's the wit-ness he saves me now; He has ban-ished sin,
If you come to Je - sus he'll save you now; Let him wash a - way
and he reigns with-in; Glo-ry, hal - le lu - jah! Je - sus saves me now.
all your sins to - day; On - ly trust the prom-ise, he will save you now.

97 Jesus Bears You On His Heart.

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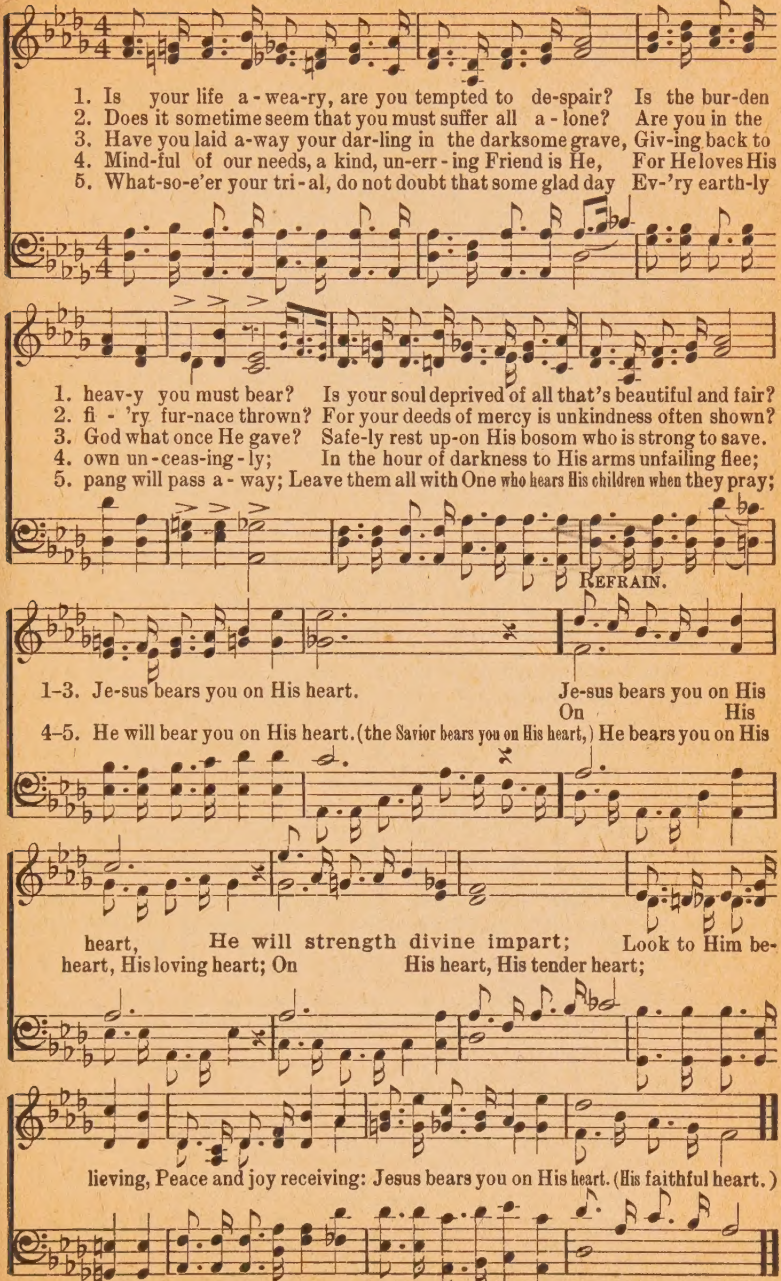

1. Is your life a-wea-ry, are you tempted to de-spair? Is the bur-den
2. Does it sometime seem that you must suffer all a-lone? Are you in the
3. Have you laid a-way your dar-ling in the darksome grave, Giv-ing back to
4. Mind-ful of our needs, a kind, un-err-ing Friend is He, For He loves His
5. What-so-e'er your tri-al, do not doubt that some glad day Ev-'ry earth-ly
heav-y you must bear? Is your soul deprived of all that's beautiful and fair?
fi-'ry fur-nace thrown? For your deeds of mercy is unkindness often shown?
God what once He gave? Safe-ly rest up-on His bosom who is strong to save.
own un-ceas-ing-ly; In the hour of darkness to His arms unfailing flee;
pang will pass a-way; Leave them all with One who hears His children when they pray;
REFRAIN.
1-3. Je-sus bears you on His heart. Je-sus bears you on His
On His
4-5. He will bear you on His heart. (the Savior bears you on His heart,) He bears you on His
heart, He will strength divine impart; Look to Him be-
heart, His loving heart; On His heart, His tender heart;
lieving, Peace and joy receiving: Jesus bears you on His heart. (His faithful heart.)

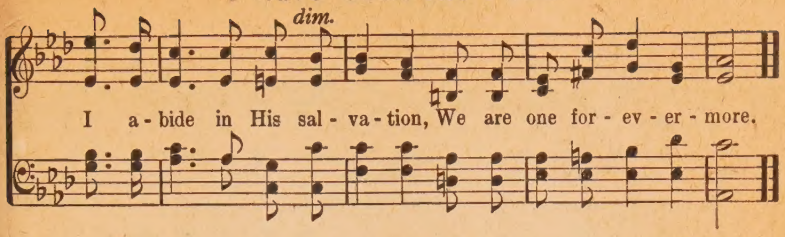
I Have Seen His Face.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

1. I have seen His face in bless - ing When mine eyes were dim with tears;
2. I have stepped in waves of sor - row Till my soul was cov-ered o'er;
3. I was wan-d'ring, and He found me, Bro't me from the verge of hell;
4. By His life-blood He has claimed me As a jew - el in His sight;
1. I have felt His hand ca - ress - ing When my heart was torn by fears;
2. I have dread-ed oft the mor-row, And the path which lay be - fore;
3. I was bruis - ed and He bound me; Sick was I, He made me well.
4. As a child of His, He named me, Bro't me forth to walk in light.
1. When the shad-ows gath-ered o'er me, And the gloom fell deep as night,
2. But when sink-ing in my sad - ness I have felt His help - ing hand,
3. I was wound-ed and He healed me, When a - wea - ried of the strife;
4. Now I'm fight - ing till He calls me, Walk-ing in the path He trod;
1. In the dark-ness just be - fore me There were to - kens of His light.
2. And ere day-dawn came His glad-ness, With the cour - age to with-stand.
3. I was err - ing and He sealed me; Dead, His Spir - it gave me life.
4. And I care not what be - falls me, Liv - ing in the light of God.
REFRAIN.
I have vic - t'ry in temp-ta - tion, Peace a - mid the tempest's roar;
I have vic - t'ry all the time,

I Have Seen His Face.



99 Eternal Love.

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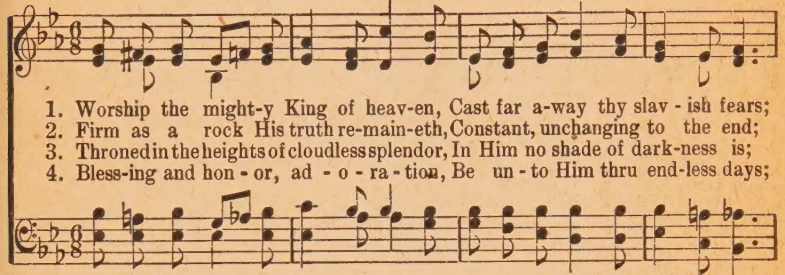
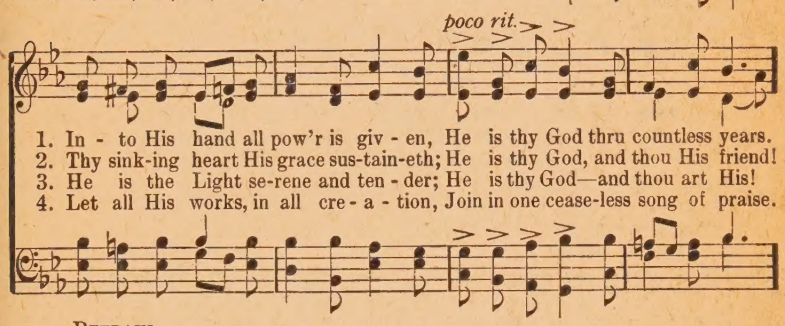
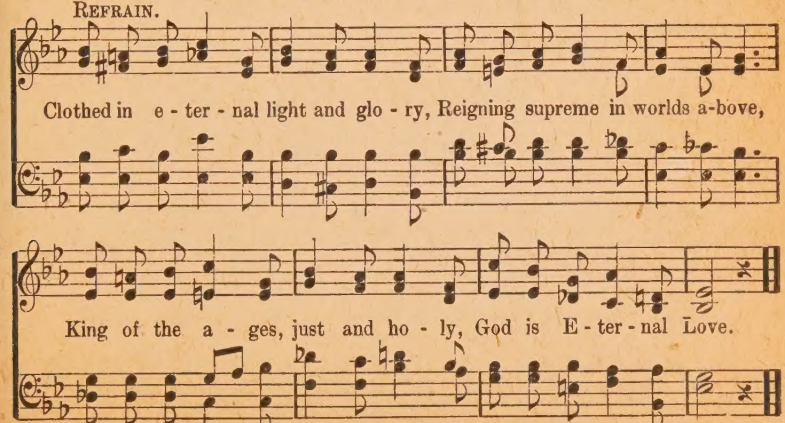

1. Worship the might-y King of heav-en, Cast far a-way thy slav - ish fears;
2. Firm as a rock His truth re-main-eth, Constant, unchanging to the end;
3. Throned in the heights of cloudless splendor, In Him no shade of dark-ness is;
4. Bless-ing and hon - or, ad - o - ra - tion, Be un - to Him thru end-less days;


poco rit.
1. In - to His hand all pow'r is giv - en, He is thy God thru countless years.
2. Thy sink-ing heart His grace sus-tain-eth; He is thy God, and thou His friend!
3. He is the Light se-rene and ten - der; He is thy God—and thou art His!
4. Let all His works, in all cre - a - tion, Join in one cease-less song of praise.


REFRAIN.
Clothed in e - ter - nal light and glo - ry, Reigning supreme in worlds a-bove,
King of the a - ges, just and ho - ly, God is E - ter - nal Love.

Jesus, Jesus!

C. P. J. C. P. Jones.

1. Je - sus, Je - sus! won - der - ful name of sal - va - tion and ho - li - ness! Je - sus,
2. Je - sus, Je - sus! Je - sus who died for the sins of His peo - ple, just Je - sus,
3. Je - sus, Je - sus! no oth - er name has been giv - en to save us, but Je - sus,
Je-sus! name of all sweetness and love! Praise the Lord! my heart has been changed, and I
Je-sus! taking their sins all a - way! Praise the Lord! if on - ly the sin - ner would
Je-sus! Je-sus, the life of His own; Praise the Lord! His Spir-it doth witness to
love Him, I love Him, O praise the Lord! I've tast - ed His grace from a - bove.
trust the glad message, The faith of Christ would per-fect - ly save him to - day.
all who re-ceive Him, O praise the Lord! Who mak-eth my heart now His throne.
Chorus.
Glo - ry to God!..... There is per - fect sal - va - tion for
Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Perfect sal-va-tion, sal - va - tion for
all who will Trust..... in His word,.... There is ho - li - est peace for all.
all who will Trust in His word, trust in His word, Ho - li - est peace for all.

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'Twas Jesus.

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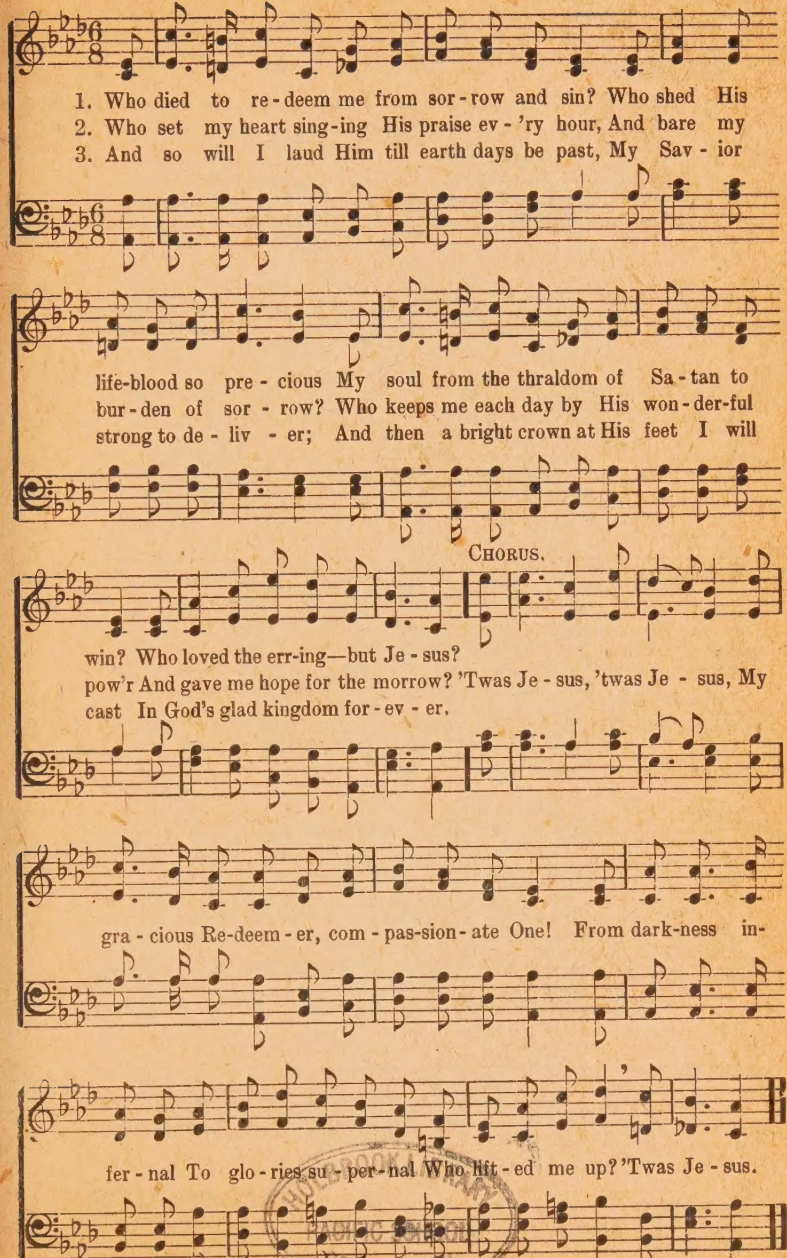
1. Who died to re-deem me from sor-row and sin? Who shed His life-blood so pre-cious My soul from the thraldom of Sa-tan to win? Who loved the err-ing—but Je-sus?
2. Who set my heart sing-ing His praise ev-'ry hour, And bare my bur-den of sor-row? Who keeps me each day by His won-der-ful pow'r And gave me hope for the morrow? 'Twas Je-sus, 'twas Je-sus, My
3. And so will I laud Him till earth days be past, My Sav-ior strong to de-liv-er; And then a bright crown at His feet I will cast In God's glad kingdom for-ev-er.
CHORUS.
gra-cious Re-deem-er, com-pas-sion-ate One! From dark-ness in-fer-nal To glo-ries su-per-nal Who lift-ed me up? 'Twas Je-sus.

102 I Sing of Jesus.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

DUET.
1. I sing of Je - sus, the King im - mor - tal Who came from
2. I sing of Je - sus, who chides me nev - er, Tho' far I
3. I sing of Je - sus: O won-drous sto - ry! He brings sal -
glo - ry my soul to win, Who brake the fet - ters of death's dark
wan-der on plains of night, A ten-der Shep - herd who leads me
va - tion to sin - ners lost; Soon all the na - tions will praise, in
por - tal, Who o - pened Par - a - dise and en - tered in.
ev - er Back to the nar - row way, the path of light.
glo - ry, The Man who ran-somed them at aw - ful cost.
CHORUS.
1
I sing of Je - sus: O praise His wor - thy name, My faith - ful
With all the ran - somed I would His love proclaim, [Omit.....
2
Sav - ior, my Friend for-ev - er; Till all shall crown Him their Lord and King.

103 Go Where His Blood Can Heal.

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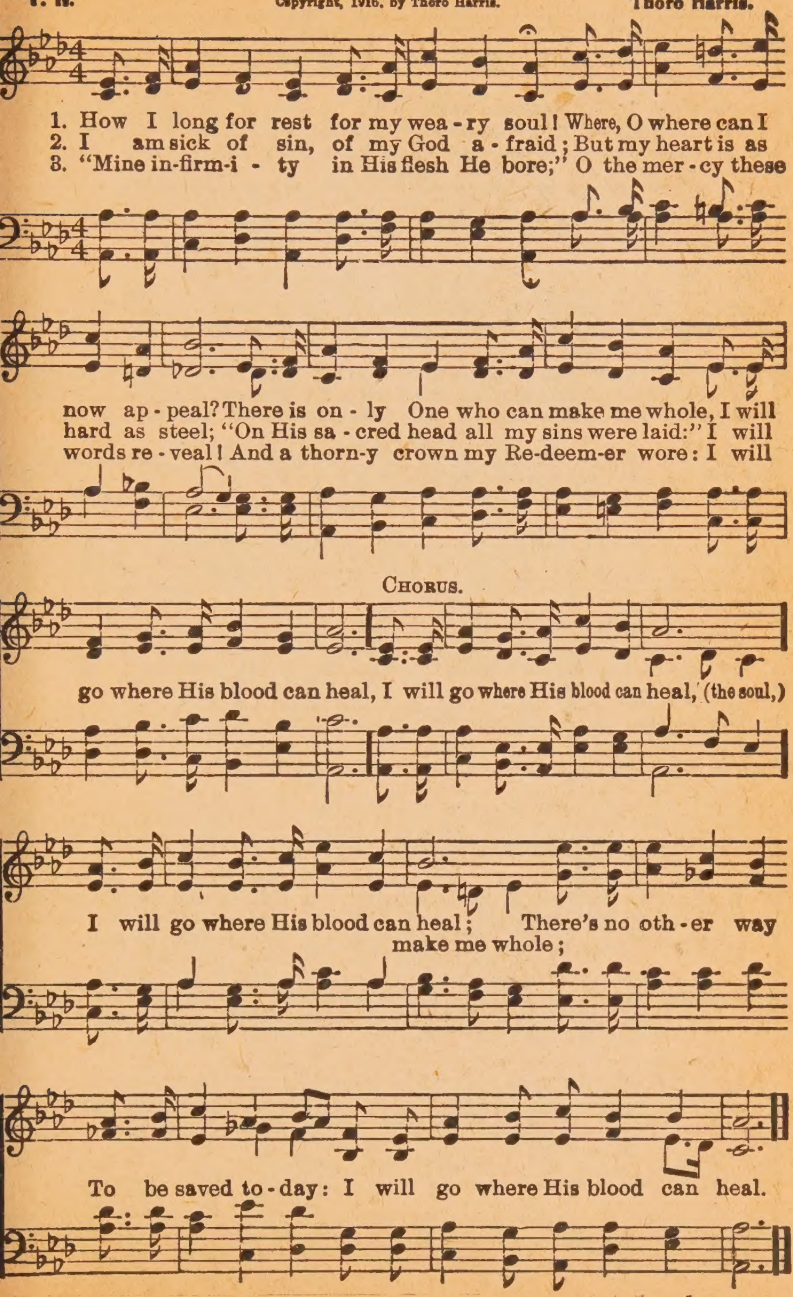
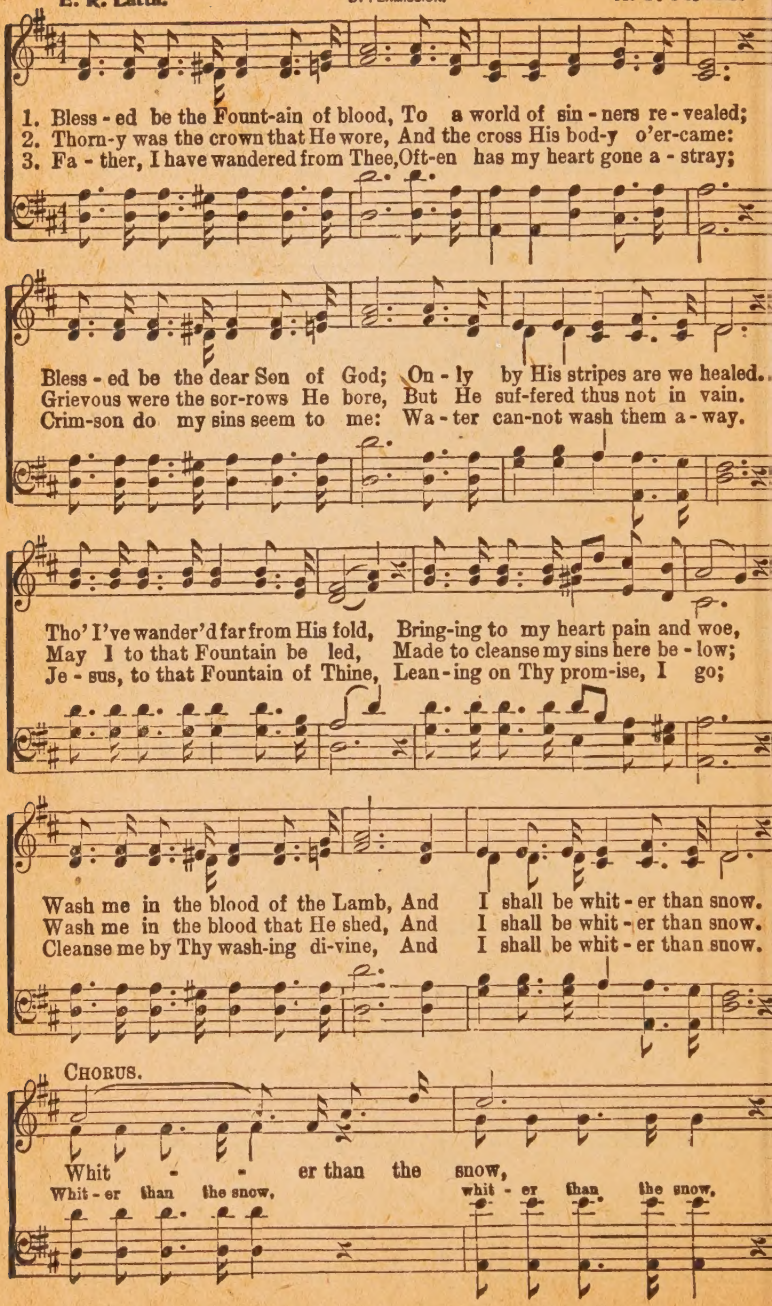
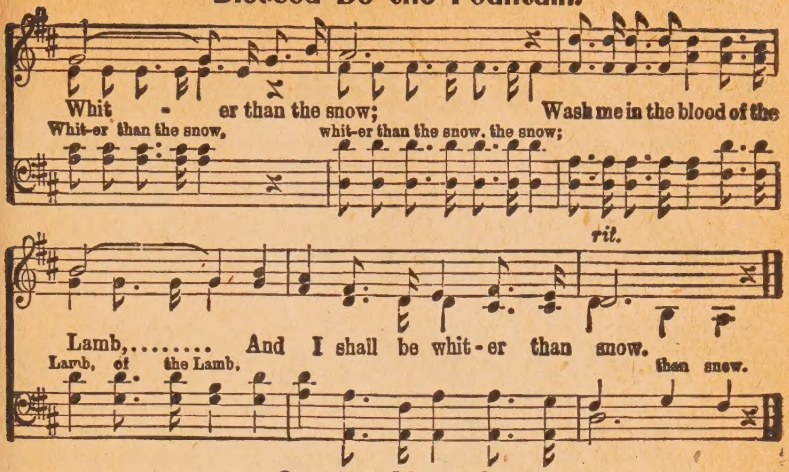

1. How I long for rest for my wea - ry soul! Where, O where can I
2. I am sick of sin, of my God a - fraid; But my heart is as
3. "Mine in-firm-i - ty in His flesh He bore;" O the mer - cy these
now ap - peal? There is on - ly One who can make me whole, I will
hard as steel; "On His sa - cred head all my sins were laid:" I will
words re - veal! And a thorn-y crown my Re-deem-er wore: I will
Chorus.
go where His blood can heal, I will go where His blood can heal, (the soul,)
I will go where His blood can heal; There's no oth - er way
make me whole;
To be saved to - day: I will go where His blood can heal.

Blessed Be the Fountain.

E. R. Latta. BY PERMISSION. H. S. Perkins.


1. Bless - ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re - vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came:
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a - stray;
Bless - ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes are we healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me: Wa - ter can-not wash them a - way.
Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean - ing on Thy prom-ise, I go;
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit - - er than the snow,
Whit - er than the snow,
whit - er than the snow.

Blessed Be the Fountain.


Whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the blood of the
Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow, the snow;
rit.
Lamb,..... And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Lamb, of the Lamb, than snow.

105 Coming Very Soon.

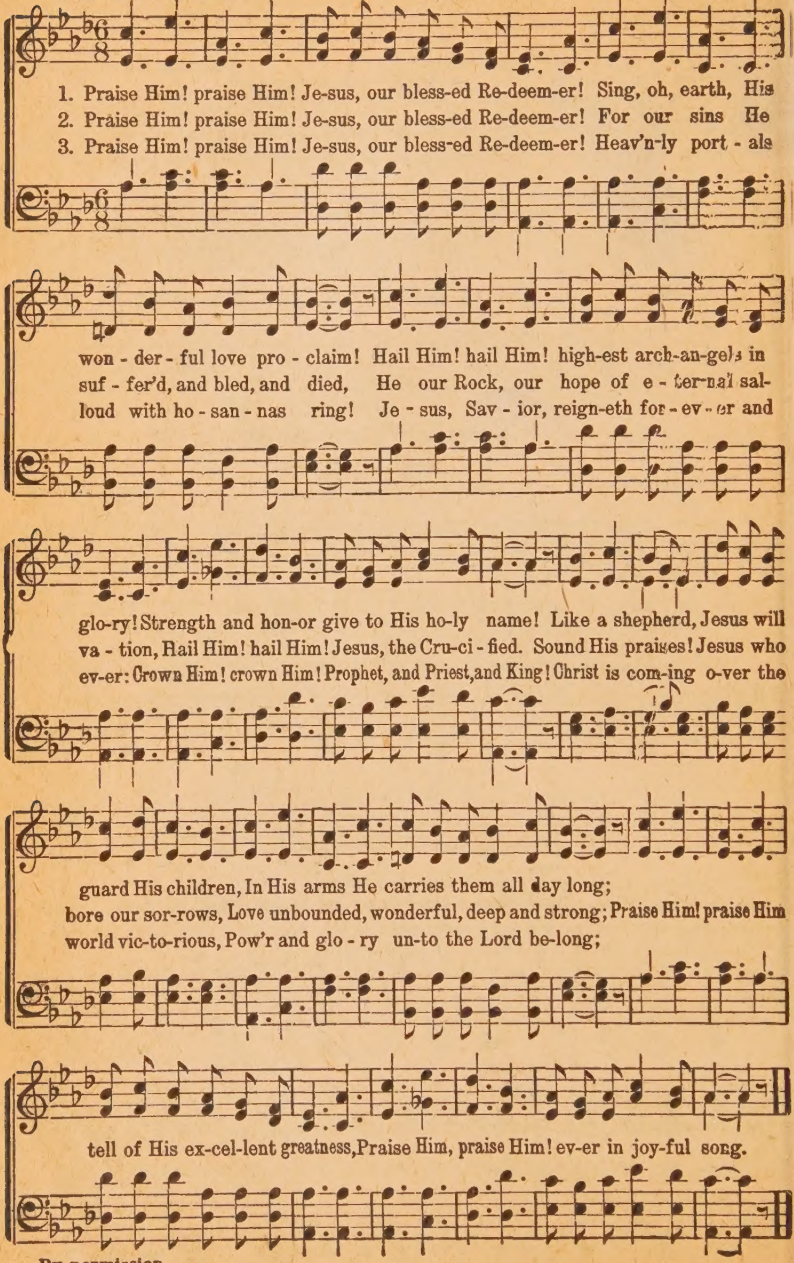
(LADIES' QUARTET.)

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris. Swedish Melody.

mf
m
1. Her - alds of day-dawn, go, tell ev' - ry na - tion Je - sus is
4. Chris - tian, a - wake! for the hour draw - eth near - er; Lo in the
2. Morn - ing is break - ing, the long night is end - ing; Je - sus is
3. Lamps trim'd and burn-ing, we'll go forth to meet Him, With all His
REFRAIN.
1. com - ing, who bring - eth sal - va - tion.
2. O - rient the light shin - eth clear - er. Can you look up, glad - ly
3. com - ing, in glo - ry tran - scend - ing.
4. lov'd ones re - joic - ing - ly greet Him.
mf
pp rit.
hail - ing the Bless - ed One, Com - ing ver - y soon (yes) Com-ing ver-y soon?

Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY. CRESTER G. ALLEN.


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, oh, earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly port - als
won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
suf - fer'd, and bled, and died, He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-
loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign-eth for - ev - er and
glo-ry! Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will
va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Cru-ci - fied. Sound His praises! Jesus who
ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing o-ver the
guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
bore our sor-rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un-to the Lord be-long;
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise Him, praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song.

By permission.

More Abundantly.

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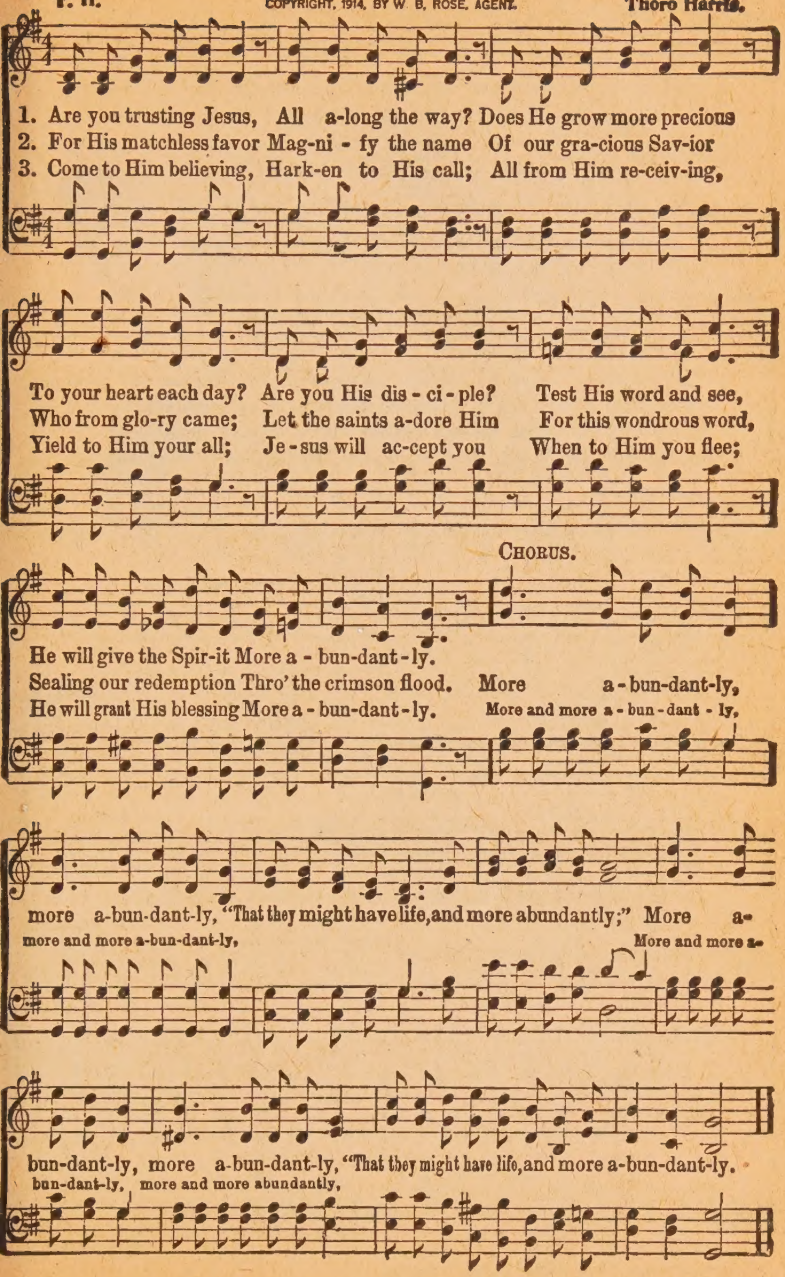
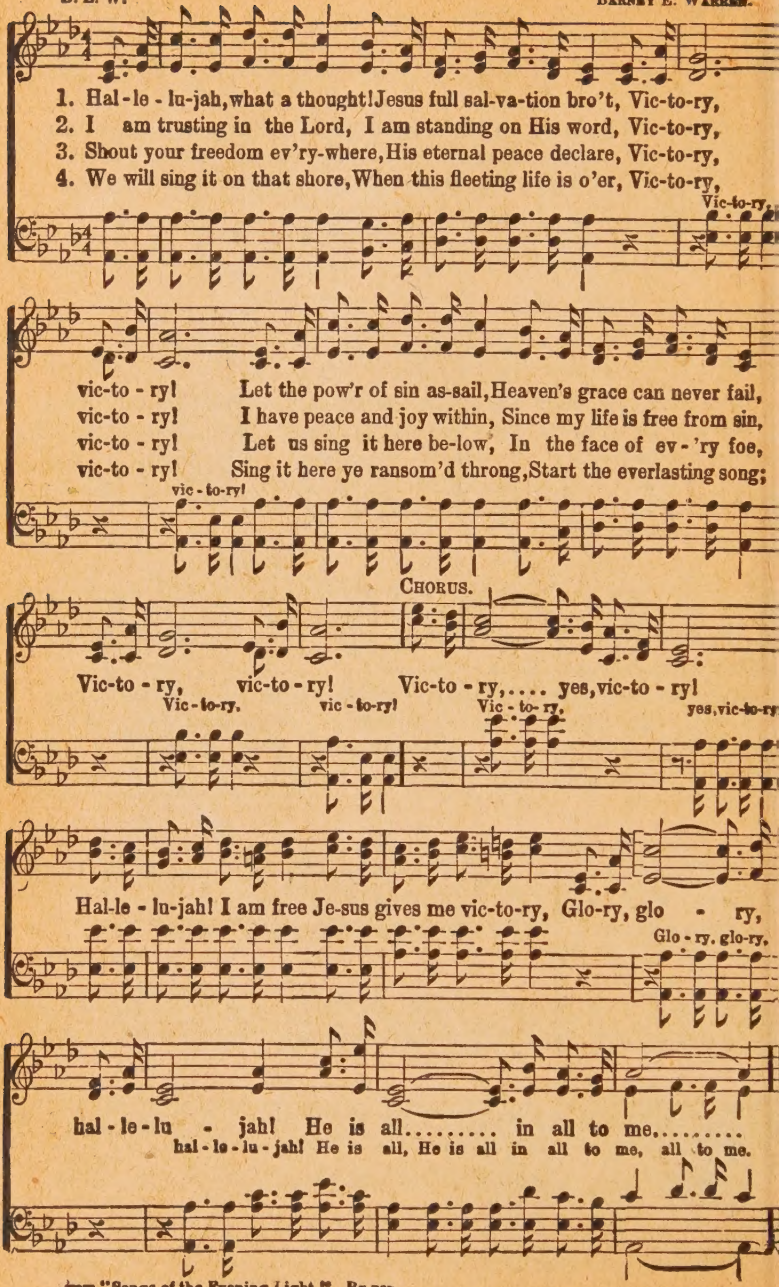

1. Are you trusting Jesus, All a-long the way? Does He grow more precious
2. For His matchless favor Mag-ni - fy the name Of our gra-cious Sav-ior
3. Come to Him believing, Hark-en to His call; All from Him re-ceiv-ing,
To your heart each day? Are you His dis - ci - ple? Test His word and see,
Who from glo-ry came; Let the saints a-dore Him For this wondrous word,
Yield to Him your all; Je - sus will ac-cept you When to Him you flee;
CHORUS.
He will give the Spir-it More a - bun-dant - ly.
Sealing our redemption Thro' the crimson flood. More a - bun-dant-ly,
He will grant His blessing More a - bun-dant - ly.
More and more a - bun - dant - ly,
more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more abundantly;" More a-
more and more a-bun-dant-ly,
More and more a-
bun-dant-ly, more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more a-bun-dant-ly.
bun-dant-ly, more and more abundantly,

Victory.

B. E. W. BARNEY E. WARREN.


1. Hal-le-lu-jah, what a thought! Jesus full sal-va-tion bro't, Vic-to-ry,
2. I am trusting in the Lord, I am standing on His word, Vic-to-ry,
3. Shout your freedom ev'ry-where, His eternal peace declare, Vic-to-ry,
4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleeting life is o'er, Vic-to-ry,
Vic-to-ry.
vic-to-ry! Let the pow'r of sin as-sail, Heaven's grace can never fail,
vic-to-ry! I have peace and joy within, Since my life is free from sin,
vic-to-ry! Let us sing it here be-low, In the face of ev-'ry foe,
vic-to-ry! Sing it here ye ransom'd throng, Start the everlasting song;
vic-to-ry!
CHORUS.
Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry,.... yes, vic-to-ry!
Vic-to-ry. vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry. yes, vic-to-ry
Hal-le-lu-jah! I am free Je-sus gives me vic-to-ry, Glo-ry, glo-ry,
Glo-ry, glo-ry,
hal-le-lu-jah! He is all..... in all to me.....
hal-le-lu-jah! He is all, He is all in all to me, all to me.

From "Songs of the Evening Light." By per.

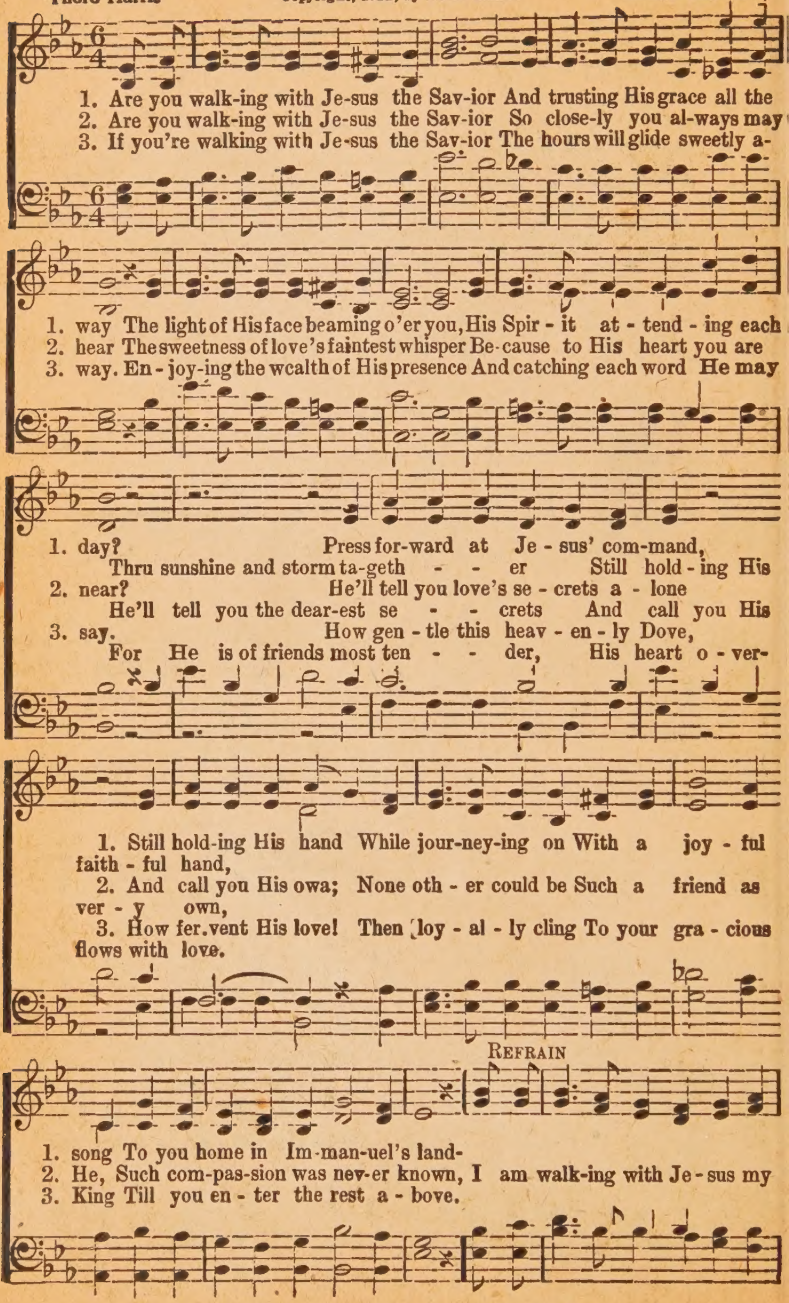
109 Since the Vail is Rent in Twain.

T. H. Copyright 1923, by Thoro Harris Thoro Harris

1. Once my life was filled with sad-ness, On my soul was many a stain;
2. Here the glo - ry ev - er beam-eth Of the blest ser - aph-ic train,
3. Hush'd are earth's discordant voic - es, An-gels sing their sweet-est strain,
4 World-ly pomp al- lures me nev - er, All seems emp - ti-ness and vain,
Now my spir - it thrills with glad - ness,
From God's throne the radiance streameth, Since the vail is rent in twain.
And my raptured heart re- joi - ces,
Here would I a - bide for - ev - er,
REFRAIN.
Dwell - ing in His hal-low'd pres - ence Naught un-
Dwell - ing in the hal- low'd pres-ence of the High-est,
ho - ly can re - main; And I see the
rit.
face of Je - - sus, Since the vail is rent in twain.
hal-low'd face of my Re- deem- er,

110 Walking With Jesus

Thoro Harris — Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris — Evelyn Snyder


1. Are you walk-ing with Je-sus the Sav-ior And trusting His grace all the
2. Are you walk-ing with Je-sus the Sav-ior So close-ly you al-ways may
3. If you're walking with Je-sus the Sav-ior The hours will glide sweetly a-
1. way The light of His face beaming o'er you, His Spir - it at - tend - ing each
2. hear The sweetness of love's faintest whisper Be-cause to His heart you are
3. way. En - joy-ing the wealth of His presence And catching each word He may
1. day? Press for-ward at Je - sus' com-mand,
Thru sunshine and storm ta-geth - - - er Still hold - ing His
2. near? He'll tell you love's se - crets a - lone
He'll tell you the dear-est se - - - crets And call you His
3. say. How gen - tle this heav - en - ly Dove,
For He is of friends most ten - - der, His heart o - ver-
1. Still hold-ing His hand While jour-ney-ing on With a joy - ful faith - ful hand,
2. And call you His owa; None oth - er could be Such a friend as ver - y own,
3. How fer.vent His love! Then joy - al - ly cling To your gra - cious flows with love.
REFRAIN
1. song To you home in Im-man-uel's land-
2. He, Such com-pas-sion was nev-er known, I am walk-ing with Je - sus my
3. King Till you en - ter the rest a - bove.

Walking With Jesus

Sav - - ior, The light of His glo - ry I see;..... And I
Sav-ior and friend, each mo-ment I see;
rit.
know He'll for-sake me, no, nev - er, Bless-ed Sav-ior who died for me.

111 Deeper Yet.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour Bless-ings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol - low - ing Him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray
CHORUS.
free from dross Still I would en - ter in.
of His pow'r Ev - er my pray'r would be. Deep - er yet, deep - er yet,
He will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.
In-to the crimson flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Under the precious blood.

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112 Pentecost in My Soul.

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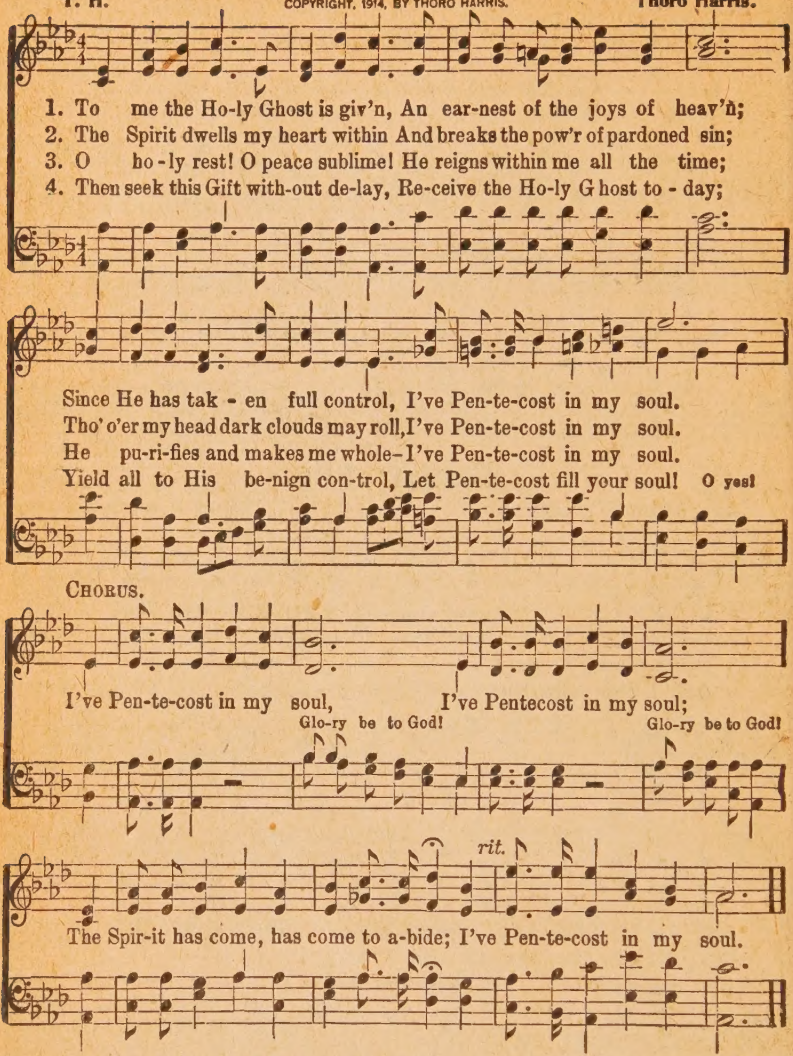

1. To me the Ho-ly Ghost is giv'n, An ear-nest of the joys of heav'n;
2. The Spirit dwells my heart within And breaks the pow'r of pardoned sin;
3. O ho-ly rest! O peace sublime! He reigns within me all the time;
4. Then seek this Gift with-out de-lay, Re-ceive the Ho-ly Ghost to - day;
Since He has tak - en full control, I've Pen-te-cost in my soul.
Tho' o'er my head dark clouds may roll, I've Pen-te-cost in my soul.
He pu-ri-fies and makes me whole—I've Pen-te-cost in my soul.
Yield all to His be-nign con-trol, Let Pen-te-cost fill your soul! O yes!
CHORUS.
I've Pen-te-cost in my soul, I've Pentecost in my soul;
Glo-ry be to God! Glo-ry be to God!
rit.
The Spir-it has come, has come to a-bide; I've Pen-te-cost in my soul.

113 Victory in My Soul.

Thoro Harris. Tune above.

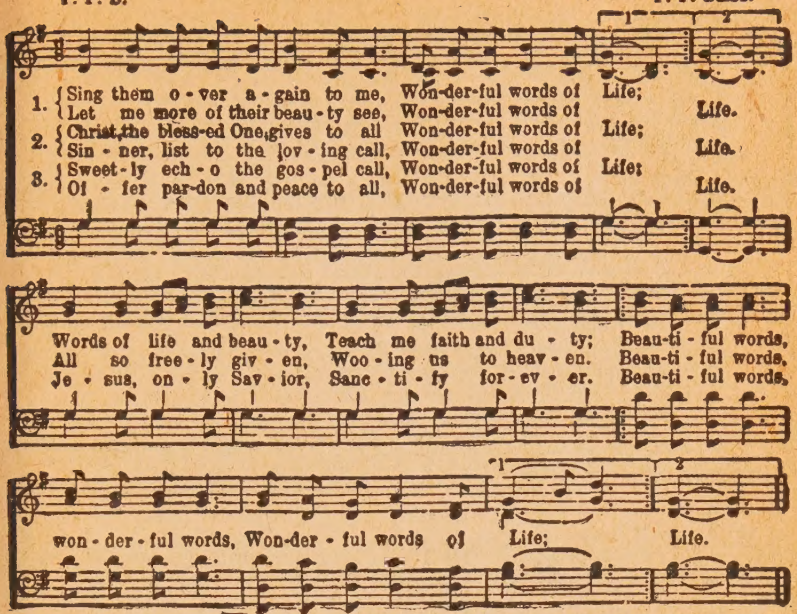
1 The Savior all my foes o'er came—
O magnify His peerless name!
For since His grace hath made me whole,
There's victory in my soul.
CHO.—I've victory in my soul,
Yes, victory in my soul;
I triumph each hour
By faith in His pow'r—
I've victory in my soul.

2 I shout aloud with holy joy;
His praises shall my tongue employ;
I yield my all to His control—
There's victory in my soul.

3 And when I reach the land of bliss
Where I shall see Him as He is,
I'll sing while countless ages roll,
There's victory in my soul.

114 Wonderful Words of Life.

F. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty; Beau-ti - ful words,
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en. Beau-ti - ful words,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er. Beau-ti - ful words,
won - der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life; Life.

115 Jewels.

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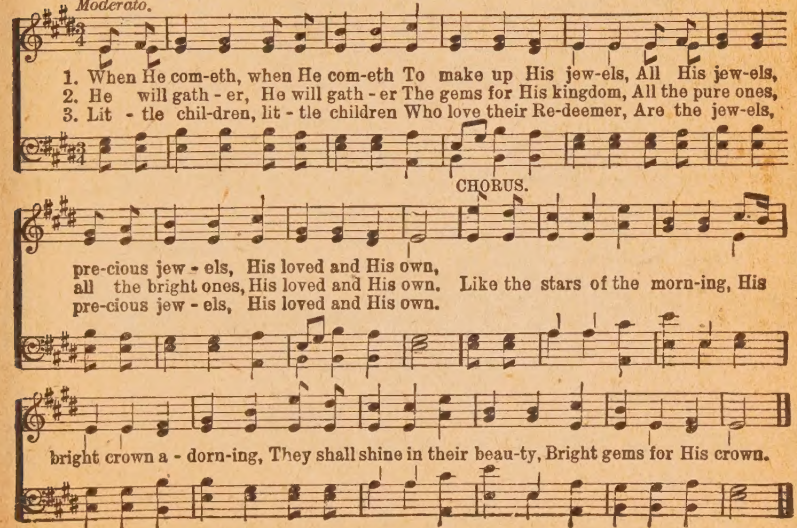
Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.


Moderato.
1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els, All His jew-els,
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His kingdom, All the pure ones,
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle children Who love their Re-deemer, Are the jew-els,
CHORUS.
pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own,
all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morn-ing, His
pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
bright crown a - dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.

Jesus Loves the Children.

Thoro Harris

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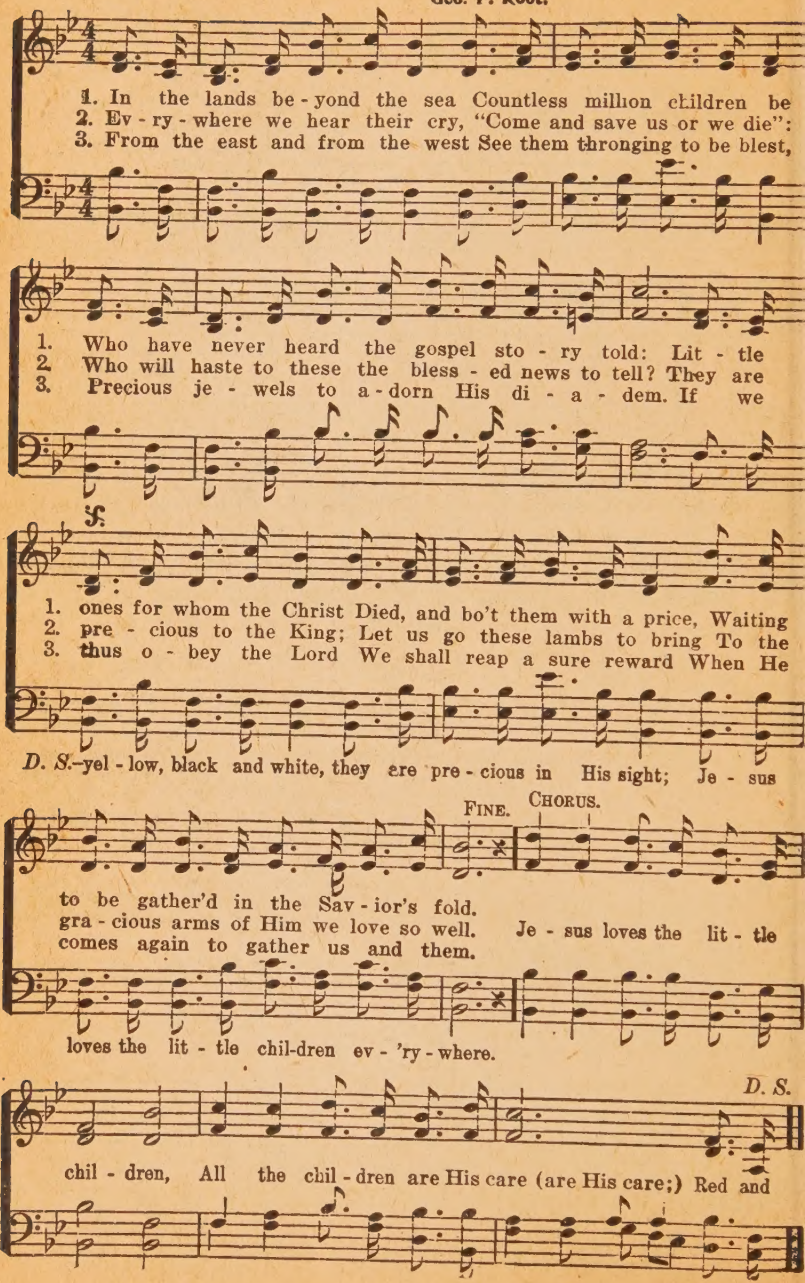
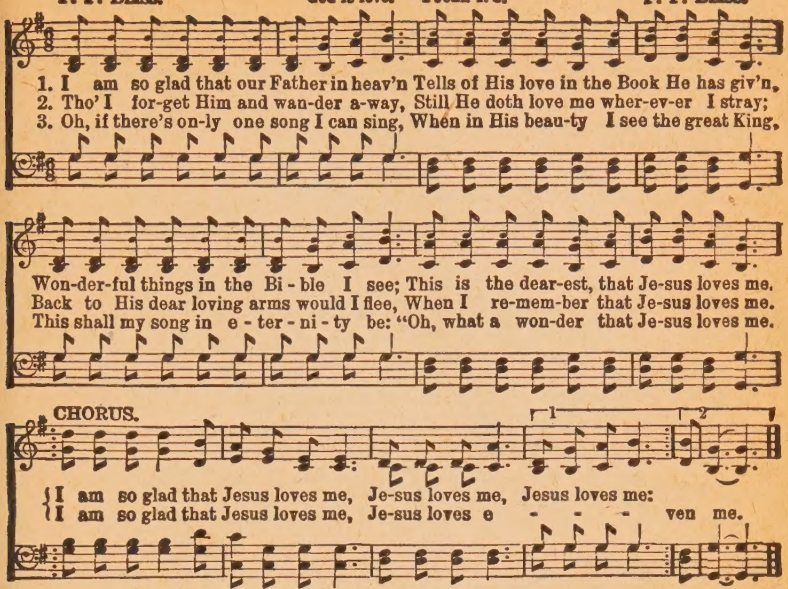
Geo. F. Root.


1. In the lands be - yond the sea Countless million children be
2. Ev - ry - where we hear their cry, "Come and save us or we die":
3. From the east and from the west See them thronging to be blest,
1. Who have never heard the gospel sto - ry told: Lit - tle
2. Who will haste to these the bless - ed news to tell? They are
3. Precious je - wels to a - dorn His di - a - dem. If we
S.
1. ones for whom the Christ Died, and bo't them with a price, Waiting
2. pre - cious to the King; Let us go these lambs to bring To the
3. thus o - bey the Lord We shall reap a sure reward When He
D. S. -yel - low, black and white, they are pre - cious in His sight; Je - sus
FINE.
CHORUS.
to be gather'd in the Sav - ior's fold.
gra - cious arms of Him we love so well.
comes again to gather us and them.
Je - sus loves the lit - tle
loves the lit - tle chil-dren ev - 'ry - where.
D. S.
chil - dren, All the chil - dren are His care (are His care;) Red and

117 Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. BLISS. "God is love."—1 John 4: 8. P. P. BLISS.


1. I am so glad that our Father in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n,
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-ev-er I stray;
3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the great King,
Won-der-ful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee, When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be: "Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me.
CHORUS.
1
2
I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Jesus loves me:
I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves e - - - - ven me.

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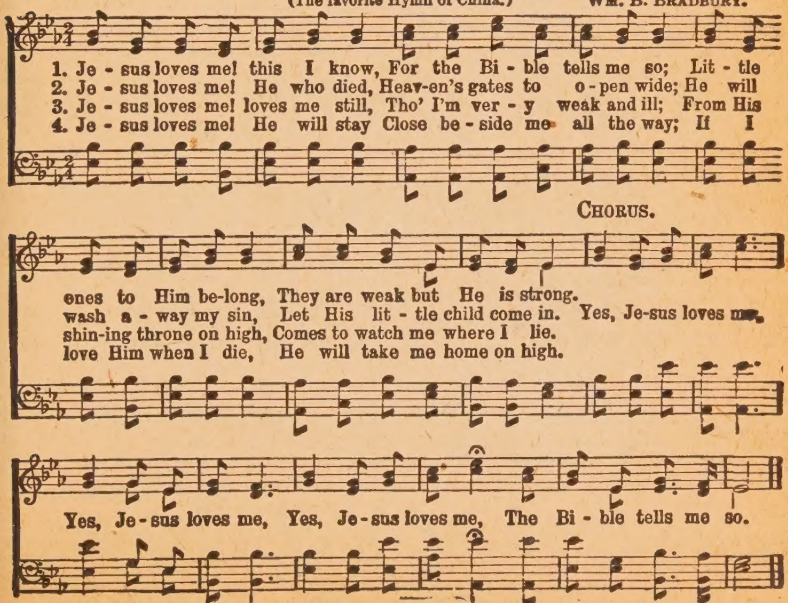
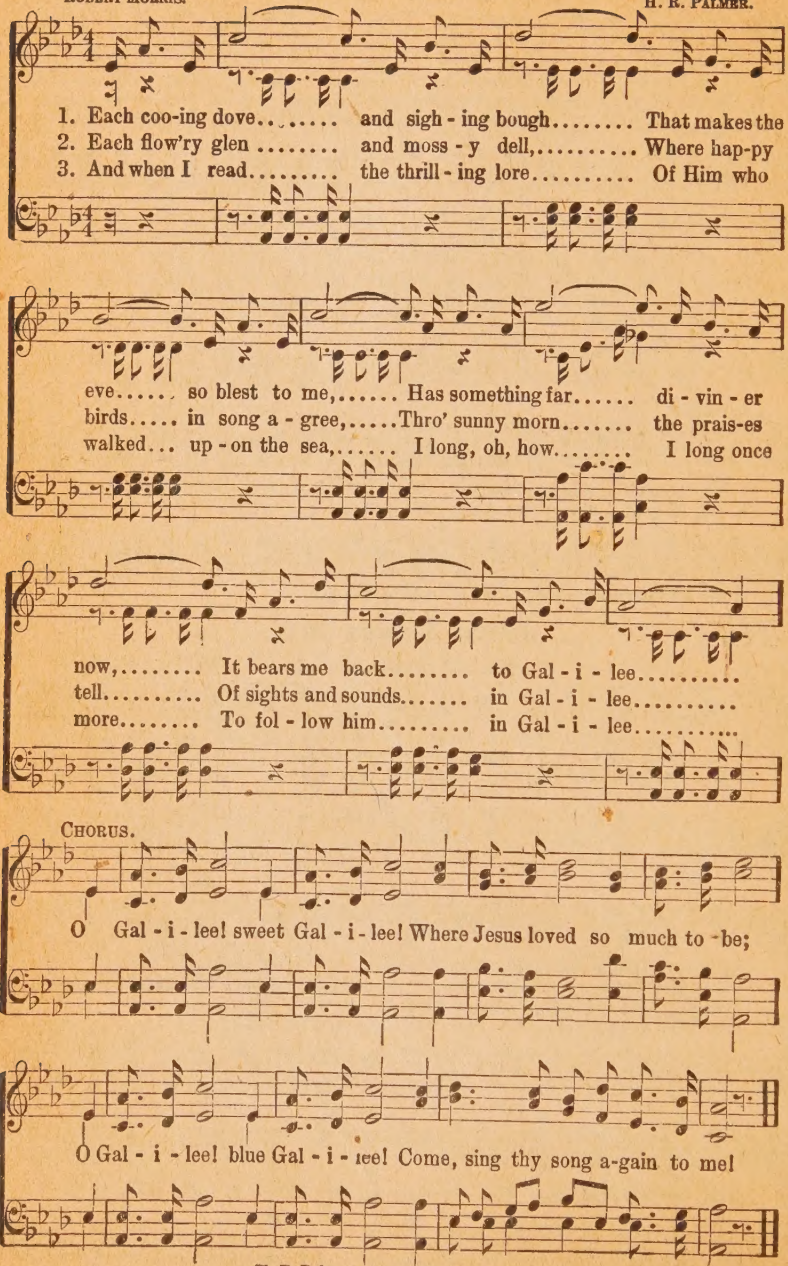
118 Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China.) WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gates to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I
CHORUS.
ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
shin-ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.
Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS. H. R. PALMER.


1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh - ing bough..... That makes the
2. Each flow'ry glen ..... and moss - y dell,..... Where hap-py
3. And when I read..... the thrill - ing lore..... Of Him who
eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di - vin - er
birds..... in song a - gree,.....Thro' sunny morn..... the prais-es
walked... up - on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once
now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee.....
more..... To fol - low him..... in Gal - i - lee.....
CHORUS.
O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Jesus loved so much to be;
O Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

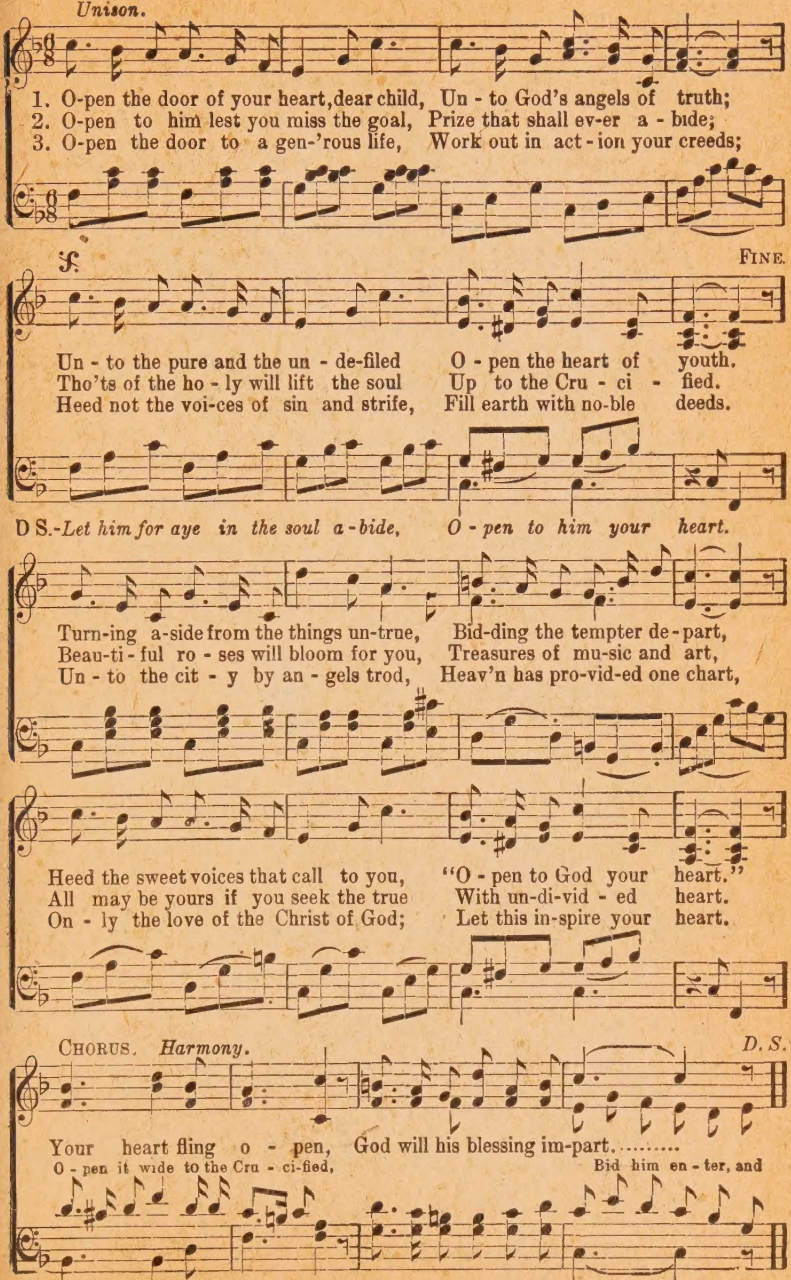
H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

120 Open to God Your Heart.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

Unison.


1. O-pen the door of your heart, dear child, Un - to God's angels of truth;
2. O-pen to him lest you miss the goal, Prize that shall ev-er a - bide;
3. O-pen the door to a gen-'rous life, Work out in act - ion your creeds;
FINE.
Un - to the pure and the un - de-filed O - pen the heart of youth.
Tho'ts of the ho - ly will lift the soul Up to the Cru - ci - fied.
Heed not the voi-ces of sin and strife, Fill earth with no-ble deeds.
D S.-*Let him for aye in the soul a-bide, O - pen to him your heart.*
Turn-ing a-side from the things un-true, Bid-ding the tempter de - part,
Beau-ti-ful ro - ses will bloom for you, Treasures of mu-sic and art,
Un - to the cit - y by an - gels trod, Heav'n has pro-vid-ed one chart,
Heed the sweet voices that call to you, "O - pen to God your heart."
All may be yours if you seek the true With un-di-vid - ed heart.
On - ly the love of the Christ of God; Let this in-spire your heart.
CHORUS. *Harmony.*
D. S.
Your heart fling o - pen, God will his blessing im-part.....
O - pen it wide to the Cru - ci-fied, Bid him en - ter, and

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121 Come and Dine.

John 21: 12.

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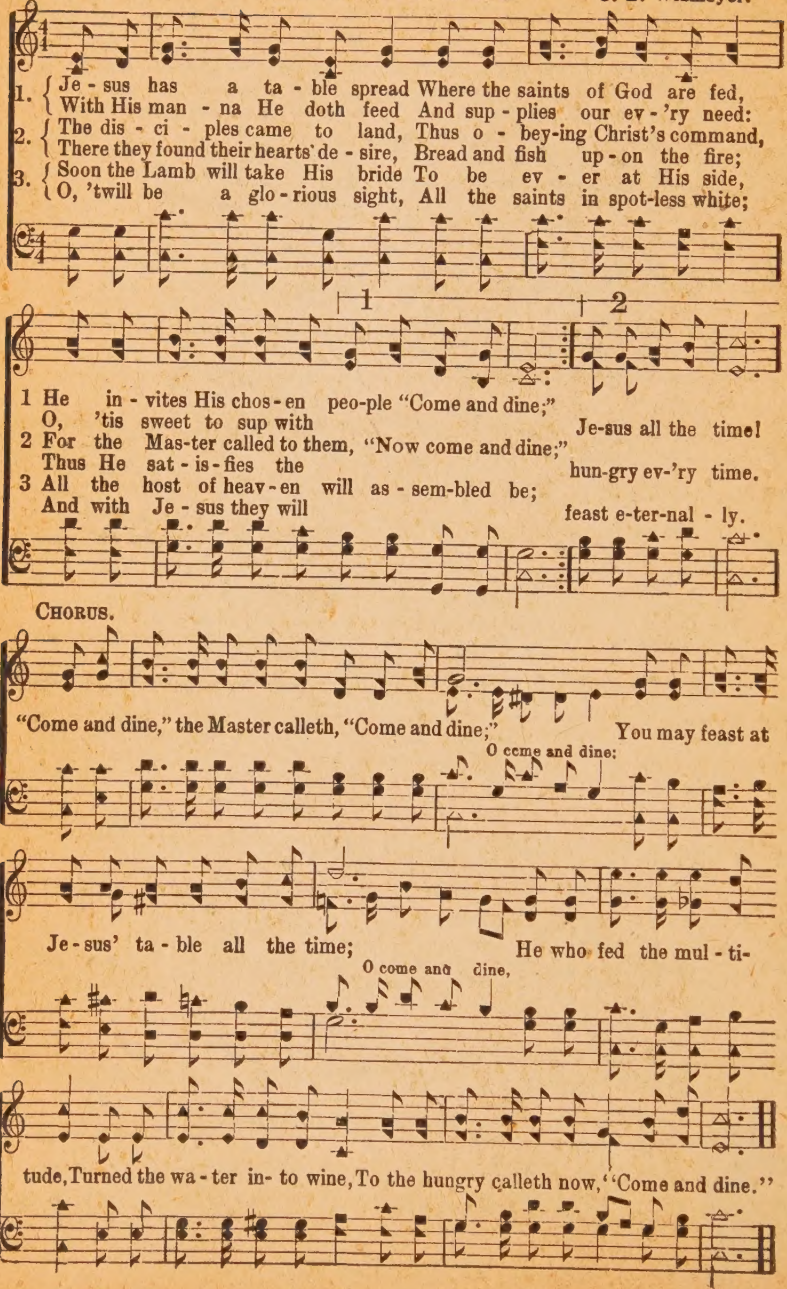
C. B. W. C. B. Widmeyer.


1. Je - sus has a ta - ble spread Where the saints of God are fed,
With His man - na He doth feed And sup - plies our ev - 'ry need:
2. The dis - ci - ples came to land, Thus o - bey-ing Christ's command,
There they found their hearts' de - sire, Bread and fish up - on the fire;
3. Soon the Lamb will take His bride To be ev - er at His side,
O, 'twill be a glo - rious sight, All the saints in spot-less white;
1 2
1 He in - vites His chos - en peo-ple "Come and dine;"
O, 'tis sweet to sup with Je-sus all the time!
2 For the Mas-ter called to them, "Now come and dine;"
Thus He sat - is - fies the hun-gry ev-'ry time.
3 All the host of heav - en will as - sem-bled be;
And with Je - sus they will feast e-ter-nal - ly.
CHORUS.
"Come and dine," the Master calleth, "Come and dine;" You may feast at
O come and dine;
Je - sus' ta - ble all the time; He who fed the mul - ti-
O come and dine,
tude, Turned the wa - ter in - to wine, To the hungry calleth now, "Come and dine."

122 Breathe Upon Us.

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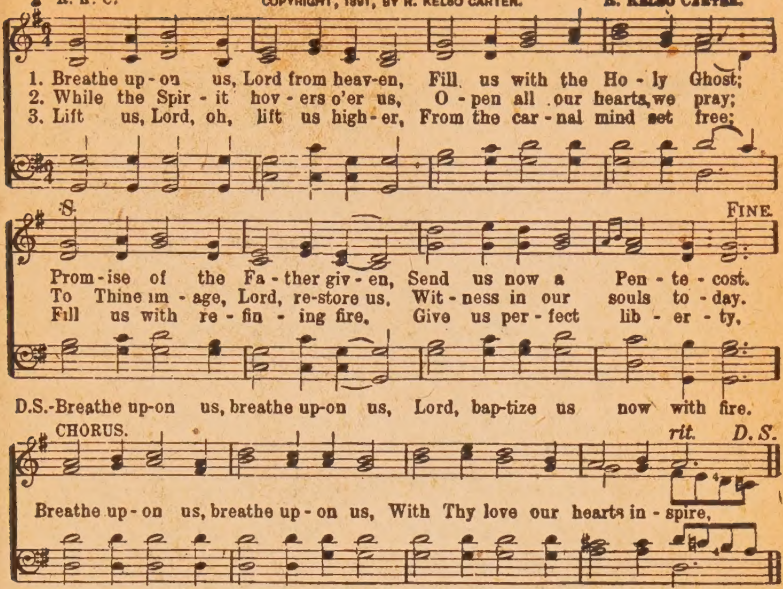
1. Breathe up - on us, Lord from heav-en, Fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost;
2. While the Spir - it hov - ers o'er us, O - pen all our hearts, we pray;
3. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high - er, From the car - nal mind set free;
S.
FINE.
Prom - ise of the Fa - ther giv - en, Send us now a Pen - te - cost.
To Thine im - age, Lord, re-store us, Wit - ness in our souls to - day.
Fill us with re - fin - ing fire, Give us per - fect lib - er - ty.
D.S.-Breathe up-on us, breathe up-on us, Lord, bap-tize us now with fire.
CHORUS.
rit. D. S.
Breathe up - on us, breathe up - on us, With Thy love our hearts in - spire.

123 Fulness of Blessing.

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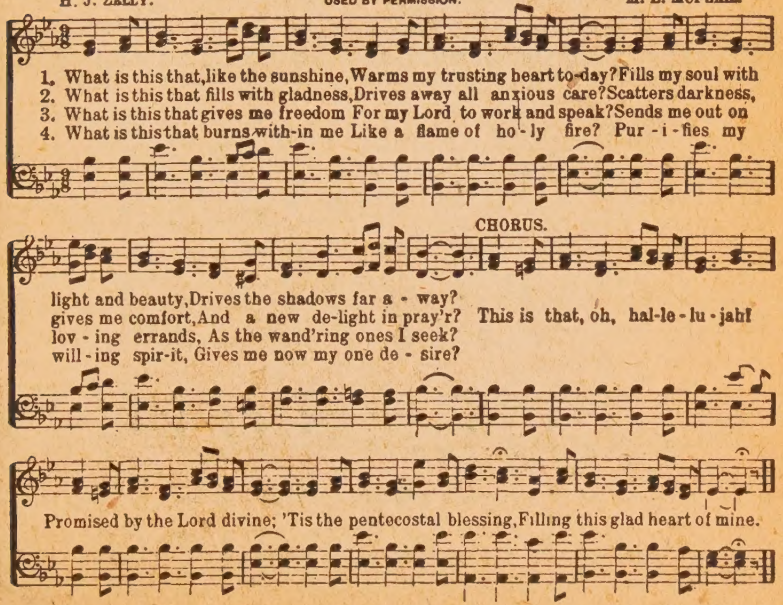
H. J. ZELLY. M. L. MCPHAIL.


1. What is this that, like the sunshine, Warms my trusting heart to-day? Fills my soul with
2. What is this that fills with gladness, Drives away all anxious care? Scatters darkness,
3. What is this that gives me freedom For my Lord to work and speak? Sends me out on
4. What is this that burns with-in me Like a flame of ho - ly fire? Pur - i - fies my
CHORUS.
light and beauty, Drives the shadows far a - way?
gives me comfort, And a new de-light in pray'r? This is that, oh, hal-le-lu-jah!
lov - ing errands, As the wand'ring ones I seek?
will - ing spir-it, Gives me now my one de - sire?
Promised by the Lord divine; 'Tis the pentecostal blessing, Filling this glad heart of mine.

Land of Glory.

"I will make the place of my feet glorious."—Isa. 60: 13.

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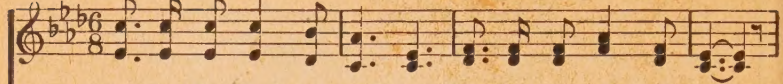
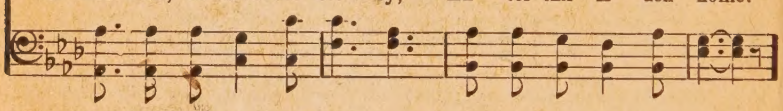
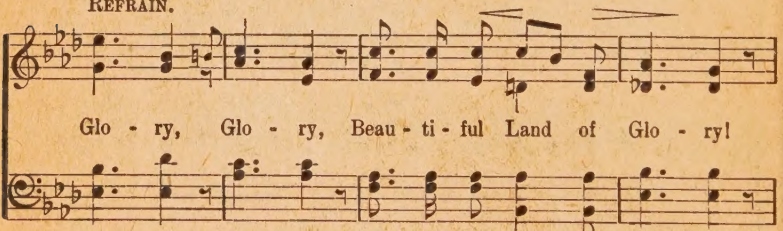


1. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Land of the earth made new;
2. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Peace in its full - ness reigns;
3. There shall be no more heart-aches, No more the toils and cares;
4. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Land from all curse set free;
5. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Land of the end - less life;
6. Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry, Soon will God's king-dom come;

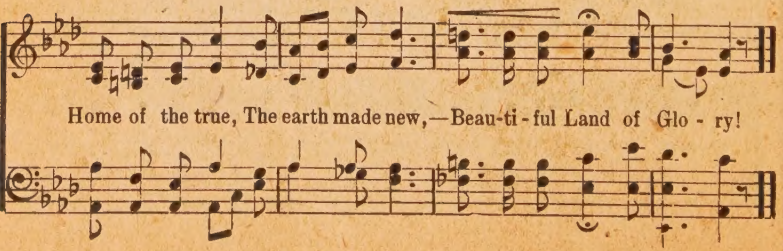
1. Down thru the a - ges hoar - y Shin - eth thy gold - en view.
2. Won-drous the glad-some sto - ry, Sound out the joy - ful strains.
3. When in the east the day breaks, Brightness its dawn - ing bears.
4. Beau - te - ous Land of Glo - ry, Homeland for you and me.
5. Her - ald a - broad the sto - ry, End - ed for aye all strife.
6. Mor - tals, be - lieve the sto - ry, En - ter this E - den home.



Refrain.



Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Beau - ti - ful Land of Glo - ry!



Home of the true, The earth made new,—Beau-ti - ful Land of Glo - ry!

125 A Friend Unfailing.

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1. There is a Friend un - fail - ing; Thru all our pil - grim days
2. There is a Heart un - chang - ing, Tho earth - ly pros-pects die,
3. He light - ens all our dark - ness With rays of truth di - vine;
4. Then call on Him in dan - ger, Tho foes be swift and strong,
5. Fear not, for He is near thee; Hope on, nor be dis - mayed;
6. For His is love e - ter - nal, The ful - ness of grace un - known,
1. He leads His trust - ing chil - dren And guides them in wis - dom's ways.
2. Whose ear is ev - er o - pen To hear when the faith - ful cry.
3. His pres-ence at - tends us al - ways: O soul, what a hope is thine!
4. Ex - change thy heav - y bur - den Of grief for a joy - ful song.
5. He'll com - fort and sus - tain thee, Thy bur - den up - on Him laid.
6. And thou art His spe - cial treas-ure, And He is thy ver - y own!
REFRAIN.
Then come with thy care and sor - row, And come with thy weight of wo;
Leave all at the feet of Je - sus, His rest and His peace to know.

126 He is Mine, I am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Bless - ed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is He! He is
2. Let me sing of all His mer-cies, of His kindness true, He is
3. Tho' He lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is
mine, I am His; Sweet-er than the angels' mu-sic is His
mine, I am His; Fresh at morn, and in the eve'ning, comes a
mine, I am His; Should I fear, when, oh, so ten-der - ly He
D.S. — Sweet-er than the an-gels' mu-sic is His
FINE.
voice to me, He is mine, I am His; Where the lil - ies fair are
bless-ing new, He is mine, I am His; With the deep'ning shadows
whis-per-eth, He is mine, I am His; For the sunshine of His
voice to me, He is mine, I am His.
blooming by the waters calm, There He leads me, and upholds me by His
comes a whisper, "Safe-ly rest, Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
pres-ence doth il-lume the night, And He leads me thro' the valley to the
strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,
thee mo-lest; I will linger till the morning, Keeper, Friend, and Guest;"
mountain height; Out of bond-age in - to freedom, in - to cloudless light;

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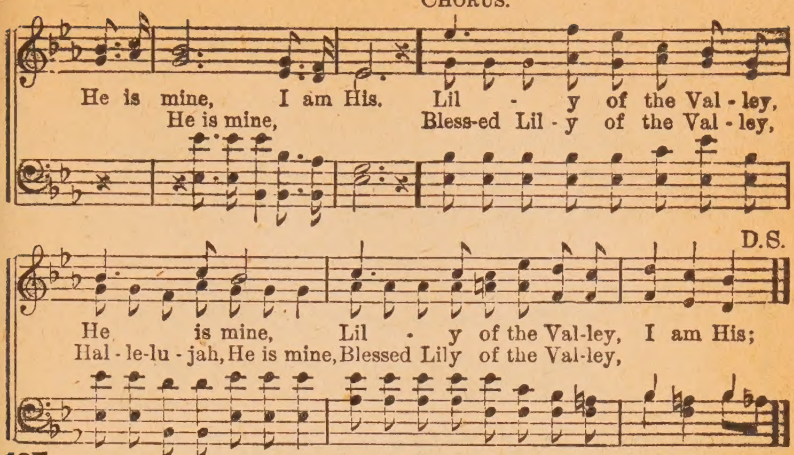
He is Mine, I am His. Concluded.

CHORUS.


He is mine, I am His. Lil - y of the Val - ley,
He is mine, Bless-ed Lil - y of the Val - ley,
D.S.
He is mine, Lil - y of the Val-ley, I am His;
Hal - le-lu - jah, He is mine, Blessed Lily of the Val-ley,

127

Alleluia!

T. H. *Maestoso.* THORO HARRIS.

1. The ev - 'ning sun is set - ting in the west, O'er all cre-
2. With all the saints we mag - ni - fy the Lord, Ex - alt his
3. In thee, O God, our soul shall make her boast; In praise to
p
a - tion fall the dews of rest. Now be the King by
name, re - vere his ho - ly word. For - ev - er be thy
Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, We join the choir un-
ff
dim.
heav'n and earth con-fest. Al - le-lu-ia! Al - le-lu - ia!
glo - rious name a-dored! Al - le-lu-ia! Al - le-lu - ia!
seen, the heav'nly host. Al - le-lu-ia! Al - le-lu - ia! A-men.

Copyright, 1918, by Thoro Harris.

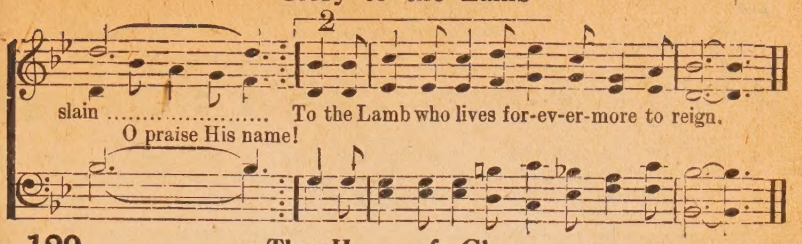
128 Glory to the Lamb

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

T. H. Thoro Harris

1. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb! Cleans'd from ev-'ry stain I am, And I
2. To the world and sin I died When the Christ was cru-ci-fied, Cal-v'ry's
3, Come and take this path with me, From your fear and doubting free. Join the
love His bless-ed name, All glo - ry to the Lord! I have yield - ed ev-
cross my on - ly pride, All glo - ry to the Lord! I am walk - ing in
hosts of lib - er - ty And glo - ri - fy the Lord. Till we reach the home
'ry - thing To my gracious Sav-ior King; Now my trust-ing soul can sing
His light, And the path is al-ways bright, With my Ca-naan home in sight,
on high Far be-yond the star - ry sky Where true joy shall nev - er die,
CHORUS
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
O'er and o'er a - gain
1
lu - - jah To the Lamb for sin - ners
Sing the glad re - frain To the bleed-ing Lamb for sin - ners

Glory to the Lamb

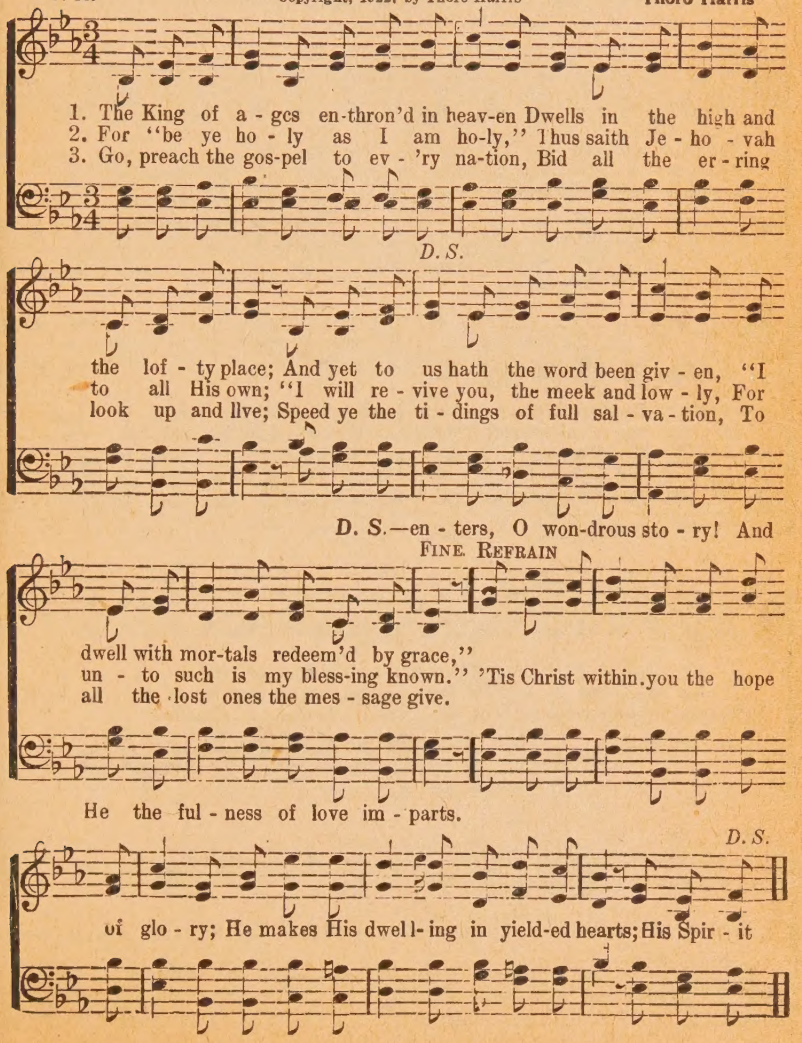


129 The Hope of Glory

T. H.

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris


1. The King of a - ges en-thron'd in heav-en Dwells in the high and
2. For "be ye ho - ly as I am ho-ly," Thus saith Je - ho - vah
3. Go, preach the gos-pel to ev - 'ry na-tion, Bid all the er - ring
D. S.
the lof - ty place; And yet to us hath the word been giv - en, "I
to all His own; "I will re - vive you, the meek and low - ly, For
look up and live; Speed ye the ti - dings of full sal - va - tion, To
D. S.—en - ters, O won-drous sto - ry! And
FINE. REFRAIN
dwell with mor-tals redeem'd by grace,"
un - to such is my bless-ing known." 'Tis Christ within you the hope
all the lost ones the mes - sage give.
He the ful - ness of love im - parts.
D. S.
of glo - ry; He makes His dwell - ing in yield-ed hearts; His Spir - it

130 Mine at Last.

J. R. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. James Rowe.

1. Bright is the path that I tread to-day, Blue is the sky a-bove;
2. Sin and its pleasures their charm have lost, I have been cleaned with-in;
3. Noth-ing shall cause me to part from Him, Till I have ceased to roam;
For I am walk-ing the heav'n-ly way, Prais-ing my Sav-ior's love.
Nev-er a-gain shall my soul be tost Out on the waves of sin.
Whether thru sun-shine or shad-ows dim, Je-sus will lead me home.
Sweet is the song that my spir-it sings, Leav-ing my drear-y past;
Je-sus has an-swered my heart's deep plea, From me my bur-den cast;
Close-ly I'll cling to Him all the way, Fear-ing no storm-y blast,
:S:
FINE. CHORUS.
"I am a child of the King of kings; Je-sus is mine at last."
I am as glad as a soul can be— Je-sus is mine at last. Mine at last!
Singing right up to the land of day, "Je-sus is mine at last."
D. S.
mine at last! Je-sus has hidden my wayward past, Heard my plea, made me free!

131 Sweet Rose Of Sharon.

T. H. Duet

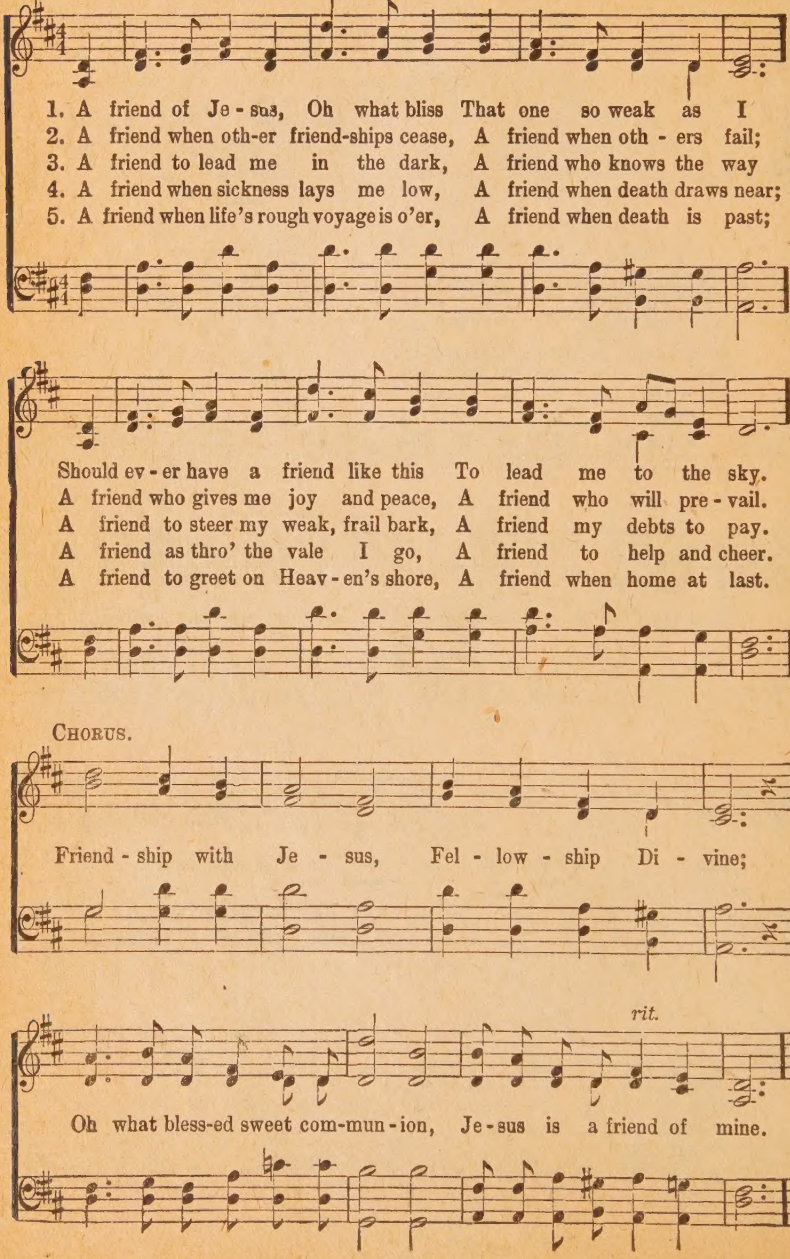
Copyright 1923, Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

p
1. Stars gent - ly beam-ing, Shine up - on a flow'r, Heavn's light is
2. Pure as a lil - y, Fair - er than the morn, This love -ly
3. Fra- grant Thy per-fume, Nev - er fad - ing hue, Blest Rose of
REFRAIN.
stream-ing, In earth's dark-est hour.
flow' - ret, Once on earth was born. Sweet Rose of Sha - ron
Sha ~ ron, Beau - ti - ful to view!
Beau - ti - ful to see. (Dear) Flow'r fair and fra-grant, Blos-som-ing for
p
me, (O) Sweet Rose of Sha - ron. Nev - er more to
Cres.
rit.
fade, Life ev - er - last - ing Lin - gers in Thy shade.

Friendship With Jesus.

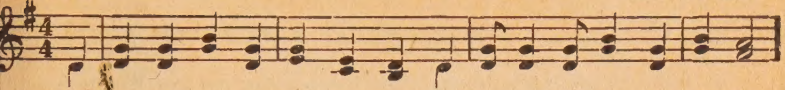
Rev. J. C. Ludgate.


1. A friend of Je - sus, Oh what bliss That one so weak as I
2. A friend when oth-er friend-ships cease, A friend when oth - ers fail;
3. A friend to lead me in the dark, A friend who knows the way
4. A friend when sickness lays me low, A friend when death draws near;
5. A friend when life's rough voyage is o'er, A friend when death is past;
Should ev - er have a friend like this To lead me to the sky.
A friend who gives me joy and peace, A friend who will pre - vail.
A friend to steer my weak, frail bark, A friend my debts to pay.
A friend as thro' the vale I go, A friend to help and cheer.
A friend to greet on Heav - en's shore, A friend when home at last.
CHORUS.
Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low - ship Di - vine;
rit.
Oh what bless-ed sweet com-mun - ion, Je - sus is a friend of mine.

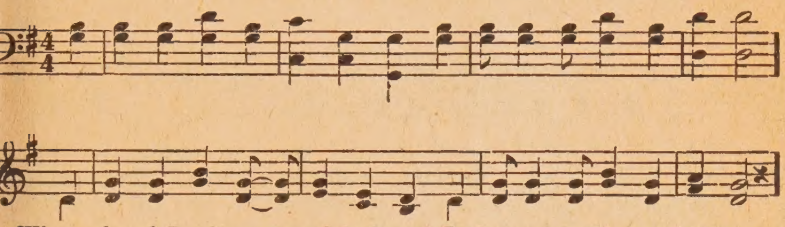
133 O Hide Me.

"I flee unto thee to hide me."—Ps. 143: 9.

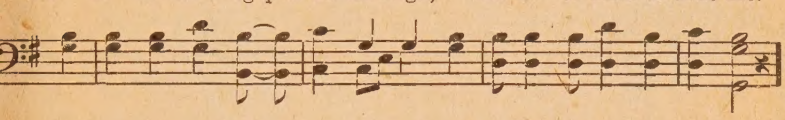
C. P. J. C. P. JONES.



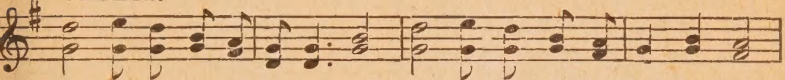
1. My soul, O Lord, is much distressed, I flee un - to Thee to hide me;
2. When storms a-rise and thunders roar, I flee un - to Thee to hide me;
3. From strong temptation, bless-ed Lord, I flee un - to Thee to hide me;
4. When demons seek to fill with dread, I flee un - to Thee to hide me;
5. When e - vil men my soul would slay, I flee un - to Thee to hide me;
6. Un - til our Lord shall come a - gain, I flee un - to Thee to hide me;



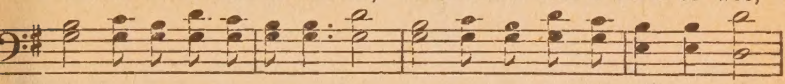
Where else, O Lord, can a soul find rest? I flee un - to Thee to hide me.
Though I am weak, de - spised and poor, I flee un - to Thee to hide me.
O keep me by Thy ho - ly Word, I flee un - to Thee to hide me.
When sickness binds me to my bed, I flee un - to Thee to hide me.
From ev - 'ry dan - ger on life's way, I flee un - to Thee to hide me.
Till ev - er-last - ing peace shall reign, I flee un - to Thee to hide me.

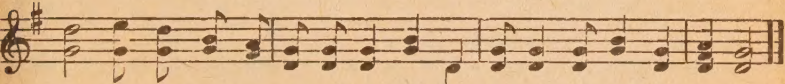


CHORUS.

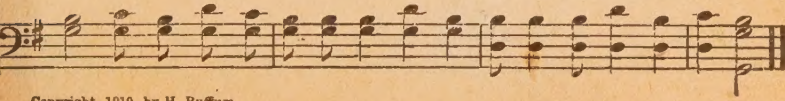


O hide me from the hidden foe, O hide me from a world of woe,





O keep my feet wher-ev-er I go, I flee un - to Thee to hide me.



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134 It's Just Like His Great Love.

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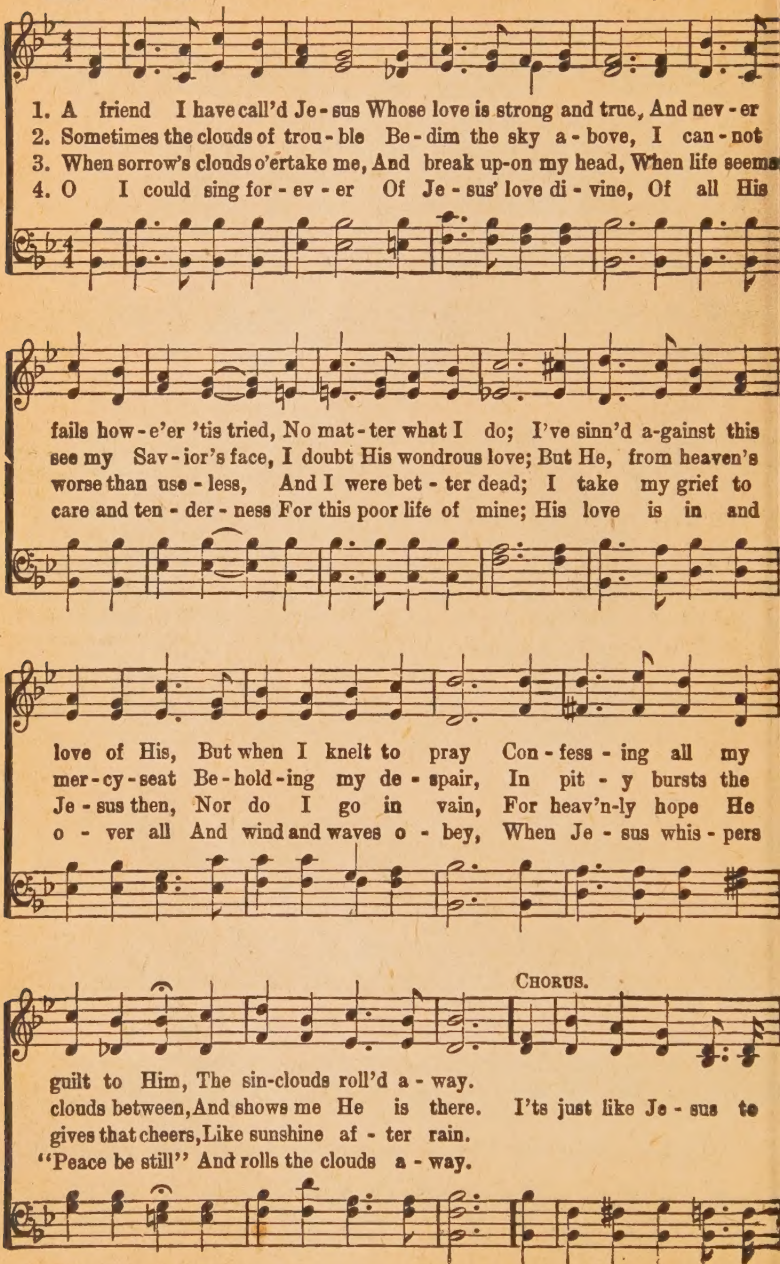
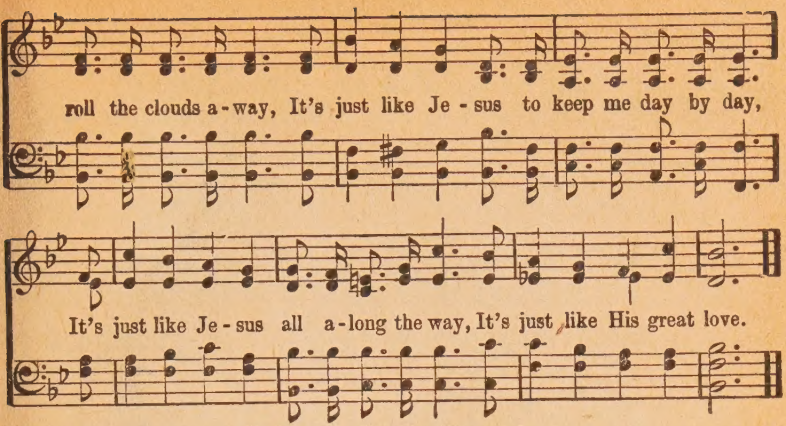
Edna R. Worrell. C. B. S.


1. A friend I have call'd Je - sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Sometimes the clouds of trou - ble Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up-on my head, When life seems
4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His
fails how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinn'd a-gainst this
see my Sav - ior's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's
worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and
love of His, But when I knelt to pray Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy - seat Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n-ly hope He
o - ver all And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers
CHORUS.
guilt to Him, The sin-clouds roll'd a - way.
clouds between, And shows me He is there. I'ts just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers, Like sunshine af - ter rain.
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.


roll the clouds a-way, It's just like Je-sus to keep me day by day,
It's just like Je-sus all a-long the way, It's just like His great love.

135 O Don't Stay Away.

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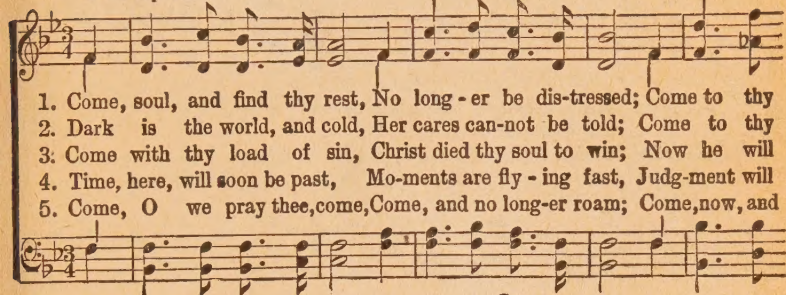
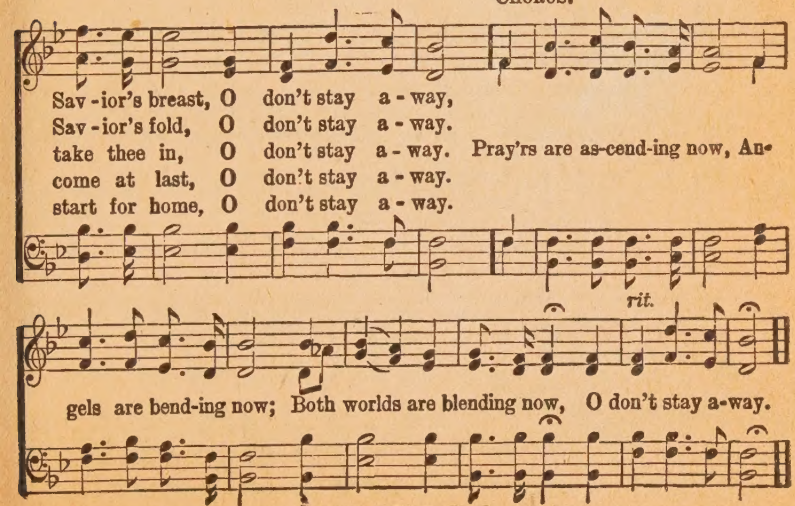
Rev. Johnson Oatman. Rev. W. J. Stuart, A. M.

With expression.

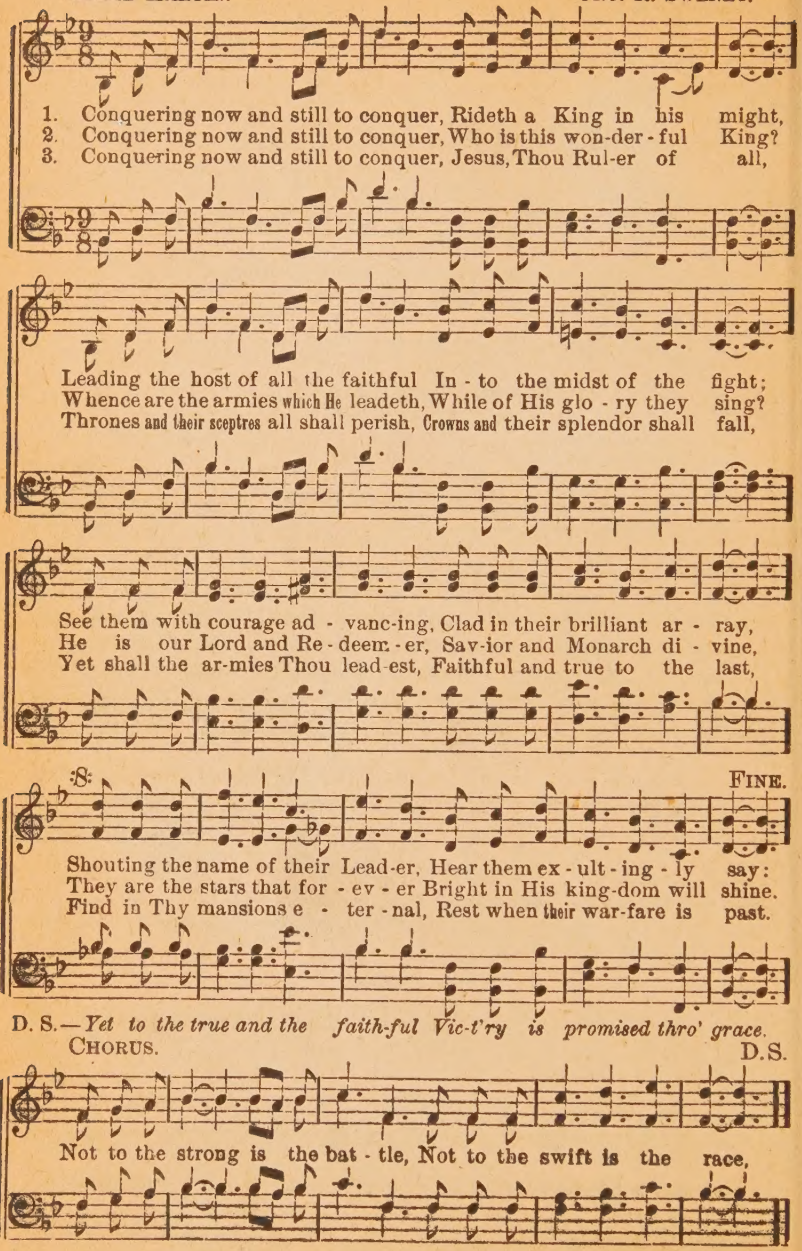

1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No long-er be dis-tressed; Come to thy
2. Dark is the world, and cold, Her cares can-not be told; Come to thy
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he will
4. Time, here, will soon be past, Mo-ments are fly-ing fast, Judg-ment will
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come, and no long-er roam; Come, now, and

CHORUS.


Sav-ior's breast, O don't stay a-way,
Sav-ior's fold, O don't stay a-way.
take thee in, O don't stay a-way. Pray'rs are as-cend-ing now, An-
come at last, O don't stay a-way.
start for home, O don't stay a-way.
rit.
gels are bend-ing now; Both worlds are blending now, O don't stay a-way.

Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in his might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Jesus, Thou Rul-er of all,
Leading the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the armies which He leadeth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
See them with courage ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their brilliant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Monarch di-vine,
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faithful and true to the last,
:S:
FINE.
Shouting the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say:
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His king-dom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions e-ter-nal, Rest when their war-fare is past.
D. S.—Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is promised thro' grace.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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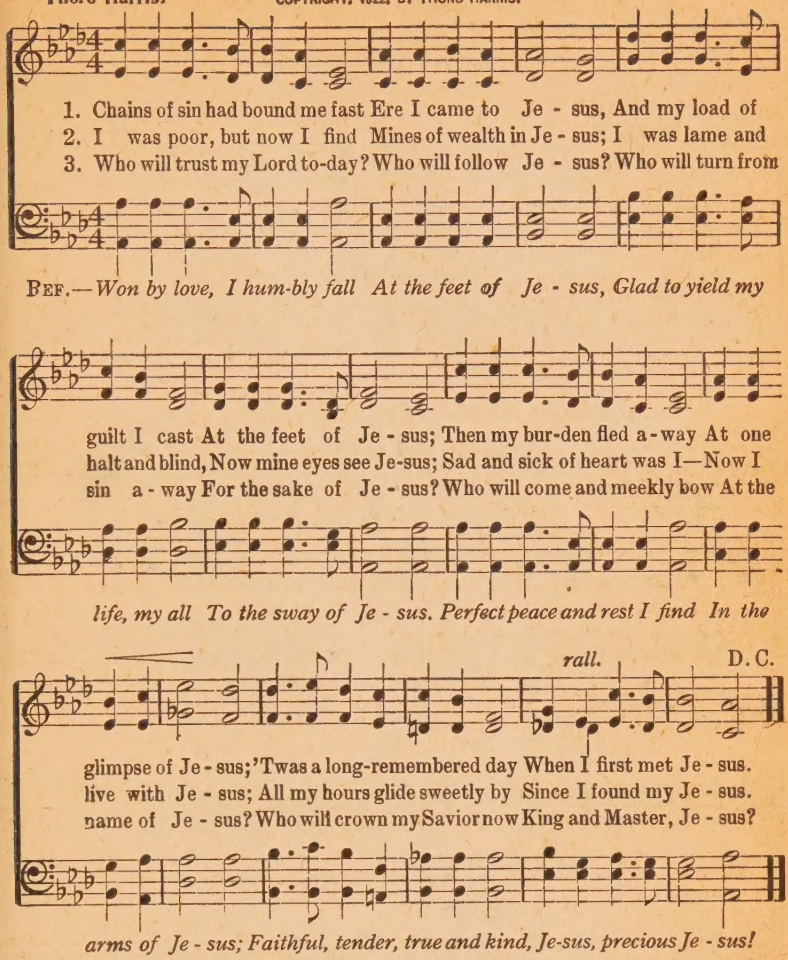
137 My Jesus.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS.


1. Chains of sin had bound me fast Ere I came to Je - sus, And my load of
2. I was poor, but now I find Mines of wealth in Je - sus; I was lame and
3. Who will trust my Lord to-day? Who will follow Je - sus? Who will turn from
REF.—Won by love, I hum-bly fall At the feet of Je - sus, Glad to yield my
guilt I cast At the feet of Je - sus; Then my bur-den fled a - way At one
halt and blind, Now mine eyes see Je-sus; Sad and sick of heart was I—Now I
sin a - way For the sake of Je - sus? Who will come and meekly bow At the
life, my all To the sway of Je - sus. Perfect peace and rest I find In the
rall.
D. C.
glimpse of Je - sus; 'Twas a long-remembered day When I first met Je - sus.
live with Je - sus; All my hours glide sweetly by Since I found my Je - sus.
name of Je - sus? Who will crown my Savior now King and Master, Je - sus?
arms of Je - sus; Faithful, tender, true and kind, Je-sus, precious Je - sus!

138 I Belong to Jesus. (*Music above.*)

1 Purchased by the Man divine,
By the blood of Jesus,
I am His and He is mine,
I belong to Jesus;
Resting in His gracious word,
From all guilt who frees us,
My Redeemer and my Lord,
Jesus, blessed Jesus!

2 I will give Him now my heart,
Yielding all to Jesus,
To control, in every part:
I will live for Jesus.
He will wash my stains away,
Heal my soul's diseases:
Enter now and reign for aye,
Gracious, holy Jesus.

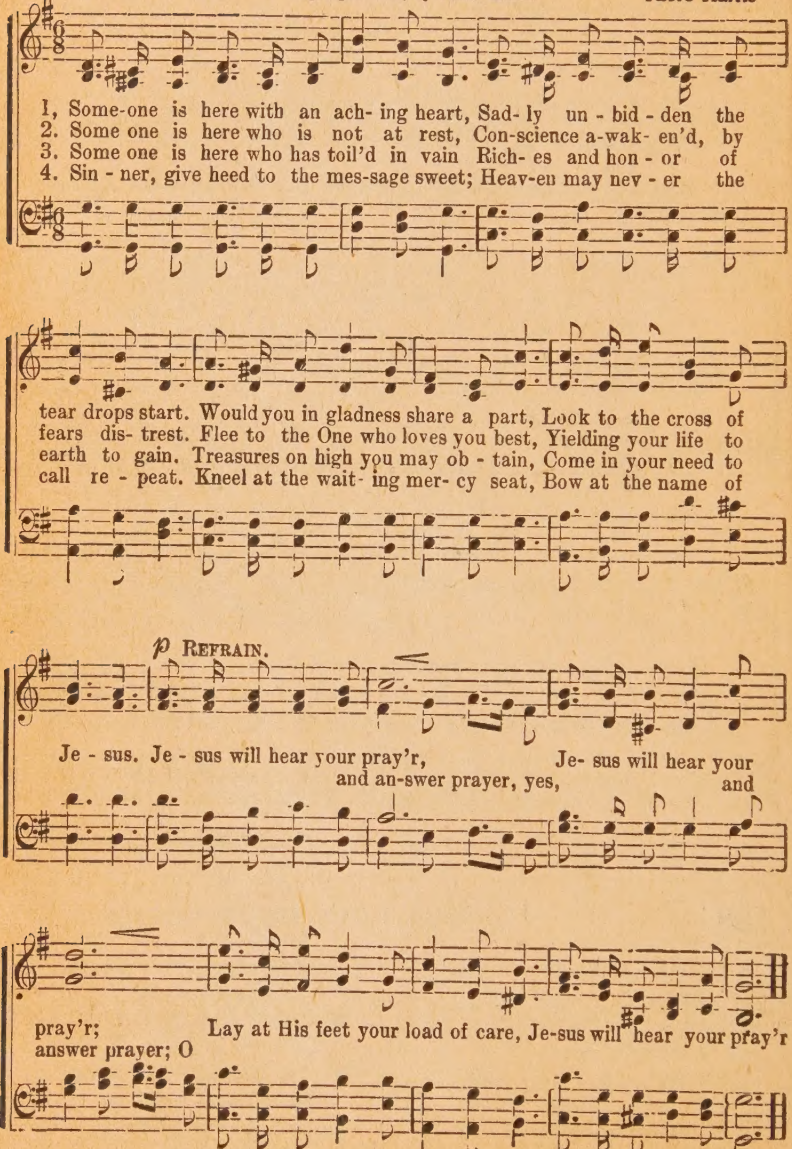
—*Thoro Harris.*

139 Jesus Will Hear Your Prayer.

T. H.

Copyright 1923, by Thoro Harris

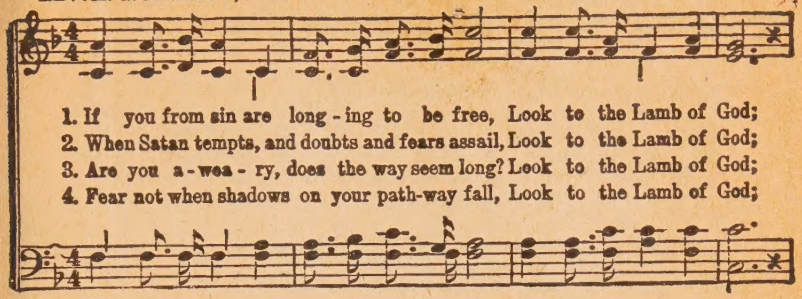
Thoro Harris

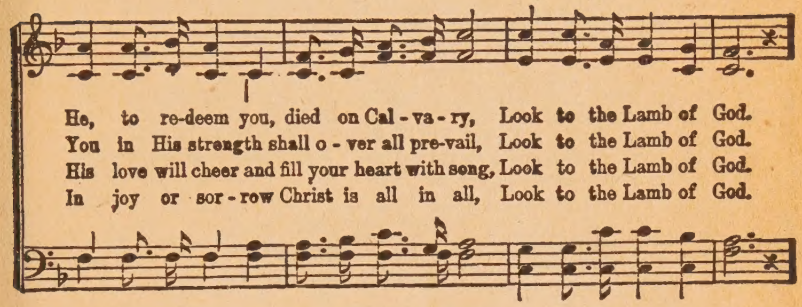

1, Some-one is here with an ach- ing heart, Sad- ly un - bid - den the
2. Some one is here who is not at rest, Con-science a-wak- en'd, by
3. Some one is here who has toil'd in vain Rich- es and hon - or of
4. Sin - ner, give heed to the mes-sage sweet; Heav-en may nev - er the
tear drops start. Would you in gladness share a part, Look to the cross of
fears dis- trest. Flee to the One who loves you best, Yielding your life to
earth to gain. Treasures on high you may ob - tain, Come in your need to
call re - peat. Kneel at the wait- ing mer- cy seat, Bow at the name of
p REFRAIN.
Je - sus. Je - sus will hear your pray'r, Je- sus will hear your
and an-swer prayer, yes, and
pray'r; Lay at His feet your load of care, Je-sus will hear your pray'r
answer prayer; O

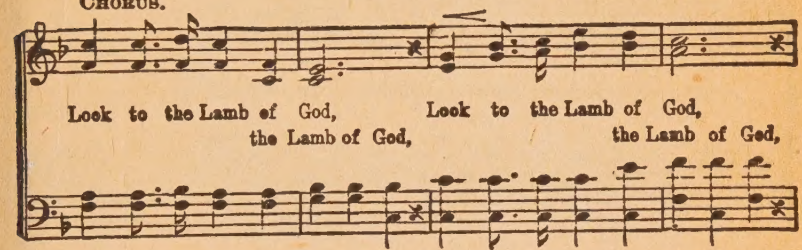
Look to the Lamb of God.

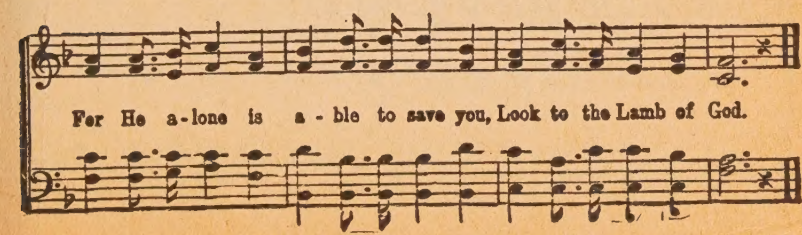
Owned by R. E. Winsett, REV. H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

From Gospel Message In Song. JAMES M. BLACK.


1. If you from sin are long - ing to be free, Look to the Lamb of God;
2. When Satan tempts, and doubts and fears assail, Look to the Lamb of God;
3. Are you a - wea - ry, does the way seem long? Look to the Lamb of God;
4. Fear not when shadows on your path-way fall, Look to the Lamb of God;


He, to re-deem you, died on Cal - va - ry, Look to the Lamb of God.
You in His strength shall o - ver all pre-vail, Look to the Lamb of God.
His love will cheer and fill your heart with song, Look to the Lamb of God.
In joy or sor - row Christ is all in all, Look to the Lamb of God.





141 The Step You'll Not Regret.

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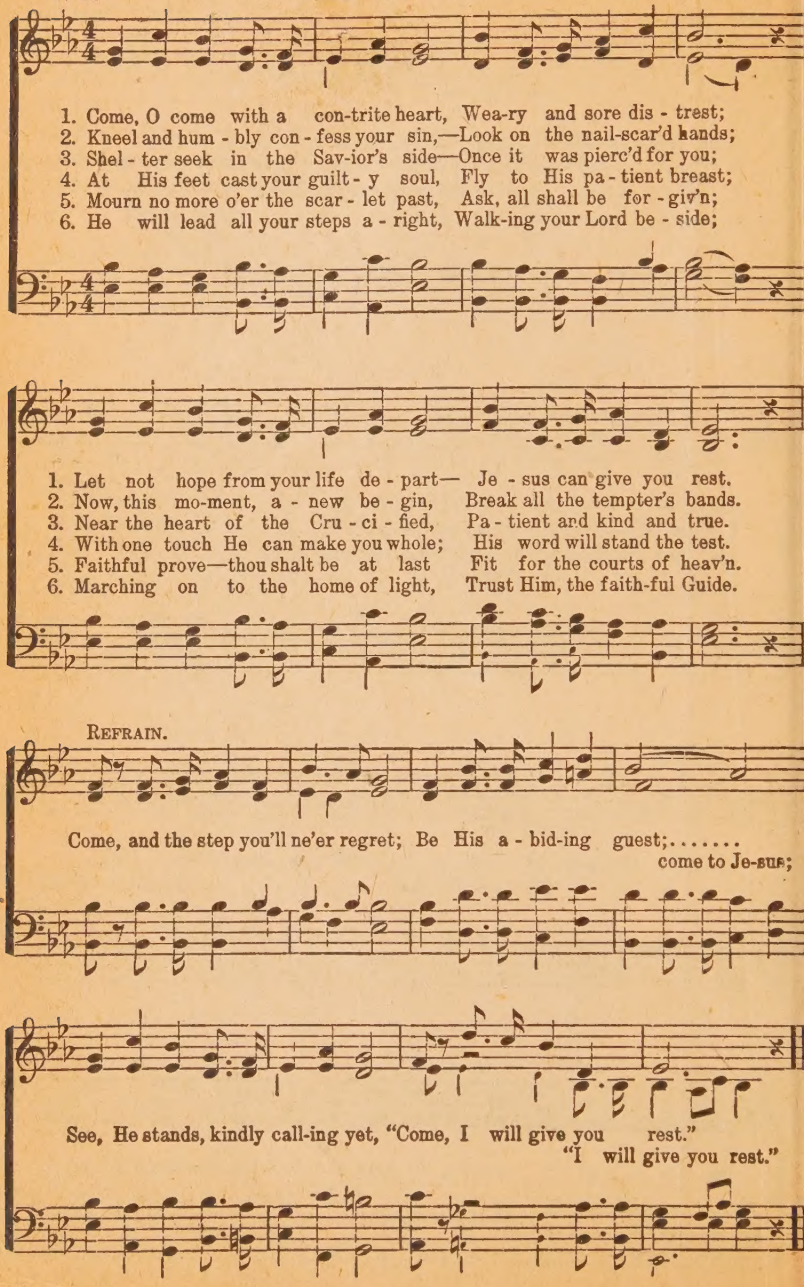
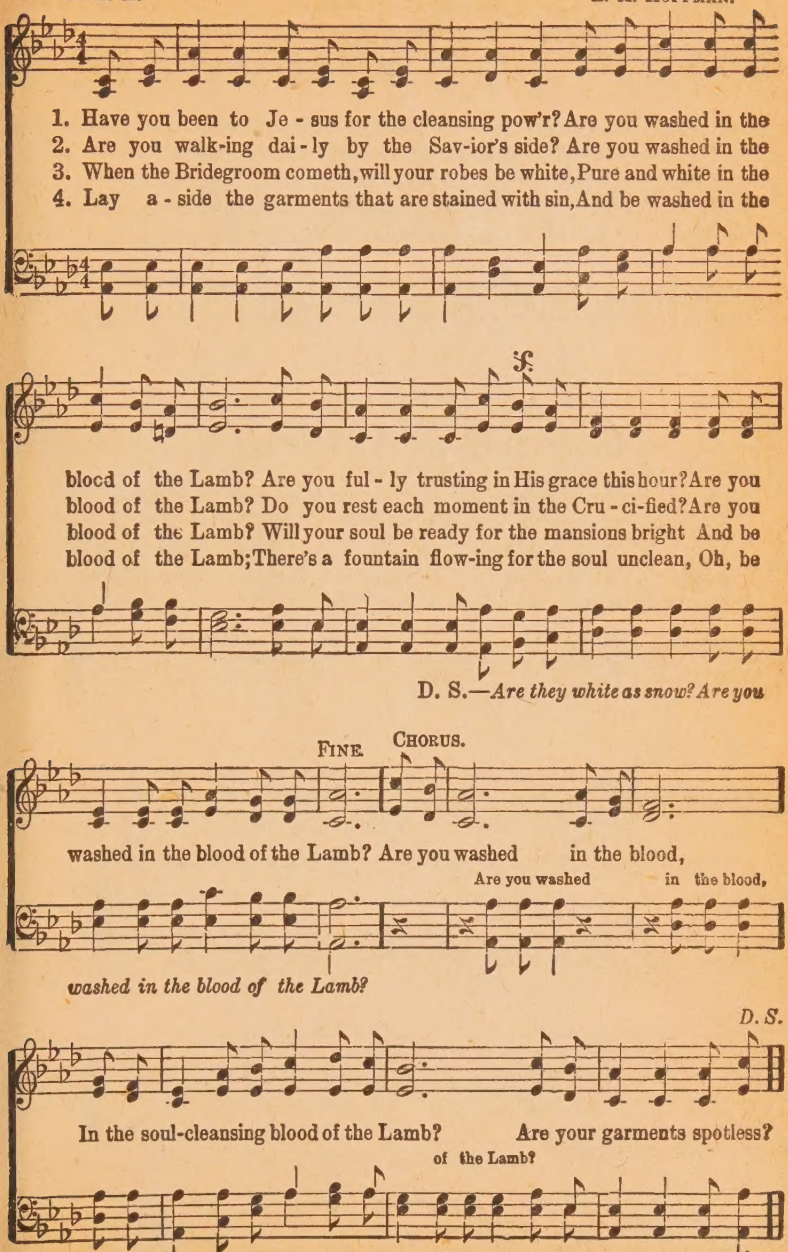

1. Come, O come with a con-trite heart, Wea-ry and sore dis - trest;
2. Kneel and hum - bly con - fess your sin,—Look on the nail-scar'd hands;
3. Shel - ter seek in the Sav-ior's side—Once it was pierc'd for you;
4. At His feet cast your guilt - y soul, Fly to His pa - tient breast;
5. Mourn no more o'er the scar - let past, Ask, all shall be for - giv'n;
6. He will lead all your steps a - right, Walk-ing your Lord be - side;
1. Let not hope from your life de - part— Je - sus can give you rest.
2. Now, this mo-ment, a - new be - gin, Break all the tempter's bands.
3. Near the heart of the Cru - ci - fied, Pa - tient and kind and true.
4. With one touch He can make you whole; His word will stand the test.
5. Faithful prove—thou shalt be at last Fit for the courts of heav'n.
6. Marching on to the home of light, Trust Him, the faith-ful Guide.
REFRAIN.
Come, and the step you'll ne'er regret; Be His a - bid-ing guest;.....
come to Je-sus;
See, He stands, kindly call-ing yet, "Come, I will give you rest."
"I will give you rest."

142 Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav-ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the
blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci-fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright And be
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the soul unclean, Oh, be
D. S.—Are they white as snow? Are you
FINE.
CHORUS.
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
Are you washed in the blood,
washed in the blood of the Lamb?
D. S.
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless?
of the Lamb?

143 The Gospel Invitation.

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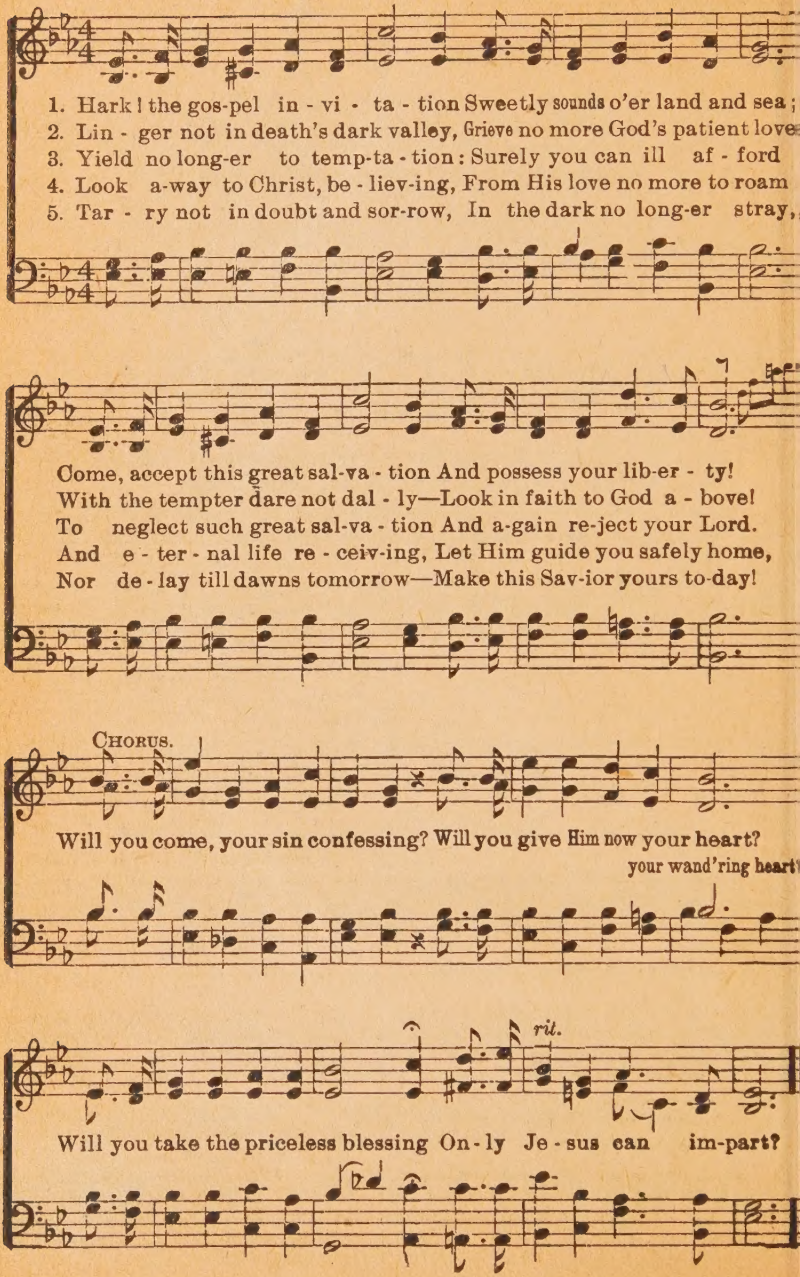
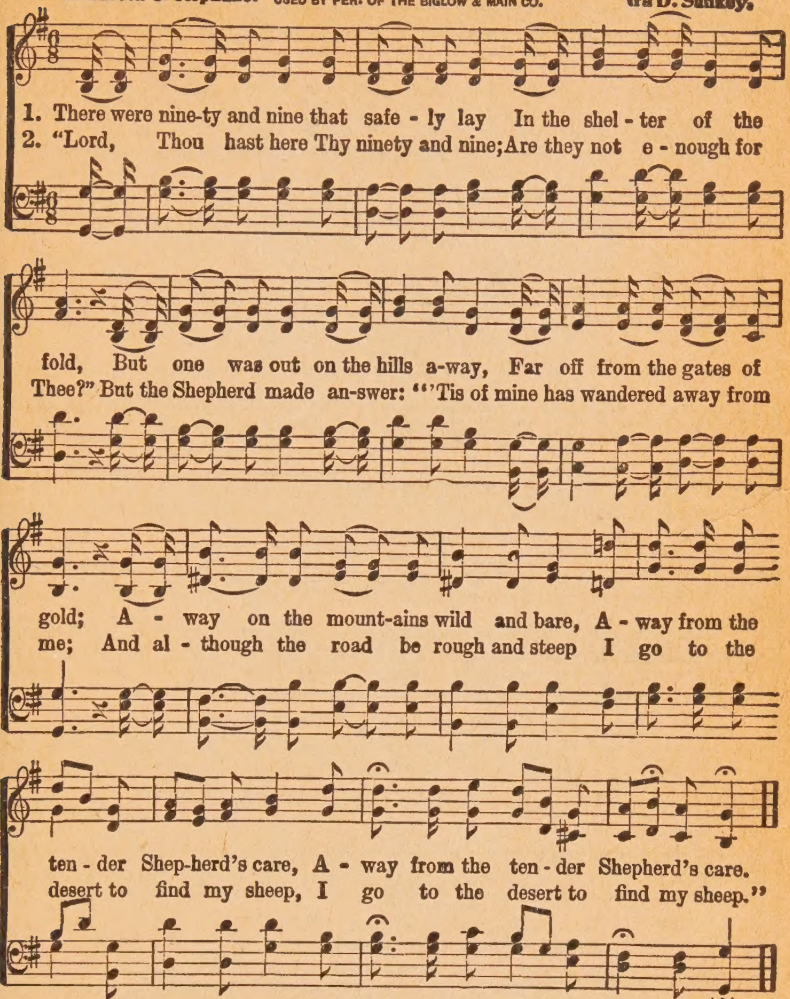

1. Hark! the gos-pel in - vi - ta - tion Sweetly sounds o'er land and sea;
2. Lin - ger not in death's dark valley, Grieve no more God's patient love
3. Yield no long-er to temp-ta - tion: Surely you can ill af - ford
4. Look a-way to Christ, be - liev-ing, From His love no more to roam
5. Tar - ry not in doubt and sor-row, In the dark no long-er stray,
Come, accept this great sal-va - tion And possess your lib-er - ty!
With the tempter dare not dal - ly—Look in faith to God a - bove!
To neglect such great sal-va - tion And a-gain re-ject your Lord.
And e - ter - nal life re - ceiv-ing, Let Him guide you safely home,
Nor de - lay till dawns tomorrow—Make this Sav-ior yours to-day!
CHORUS.
Will you come, your sin confessing? Will you give Him now your heart?
your wand'ring heart
rit.
Will you take the priceless blessing On - ly Je - sus can im-part?

The Ninety and Nine.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. USED BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Ira D. Sankey.


1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shepherd made an-swer: "'Tis of mine has wandered away from me;
gold; A - way on the mount-ains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.
And al - though the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Or how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord bring back His own!"

145 You Will Need Him Some Day.

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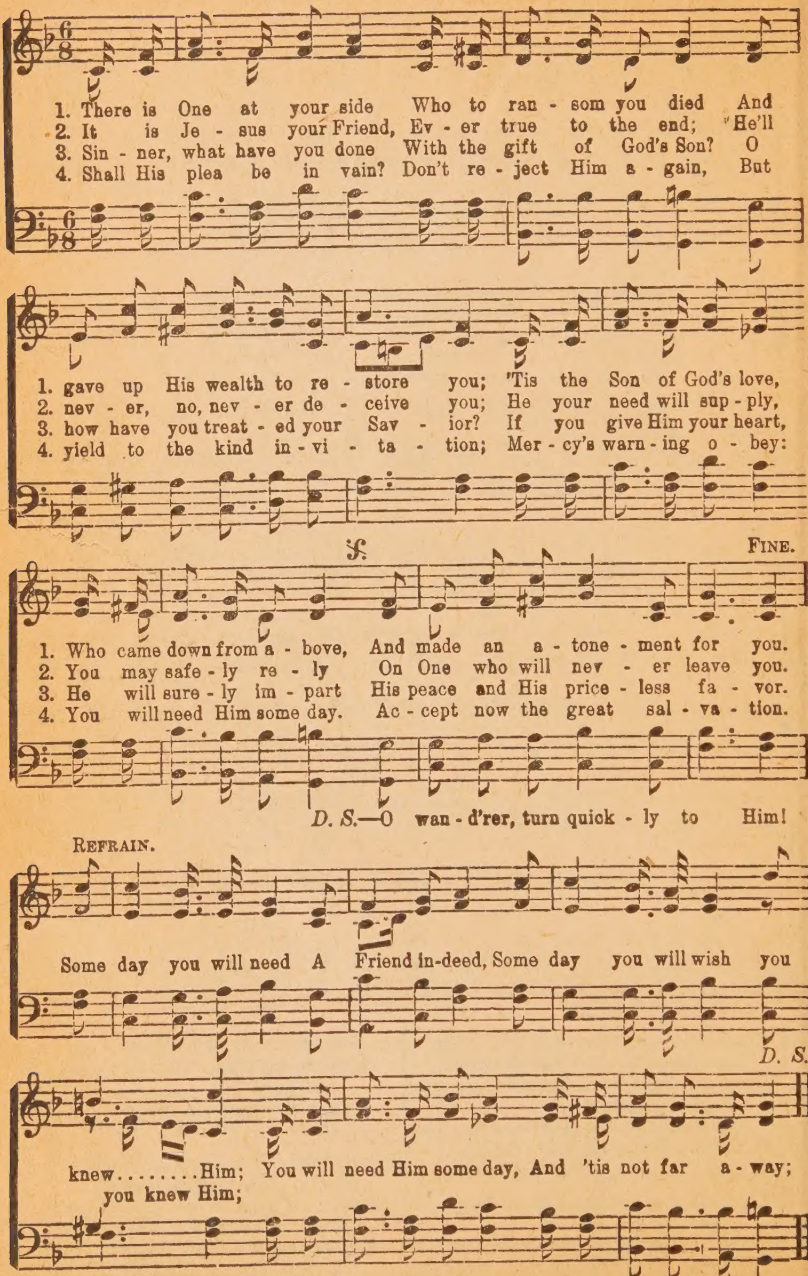
1. There is One at your side Who to ran - som you died And
2. It is Je - sus your Friend, Ev - er true to the end; He'll
3. Sin - ner, what have you done With the gift of God's Son? O
4. Shall His plea be in vain? Don't re - ject Him a - gain, But
1. gave up His wealth to re - store you; 'Tis the Son of God's love,
2. nev - er, no, nev - er de - ceive you; He your need will sup - ply,
3. how have you treat - ed your Sav - ior? If you give Him your heart,
4. yield to the kind in - vi - ta - tion; Mer - cy's warn - ing o - bey:
f.
FINE.
1. Who came down from a - bove, And made an a - tone - ment for you.
2. You may safe - ly re - ly On One who will nev - er leave you.
3. He will sure - ly im - part His peace and His price - less fa - vor.
4. You will need Him some day. Ac - cept now the great sal - va - tion.
D. S.—O wan - d'rer, turn quick - ly to Him!
REFRAIN.
Some day you will need A Friend in-deed, Some day you will wish you
D. S.
knew.....Him; You will need Him some day, And 'tis not far a - way;
you knew Him;

146 I Want You to Love Him Too

Henrietta E. Staege Copyright, 1923, by Thoro Harris Mrs. A. E. Bloom

1. Je - sus is such a dear Sav - ior to me, Cleans-ing my spir - it and
2. Par-don and vic - to - ry here He will give, Thru end-less a - ges with
3. On - ly the blood up - on Cal - va - ry shed, On - ly the God-man who
4. Some day His of - fer of mer - cy will cease, They who are ho - ly will

set - ting me free, That now day by day for oth - ers I pray.
Him you may live; You need Him I know, O just tell Him so:
rose from the dead, Can cleanse you with - in and keep you from sin:
meet Him in peace; Be read - y, I pray, to wel - come that day:

REFRAIN.

I want you to love Him too. I want you to love Him

too, (I do), The Sav - ior who died for you; Seek Him to-

day, for this I pray: I want you to love Him too.

147 Whosoever Will.

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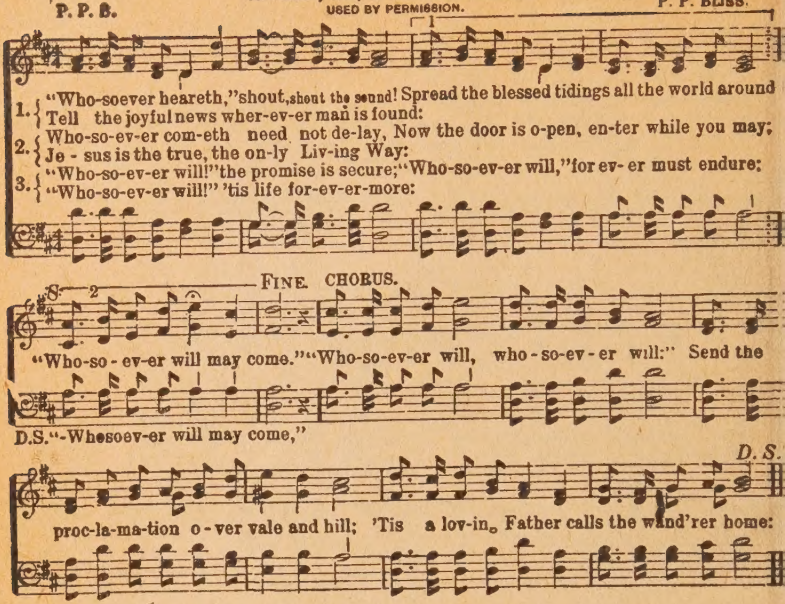
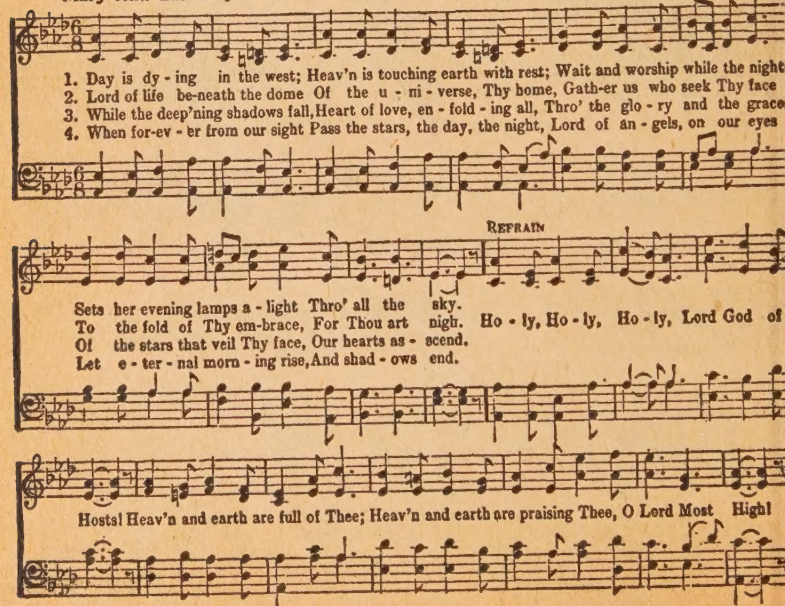
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around
Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev- er must endure:
"Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:
FINE. CHORUS.
"Who-so - ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who - so-ev - er will:" Send the
D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"
D. S.
proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-in, Father calls the wand'rer home:

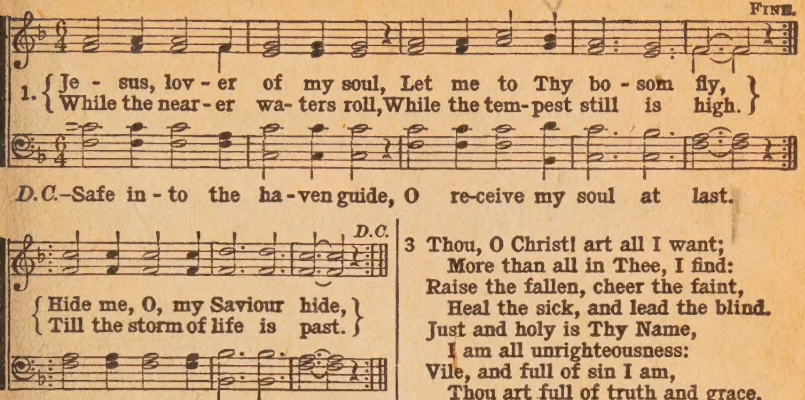
148 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes
REFRAIN
Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - scend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.
Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

149 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
D.C.
Hide me, O, my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past.

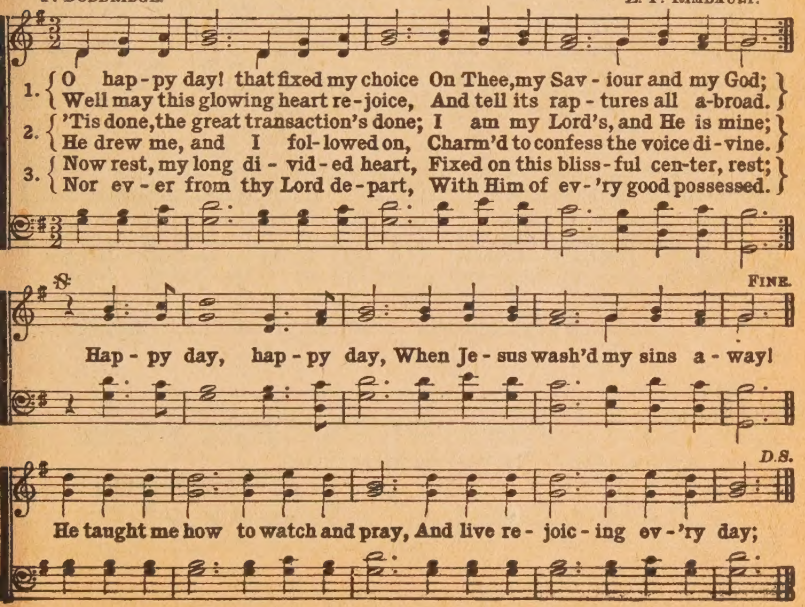
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee, I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

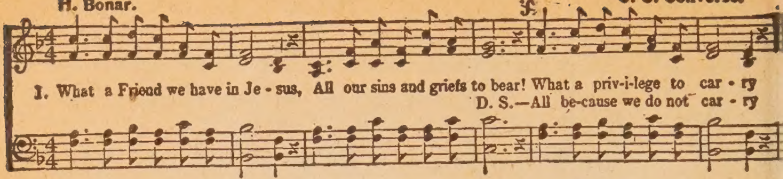
150 Happy Day.

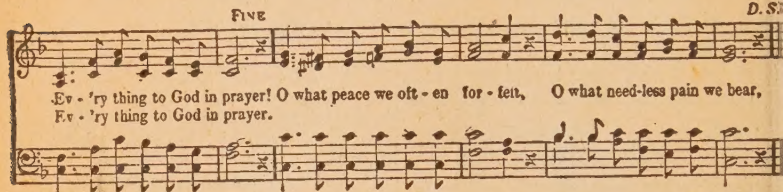
P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.


1. O hap - py day! that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
2. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charm'd to confess the voice di - vine.
3. Now rest, my long di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter, rest;
Nor ev - er from thy Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed.
FINE.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!
D.S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

151 What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.





1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee

152 Nothing But the Blood.

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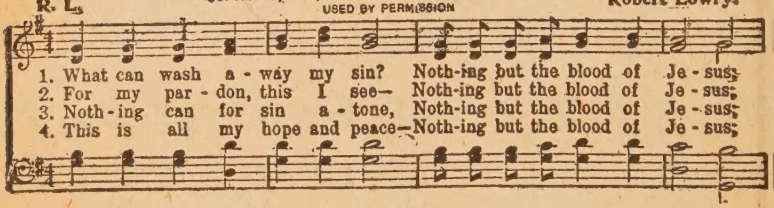
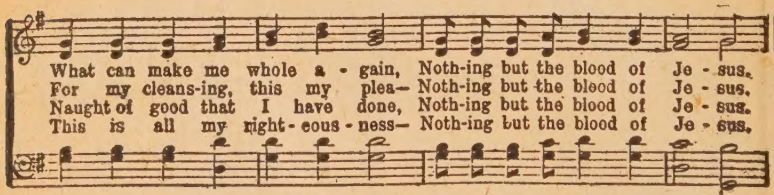
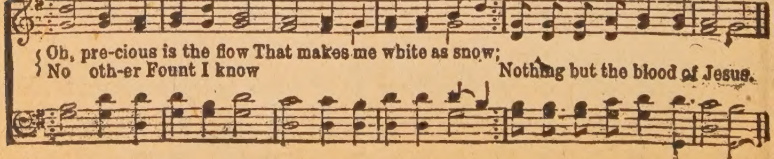
R. L. Robert Lowry.


1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par - don, this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;


What can make me whole a - gain, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right - eous - ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

CHORUS.



153 "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B. M. 152 = ♪

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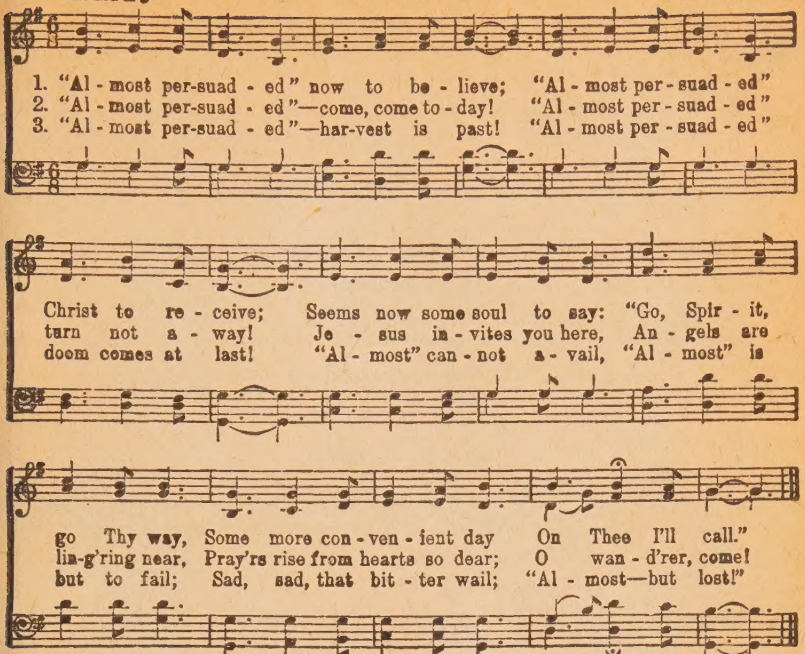
P. P. Bliss.


1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed"—come, come to - day! "Al - most per - suad - ed"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed"—har-vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way! Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer, come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail; "Al - most—but lost!"

154 Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

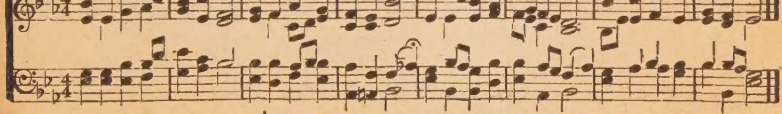
1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store; From each i - dol that would
sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

155 Angels Ever bright and Fair.

A. S. Sherwood. Handel.



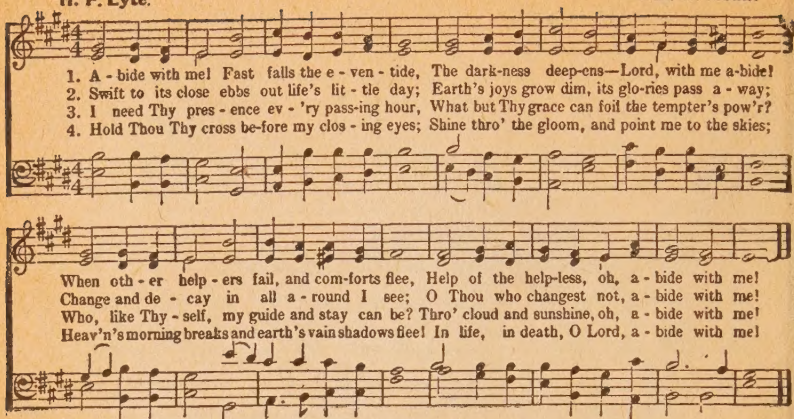
1 Angels, ever bright and fair,
Keep us all within Thy care;
Guard the altars of the home;
Guard the steps that far may roam.

2 Round about encamping, stay,
Near the loved ones far away;
Hover close to cheer and guide,
Whether joy or grief betide.

3 Angels, ever bright and fair,
In thy hands our dear ones bear;
Keep us all in memories sweet,
Till with joy again we meet.

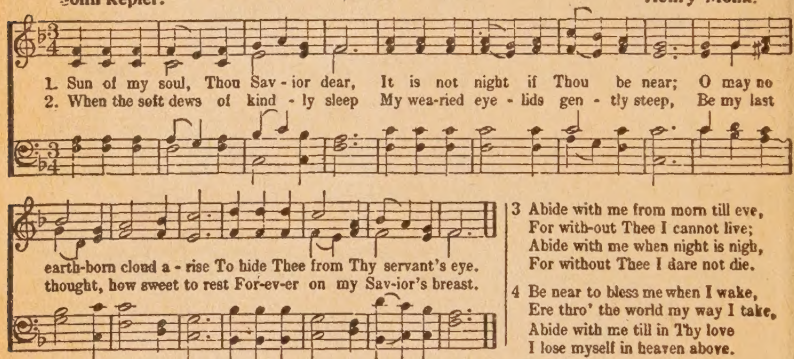
156 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

157 Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

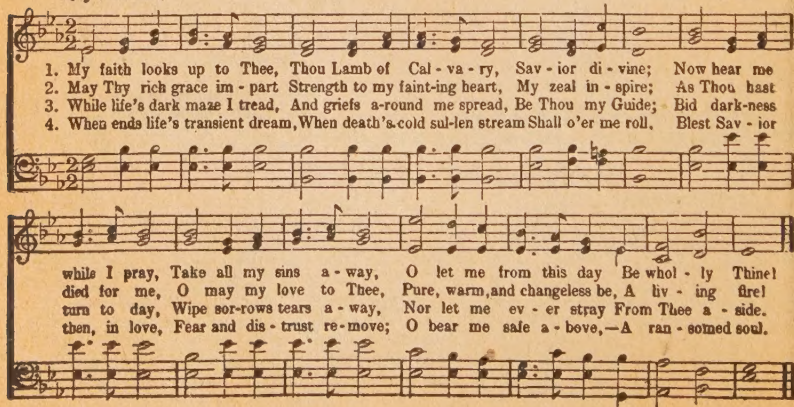

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last
earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

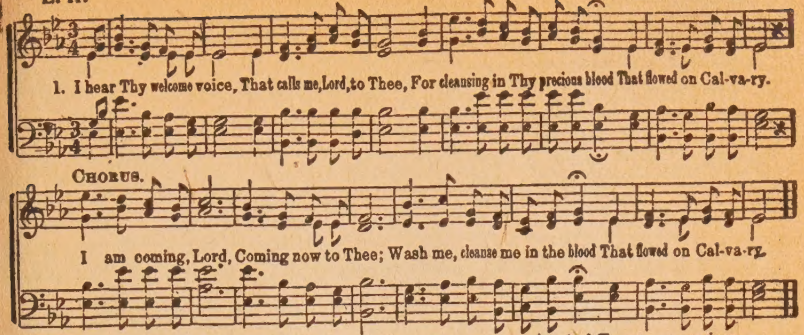
158 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

159 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
Chorus.
I am coming, Lord, Coming now to Thee; Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

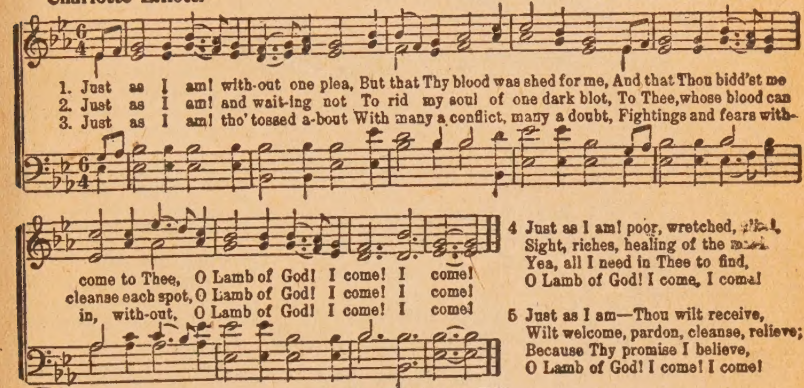
2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That every promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

160 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

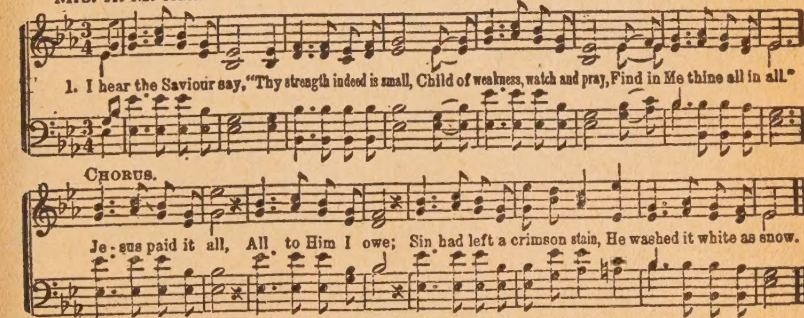

1. Just as I am! without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears with-
come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind!
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

161 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.


1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
Chorus.
Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

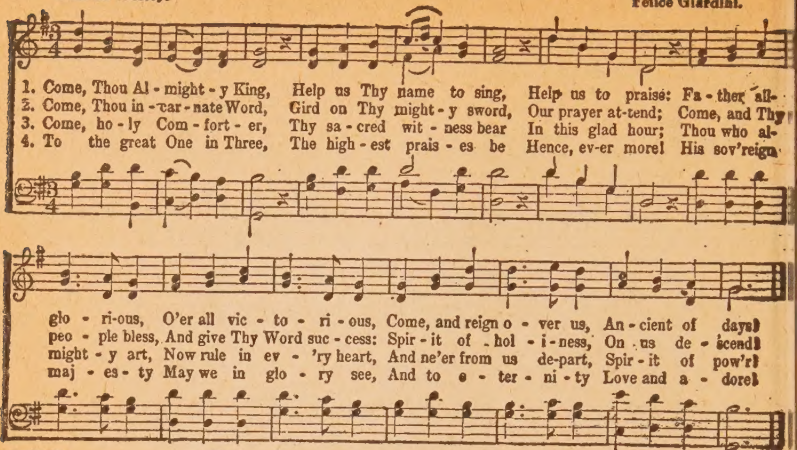
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete,
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

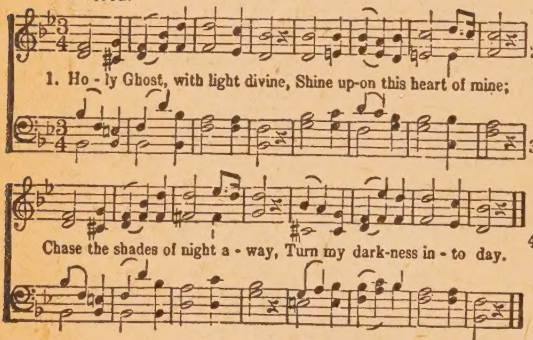
162 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

163 Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



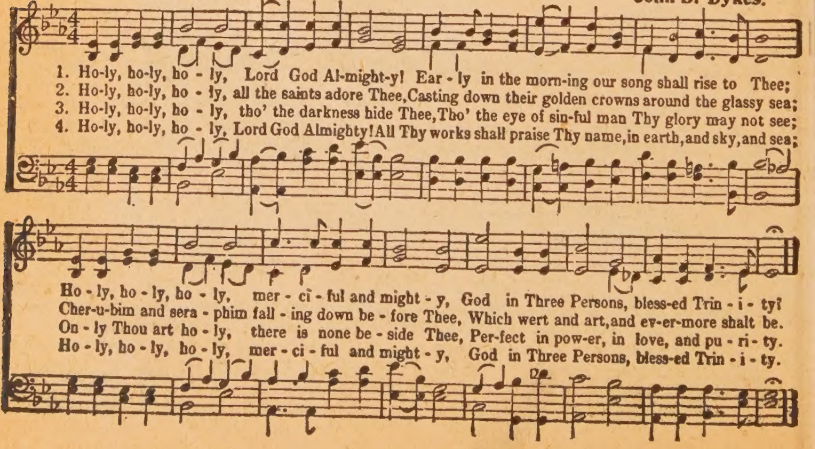
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

164 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

165 Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.
CHORUS.
cres.
Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home.
p
rit.
pp
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der - ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

166 While Jesus Whispers.

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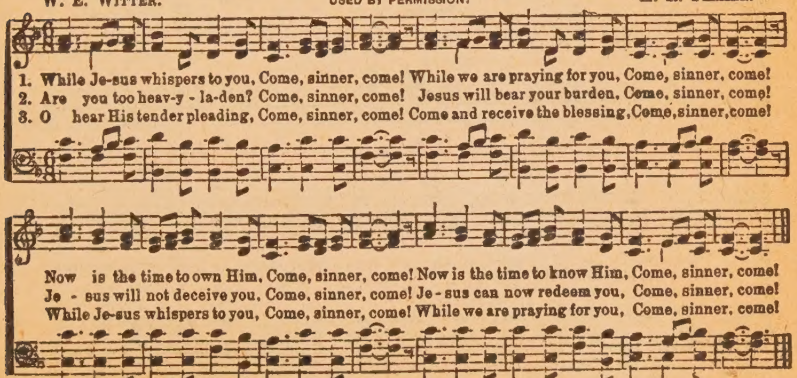
W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.


1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y - la-den? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

167 The Stream of Mercy

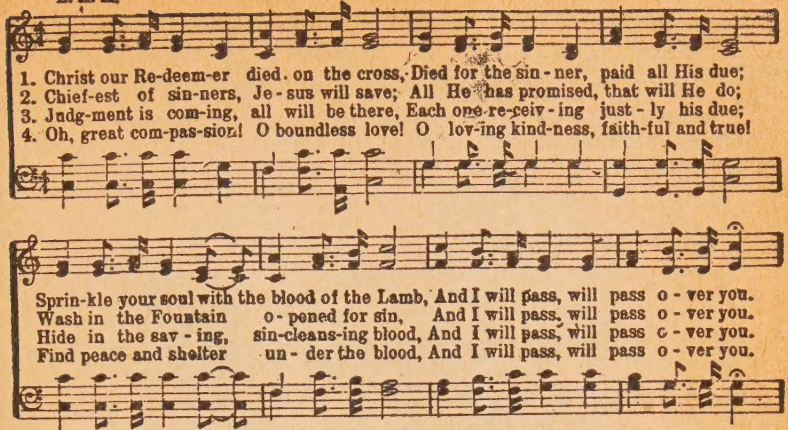
T. H. Copyright 1924 by Thoro Harris THORO HARRIS

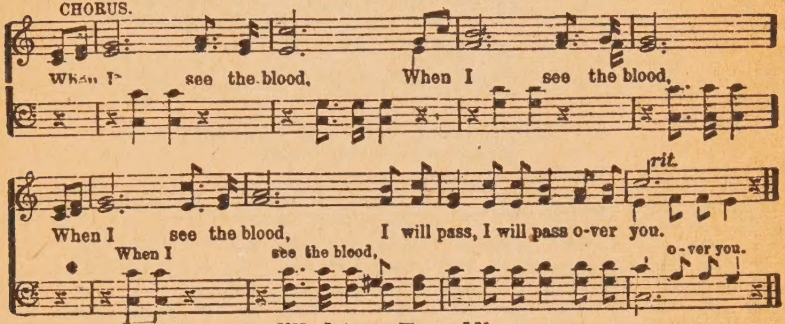
Andante

1. Come where the stream of mer - cy is flow-ing, Here is a re-fuge for
2. The most un-worth - y, you are in-vit - ed, He bids you wel-come, His
3. Meet His con-di - tions, His law ful-fil - ing, Here cease your la - bor, here
4. He of - fers par - don and full sal-va-tion: Put - ting His prom-ise un-
1. souls op-prest; Come in your need, your sin - ful-ness know-ing,
2. fav-or'd guest; To Christ the Bride-groom by faith u-nit - ed,
3. end your quest; Je - sus is a - ble, Je - sus is will - ing;
4. to the test; Life from the dead, new hope, new cre - a - tion.
REFRAIN
Look to the cross, here is par-don and rest. Fly to the arms that wait to re-ceive you
In your un-worth-in-ess come and be blest. He will sus-tain you,
He will re-lieve you; Look to the cross, there is par-don and rest.

168. I Will Pass Over You.

E. A. H. J. G. F.

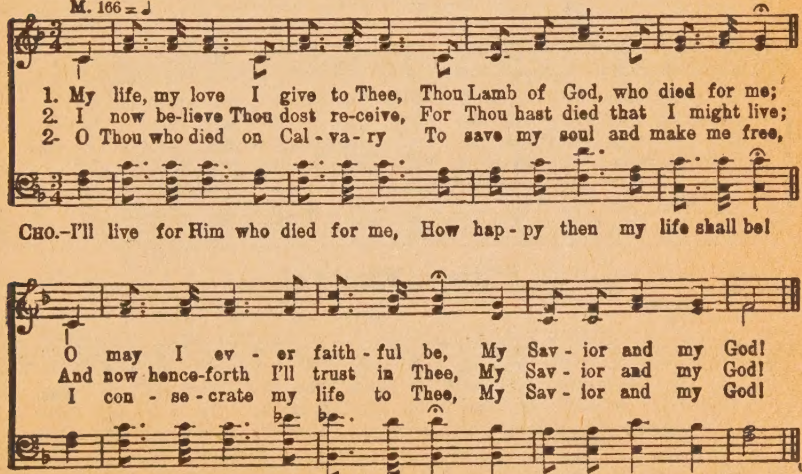

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner, paid all His due;
2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus will save; All He has promised, that will He do;
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Each one re-ceiv-ing just-ly his due;
4. Oh, great com-pas-sion! O boundless love! O lov-ing kind-ness, faith-ful and true!
Sprin-kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb, And I will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Wash in the Fountain o-pened for sin, And I will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Hide in the sav-ing, sin-cleans-ing blood, And I will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Find peace and shelter un-der the blood, And I will pass, will pass o-ver you.


CHORUS.
When I see the blood, When I see the blood,
When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you.
rit.
When I see the blood, o-ver you.

169. I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson. Used by permission. C. R. Dunbar.

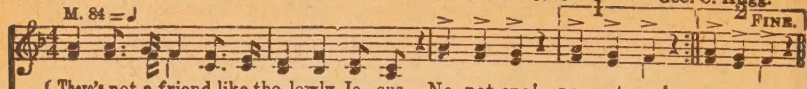
M. 166 = ♩


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
2. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry To save my soul and make me free,
Cho.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!
O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

170 No. Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright. Geo. C. Hugg.

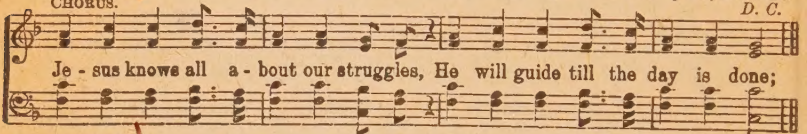
M. 84 = ♩



1. There's not a friend like the lowly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   None else could heal all our soul's diseases, No, not one! [*Omit . .*] no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
   And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! [*Omit . .*] no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
   No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! [*Omit . .*] no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
   Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! [*Omit . .*] no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!
   Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! [*Omit . .*] no, not one!

D.C.-There's not a friend like the lowly Je - sus, No, not one! [*Omit . .*] no, not one!

CHORUS. *D. C.*



171 Hallelujah! What a Savior!

P. P. B. M. 84 = ♩

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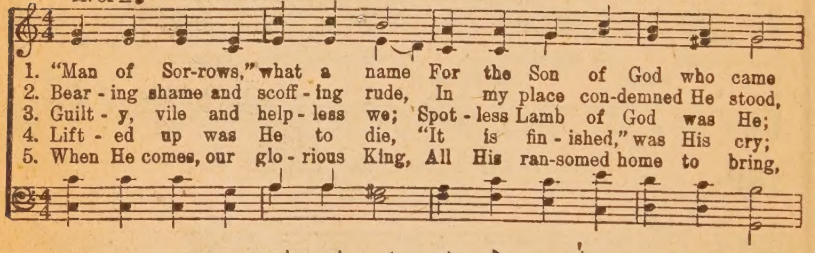
P. P. Bliss.

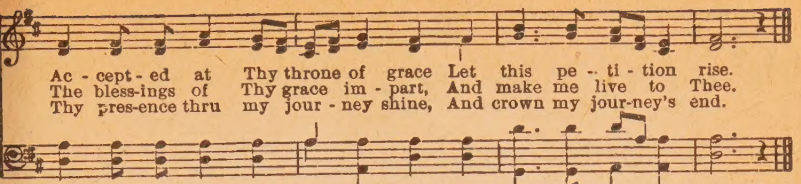

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile and help - less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin - ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,
Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
"Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

172 Father, Whate'er.

Anne Steele. M. 69 ♩

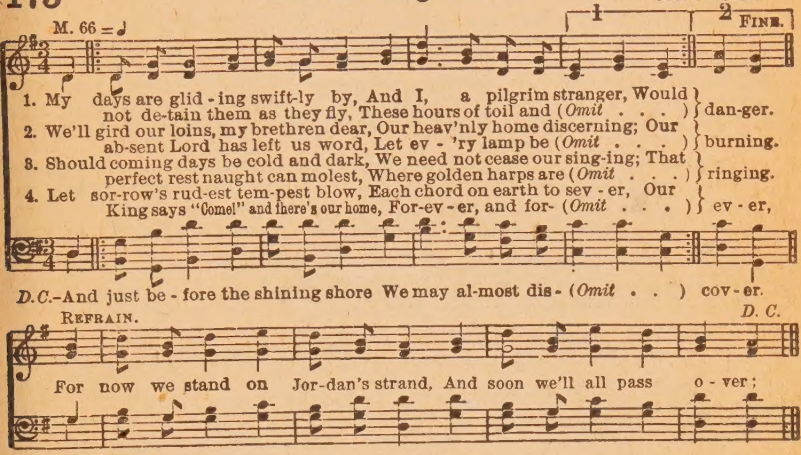
1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

Father, Whate'er.


Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
The bless-ings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy pres-ence thru my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end.

173 The Shining Shore.

Geo. F. Root.

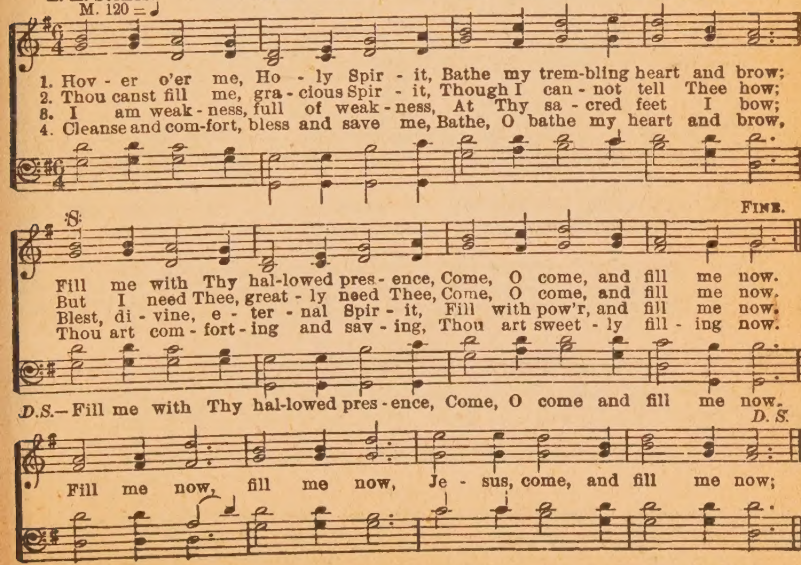

M. 66 = ♩
1
2
FINE.
1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not de-tain them as they fly, These hours of toil and (Omit . . .) dan-ger.
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our heav'nly home discerning; Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be (Omit . . .) burning.
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing; That perfect rest naught can molest, Where golden harps are (Omit . . .) ringing.
4. Let sor-row's rud-est tem-pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er, Our King says "Come!" and there's our home, For-ev - er, and for- (Omit . . .) ev - er,
D.C.–And just be - fore the shining shore We may al-most dis - (Omit . .) cov - er.
REFRAIN.
D. C.
For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, And soon we'll all pass o - ver;

174 Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes.

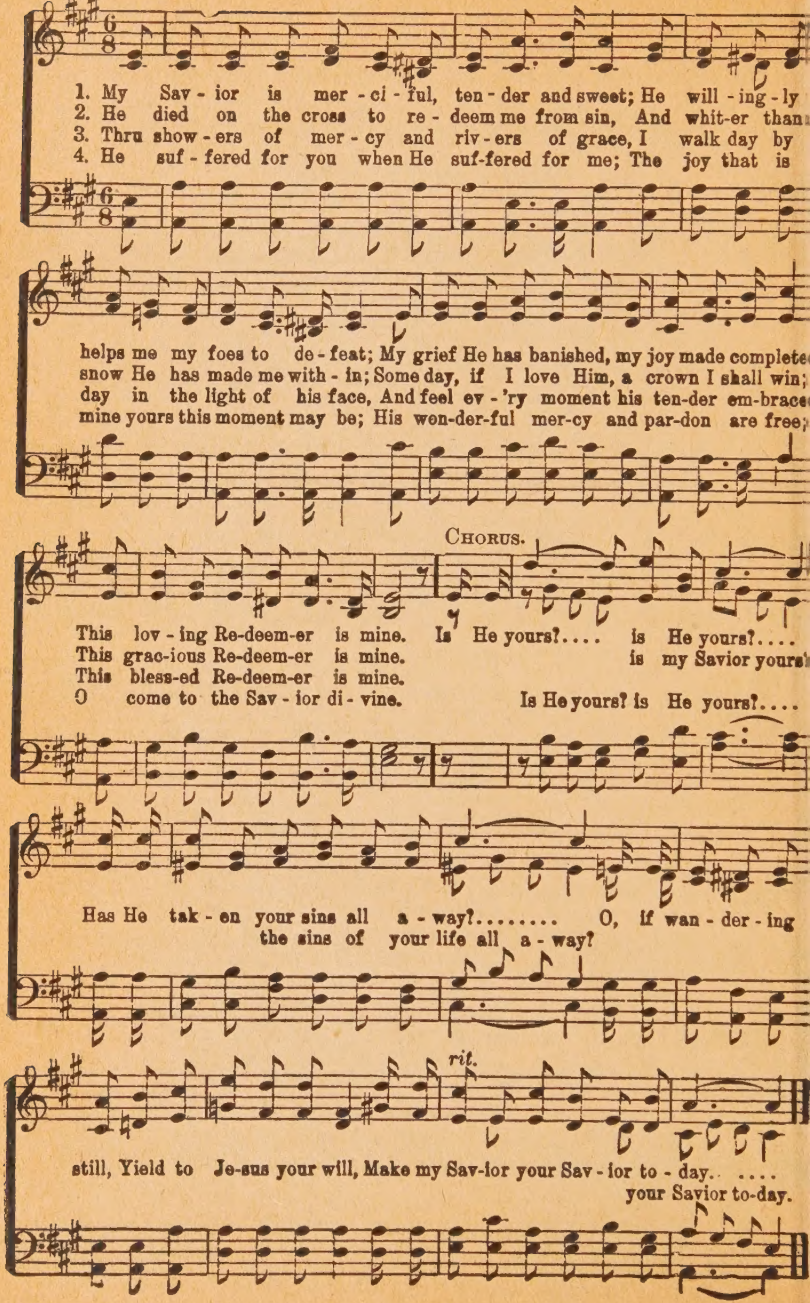
Copyright, 1905, by Mrs. L. E. Sweney. Renewal,

Jno. R. Sweney.


M. 120 = ♩
1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak - ness, full of weak - ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and com-fort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow.
S.
FINE.
Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres - ence, Come, O come, and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee, Come, O come, and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.
D.S.–Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres - ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
D. S.
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;

175 Is My Savior Yours?

James Rowe. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.


1. My Sav - ior is mer - ci - ful, ten - der and sweet; He will - ing - ly
2. He died on the cross to re - deem me from sin, And whit-er than
3. Thru show - ers of mer - cy and riv - ers of grace, I walk day by
4. He suf - fered for you when He suf-fered for me; The joy that is
helps me my foes to de - feat; My grief He has banished, my joy made complete
snow He has made me with - in; Some day, if I love Him, a crown I shall win;
day in the light of his face, And feel ev - 'ry moment his ten-der em-brace
mine yours this moment may be; His won-der-ful mer-cy and par-don are free;
CHORUS.
This lov - ing Re-deem-er is mine. Is He yours?.... is He yours?....
This grac-ious Re-deem-er is mine. is my Savior yours?
This bless-ed Re-deem-er is mine.
O come to the Sav - ior di - vine. Is He yours? is He yours?....
Has He tak - en your sins all a - way?..... O, if wan - der - ing
the sins of your life all a - way?
rit.
still, Yield to Je-sus your will, Make my Sav-ior your Sav - ior to - day. ....
your Savior to-day.

176 They Come

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1923, by Thoro Harris T. H. arr.

1. They come from the East and West, They come from the lands a - far,
2. I look on the great white throne, Be - fore it the ransom'd stand;
3. The gates of that ho - ly place Stand o - pen by night and day;
Since Je - sus has set me free, I'm hap - py as heart can be;
To feast with the King to dine as His guest: How blessed these pilgrims are!
No lon - ger are tears, no sor - row is known Nor death in that good-ly land.
O look to the Lord who "giveth more grace," Whose love has prepar'd the way.
No lon - ger I bear the bur - den of care, His yoke is so sweet to me.
Be - hold - ing His hal-low'd face A-glow with a light di - vine;
My Sav - ior has gone be - fore, Pre - par - ing the way for me;
A home in those man-sions fair His hand hath re - serv'd for all
My soul was as bleak as night, But dark-ness has tak - en flight;
Blest par - tak - ers of His grace, As gems in His crown to shine.
Soon we'll meet to part no more Thru time or e - ter - ni - ty.
For the wed-ding feast pre-pare, O - bey - ing the gra - cious call.
Now I shout the vic - to - ry, For Je - sus has set me free.

177

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR.

JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.
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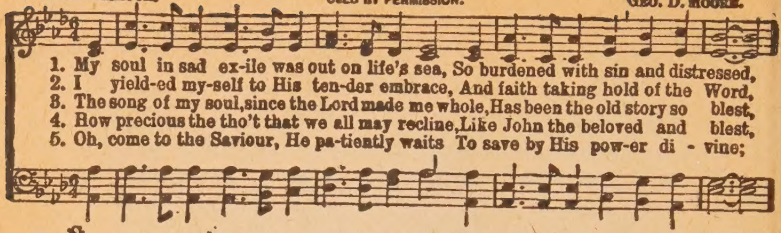
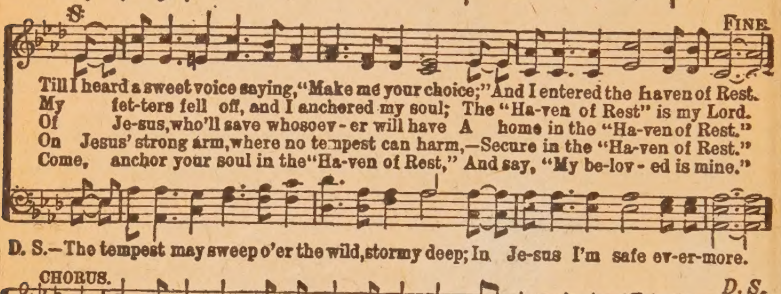
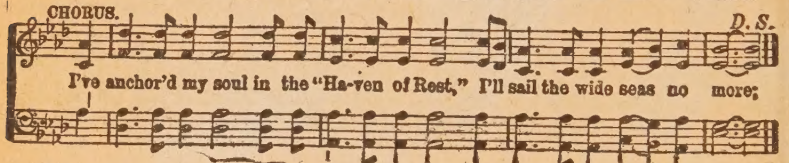
GEO. D. MOORE.


1. My soul in sad ex-ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and distressed,
2. I yield-ed my-self to His ten-der embrace, And faith taking hold of the Word,
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old story so blest,
4. How precious the tho't that we all may recline, Like John the beloved and blest,
5. Oh, come to the Saviour, He pa-tiently waits To save by His pow-er di - vine;


S.
FINE.
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the Haven of Rest.
My fet-ters fell off, and I anchored my soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
Of Je-sus, who'll save whosoev-er will have A home in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—Secure in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
Come, anchor your soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," And say, "My be-lov-ed is mine."

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep; In Je-sus I'm safe ev-er-more.



178

Where Are the Reapers?

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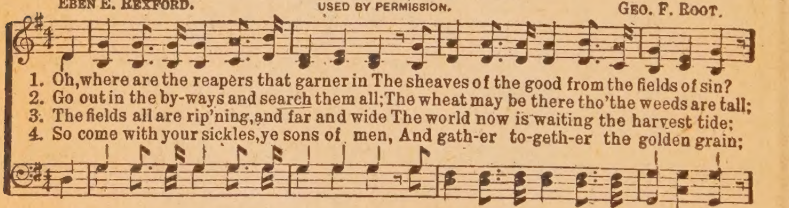
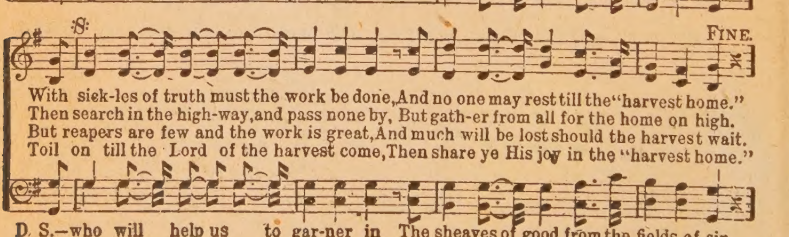
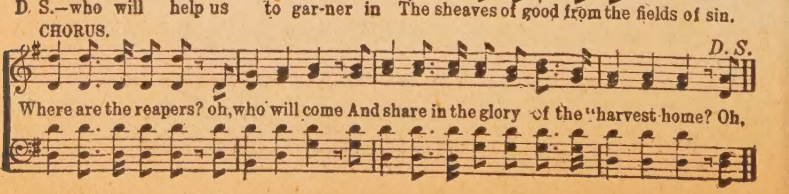
EBEN E. REXFORD.

GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Oh, where are the reapers that garner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin?
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there tho' the weeds are tall;
3. The fields all are rip'ning, and far and wide The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-er the golden grain;


S.
FINE.
With sick-les of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
Then search in the high-way, and pass none by, But gath-er from all for the home on high.
But reapers are few and the work is great, And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come, Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

D. S.—who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.



179 It is Well With My Soul.

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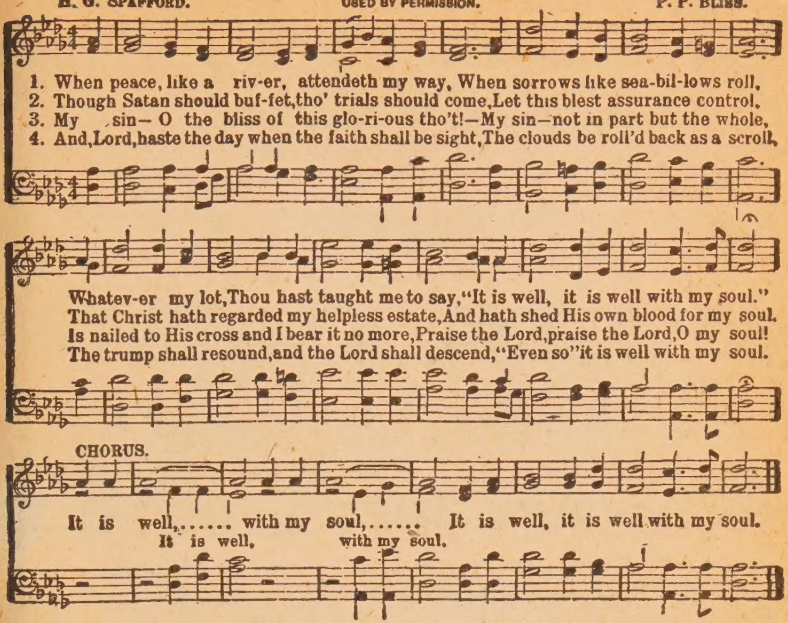
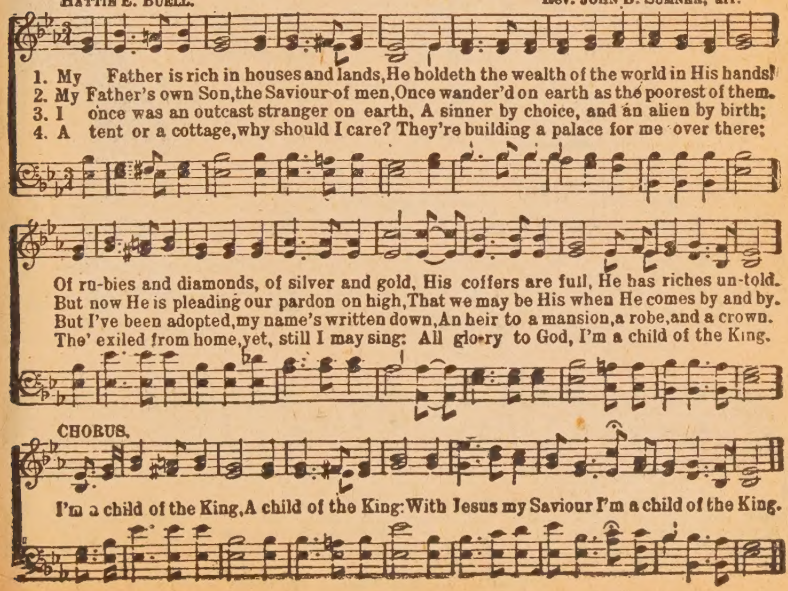
H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.


1. When peace, like a riv-er, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bil-lows roll,
2. Though Satan should buf-fet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control,
3. My sin— O the bliss of this glo-ri-ous tho't!—My sin—not in part but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,
Whatev-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so" it is well with my soul.
CHORUS.
It is well,..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul.

180 A Child of the King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.


1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd on earth as the poorest of them.
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth;
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for me over there;
Of ru-bies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His coffers are full, He has riches un-told.
But now He is pleading our pardon on high, That we may be His when He comes by and by.
But I've been adopted, my name's written down, An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
The' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All glo-ry to God, I'm a child of the King.
CHORUS.
I'm a child of the King, A child of the King: With Jesus my Saviour I'm a child of the King.

181 Sweet Will of God.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

DUET.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be
2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wea - ry, The dark-some
3. Thy pre-cious will, O con - qu'ring Sav - ior, Doth now em-
4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way-ward
Thine, and Thine a - lone; And this the prayer my lips are
path hath drear - y grown, But now a light has ris'n to
brace and com - pass me; All dis-cords hushed, my peace a
feet no more to roam; What pow'r from Thee my soul can
rit.
CHORUS.
bringing, "Lord, let in me Thy will be done."
cheer me; I find in Thee my Star, my Sun.
riv - er, My soul a prisoned bird set free.
sev - er? The cen - ter of God's will my home.
Sweet will of
God, still fold me closer, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee: Sweet will of
God, still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in Thee.

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182 Look On His Face

W. O. J. WILL. O. JONES.

1. Just look up - on the face of Je - sus, He'll light - en the way, He'll light-en the way; Just tell him all your grief and
2. Just look up - on the face of Je - sus, He'll free - ly for- give, He'll free-ly for-give; O bring him all your sins and
3. Just look up - on the face of Je - sus, He'll guide all the way, He'll guide all the way; He'll fill thee with his ho - ly
4. Just look up - on the face of Je - sus, He'll cleanse and re- fine, He'll cleanse and re-fine; He'll sanc - ti - fy and give thee
CHORUS.
an - guish, He'll make your night as day.
sor - row, The peace of Christ re-ceive.
pres - ence,—O trust him and o - bey!
pow - er, When he is whol - ly thine.
Look on his face,
trust-ing in his blood; Live by his grace, 'neath the crimson flood; Just
look on his face, matchless and di - vine, And in his like-ness shine.

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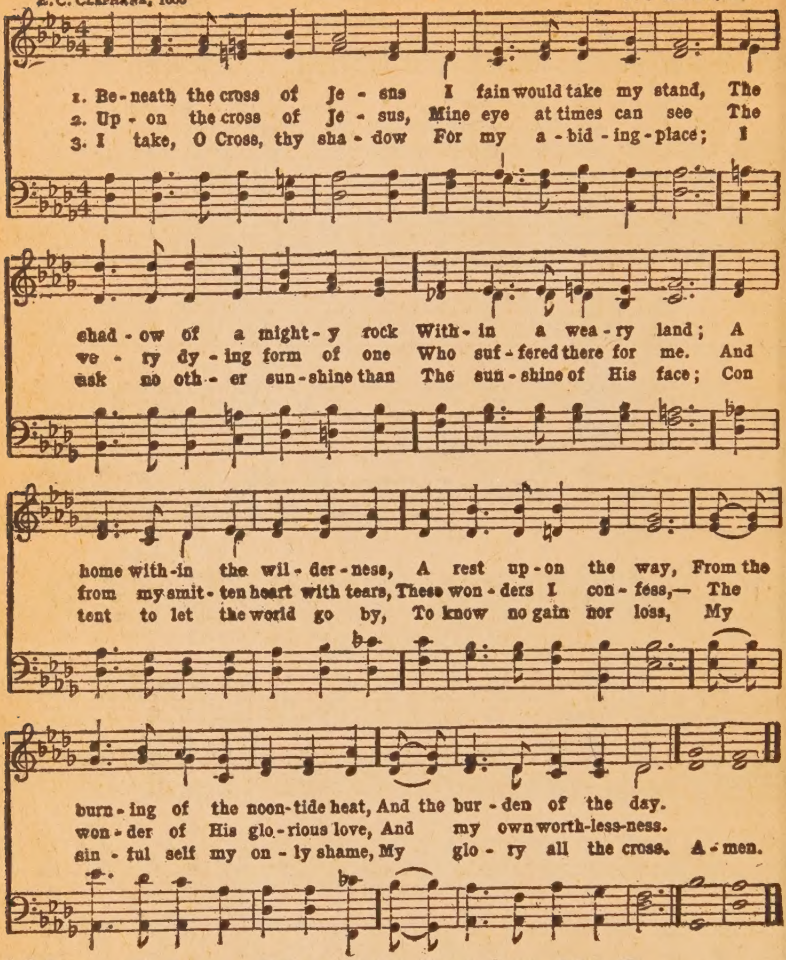
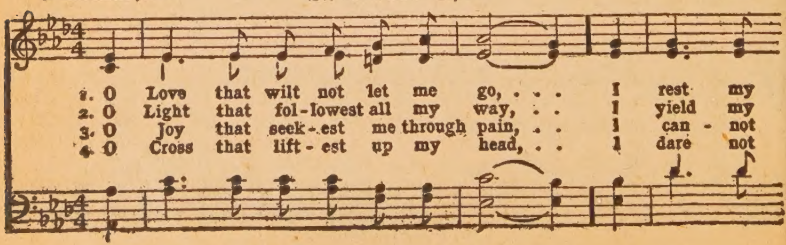
Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

E. C. Clephane, 1868 — "ST. CHRISTOPHER" — F. C. Maker, 1881

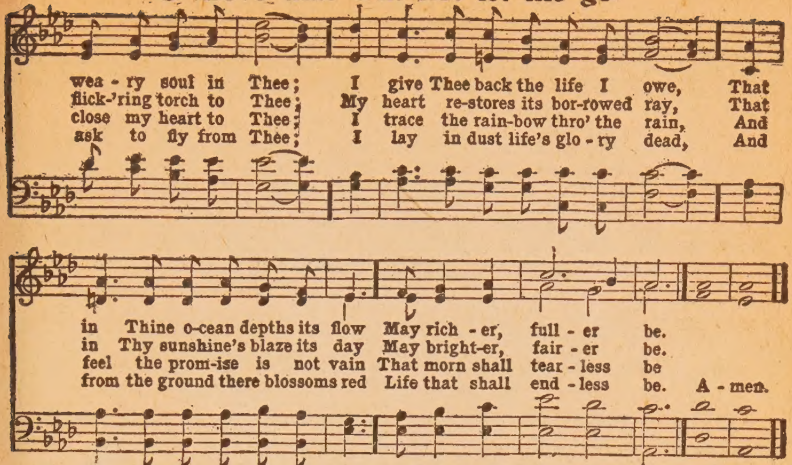

1. Be-neath the cross of Je-sus I fain would take my stand, The
2. Up-on the cross of Je-sus, Mine eye at times can see The
3. I take, O Cross, thy sha-dow For my a-bid-ing-place; I
shad-ow of a might-y rock With-in a wea-ry land; A
ve-ry dy-ing form of one Who suf-fered there for me. And
ask no oth-er sun-shine than The sun-shine of His face; Con
home with-in the wil-der-ness, A rest up-on the way, From the
from my smit-ten heart with tears, These won-ders I con-fess,— The
tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss, My
burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur-den of the day.
won-der of His glo-rious love, And my own worth-less-ness.
sin-ful self my on-ly shame, My glo-ry all the cross. A-men.

184 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

G. Matheson, 1882 — St. Margaret. 8s, 6. — A. L. Peace, 1881


1. O Love that wilt not let me go, . . . I rest my
2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, . . I yield my
3. O Joy that seek-est me through pain, . . I can-not
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, . . I dare not

O Love that wilt not let me go.


wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
flick-'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That
close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And
ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And
in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - men.

185 Jesus is Mine.

CATHARINE J. BONAR — Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? — THEODORE E. PERKINS

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a way, Je sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare well, mor - tal - i ty Je sus is mine! Wel - come, e -
ten der tie; Je sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
ter - ni - ty. Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, O loved and blest,
Earth has no rest-ing-place, Je - sus a-lone can bless; Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je sus is mine!
Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

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186 Jesus Only.

Mrs. M. A. S. Mrs. Minnie A. Steele.

1. There's a song with - in my heart be-cause of Je - sus, Of my
life He now has full con - trol; He's the one to me that's al - to -
geth-er love - ly, He's the on - ly one true lov - er of my soul.
2. He has bound-less love and ten - der-est com - pas - sion, And His
name I ev - er will ex - tol; O the bless - ed-ness of giv - ing
all to Je - sus, He's the on - ly one true lov - er of my soul.
3. O, how sweet to lay my head up - on His bo - som, And on
Him my ev - 'ry care I roll; In His lov - ing arms He fond - ly
doth embrace me, He's the on - ly one true lov - er of my soul.
Chorus.
Je-sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, He's the
Je - sus on - ly.
Je - sus on - ly,
on - ly one true lov - er of my soul; Je-sus on - ly, Je-sus
Je - sus on - ly,

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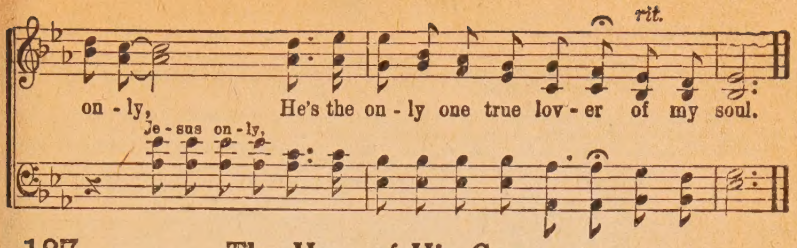


187 The Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. Geo. F. Root.

1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of His gar-ment As to His side she stole,
2. She came in fear and trem-bling be - fore Him, She knew Her Lord had come;
3. He turn'd with "daughter be of good comfort, Thy faith hath made thee whole,"

A - mid the crowd that gathered a-round Him, And straightway she was whole.
She felt that from Him vir - tue had healed her, The might-y deed was done.
And peace that passeth all un - der-stand-ing With glad-ness filled her soul.

CHORUS.

Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment And thou, too, shall be free;

His sav - ing pow'r this ve - ry hour Shall give new life to thee.

188 I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. S. C. Foster.

M. 84 = ♩

1. { Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and all that would alarm
   { Gone ev-er-more, and by His grace I know [*Omit* . . . . . .
2. { Once I was lost up-on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to doubts and fears within;
   { Once was a-fraid to trust a lov-ing God, [*Omit* . . . . . .
3. { Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but now the light I see;
   { Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live; [*Omit* . . . . . .

D. S.—Be-cause He first loved me, [*Omit* . . . . . .

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

The precious blood of Je-sus cleans-es white as snow.
But now my guilt is washed a-way in Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
To tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.

And purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

189 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

W. Gladden. H. Percy Smith.

M. 120 = ♩

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee, In low-ly paths of ser-vice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win-ning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy pa-tience; still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broadening way;

Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o-ver wrong.
In peace that on-ly Thou can'st give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live.

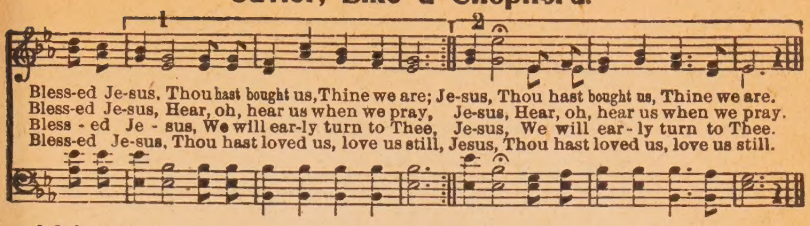
190 Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.

M. 104 = ♩

1. { Sav-ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care:
   { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare: } Blessed Je-sus,
2. { We are Thine; do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
   { Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray; } Blessed Je-sus,
3. { Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
   { Thou hast mercy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free, } Blessed Je-sus,
4. { Ear-ly let us seek Thy fa-vor, Ear-ly let us do Thy will;
   { Bless-ed Lord and on-ly Sav-ior, With Thy love our bosoms fill; } Blessed Je-sus,

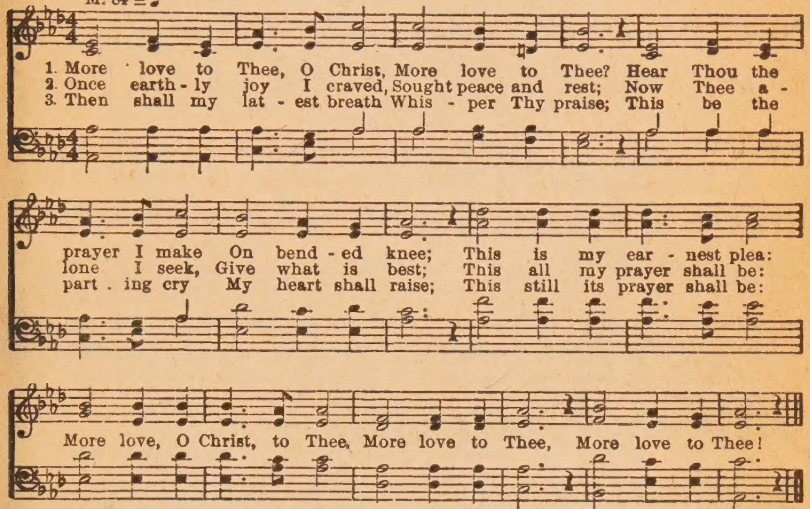
Savior, Like a Shepherd.


1
2
Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray, Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.
Bless - ed Je - sus, We will ear-ly turn to Thee, Je-sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still, Jesus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

191 More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss. M. 84 = ♩

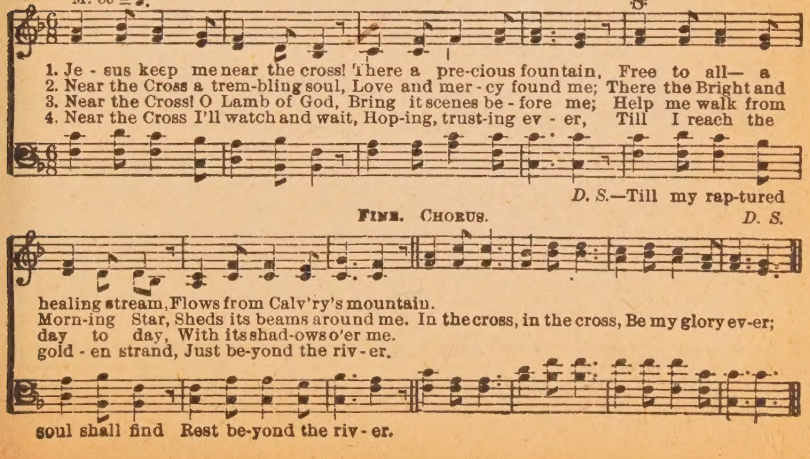
W. H. Doane.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee? Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
part . ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

192 Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. M. 50 = ♩.

W. H. Doane.


1. Je - sus keep me near the cross! There a pre-cious fountain, Free to all— a
2. Near the Cross a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the Bright and
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring it scenes be - fore me; Help me walk from
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop-ing, trust-ing ev - er, Till I reach the
D. S.—Till my rap-tured
FINE. CHORUS. D. S.
healing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
Morn-ing Star, Sheds its beams around me. In the cross, in the cross, Be my glory ev-er;
day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
gold - en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.
soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

193 One of These Days.

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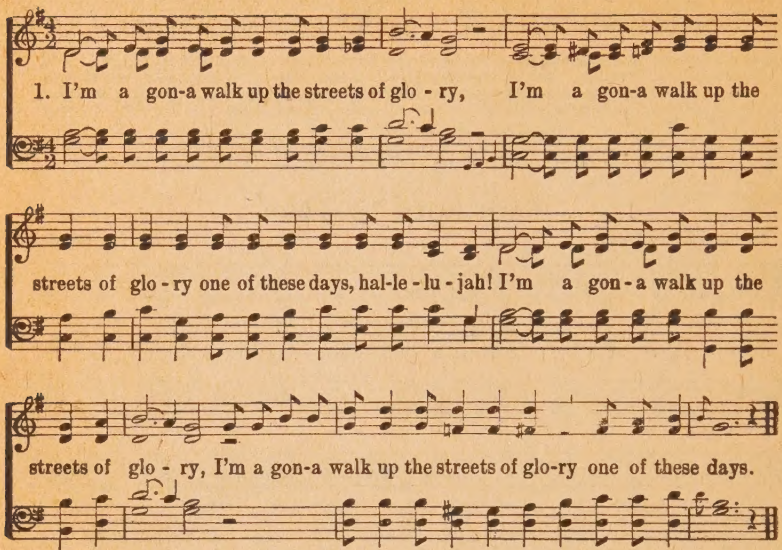
1. I'm a gon-a walk up the streets of glo - ry, I'm a gon-a walk up the
streets of glo - ry one of these days, hal-le - lu - jah! I'm a gon - a walk up the
streets of glo - ry, I'm a gon-a walk up the streets of glo-ry one of these days.

2. I'm a gon-a rise and meet my Savior.
3. I'm a gon-a run and not grow weary.
4. I'm a gon-a eat of the hidden manna.
5. I'm a gon-a shout all over God's heaven.
6. I'm a gon-a see my a-sainted mother.
7. I'm a gon-a see my a-blessed Jesus.

194 My Father's House.

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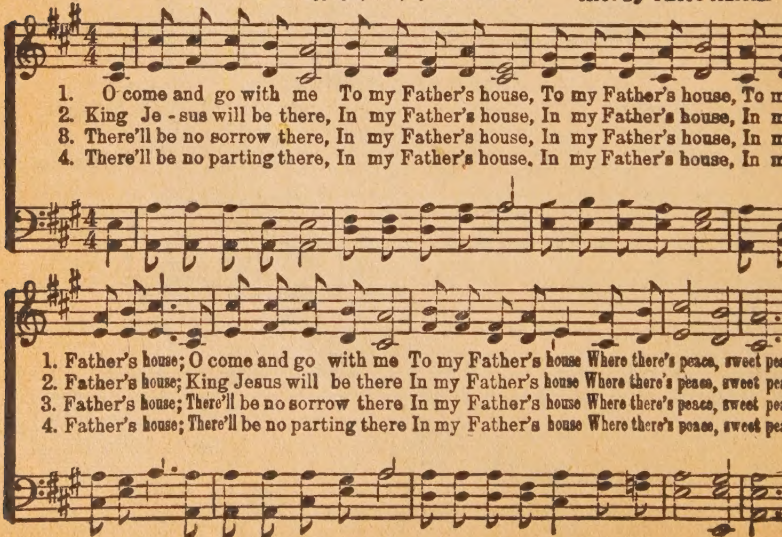
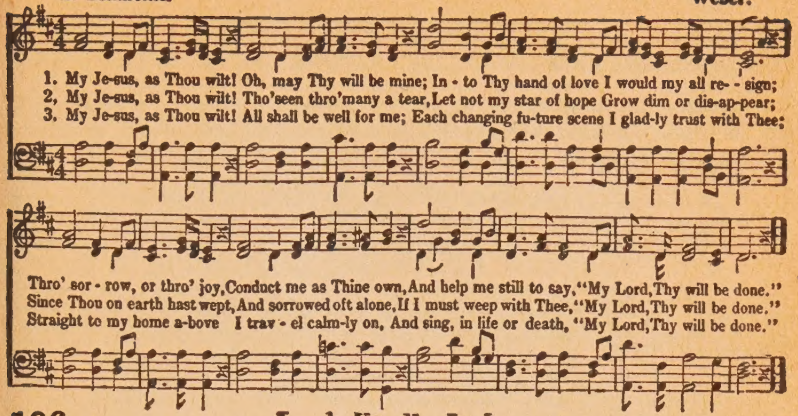

1. O come and go with me To my Father's house, To my Father's house, To my
2. King Je - sus will be there, In my Father's house, In my Father's house, In my
3. There'll be no sorrow there, In my Father's house, In my Father's house, In my
4. There'll be no parting there, In my Father's house, In my Father's house, In my
1. Father's house; O come and go with me To my Father's house Where there's peace, sweet peace.
2. Father's house; King Jesus will be there In my Father's house Where there's peace, sweet peace.
3. Father's house; There'll be no sorrow there In my Father's house Where there's peace, sweet peace.
4. Father's house; There'll be no parting there In my Father's house Where there's peace, sweet peace.

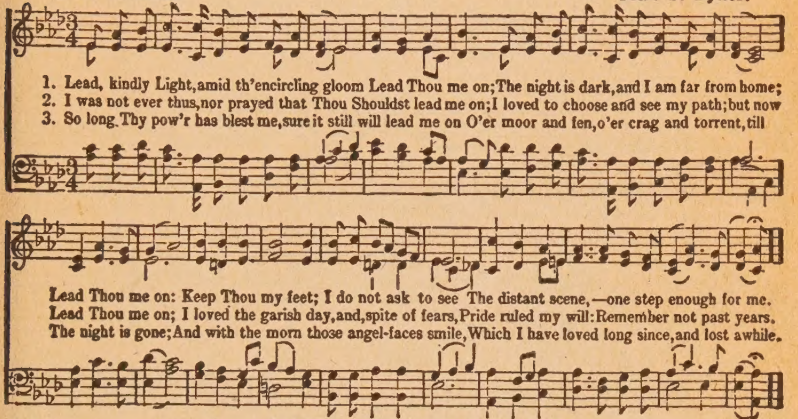
195 My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.


1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;
Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

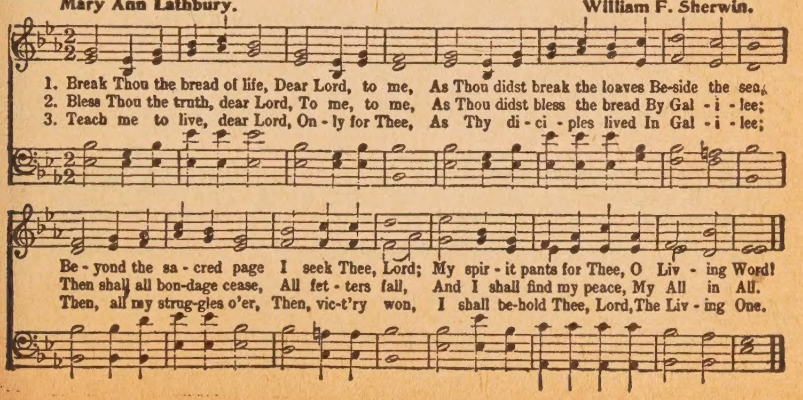
196 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene, —one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

197 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy di - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;
Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

200 If You Knew Him

T. H

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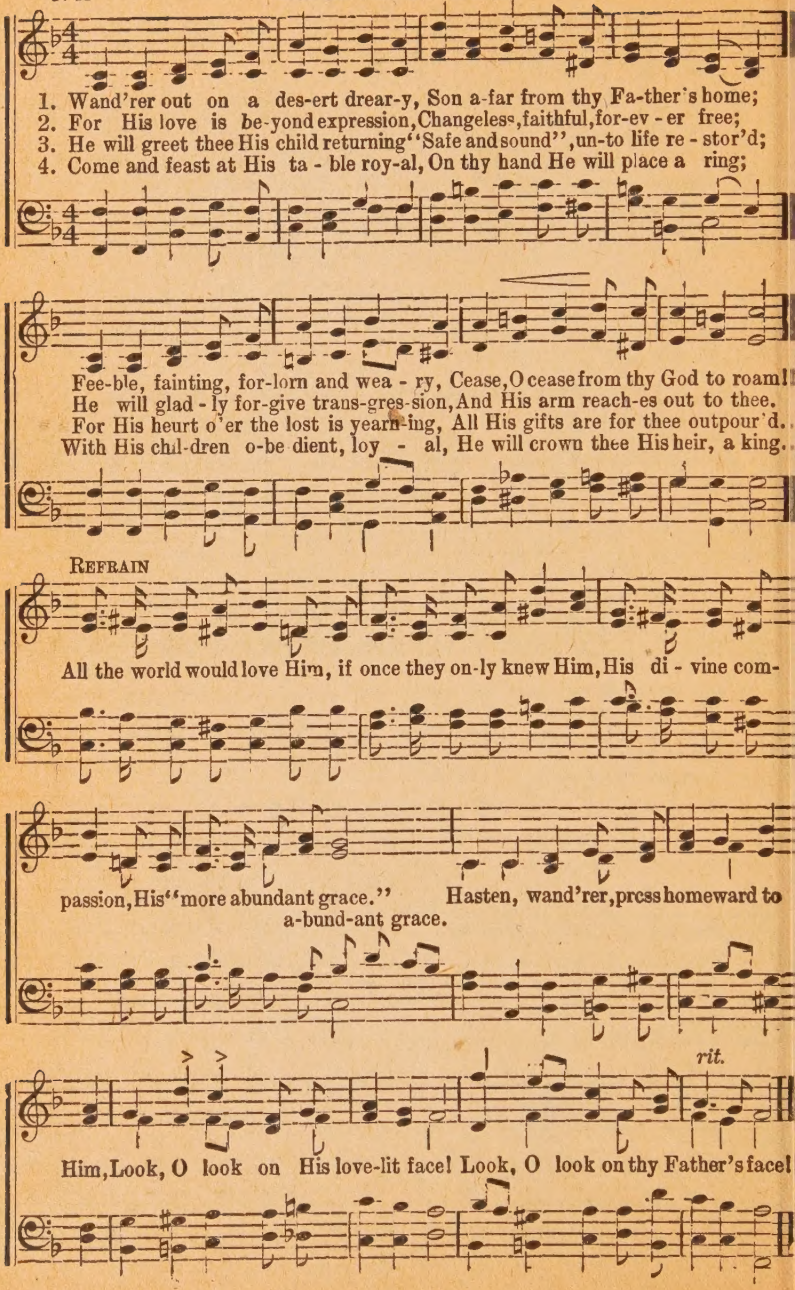
Thoro Harris


1. Wand'rer out on a des-ert drear-y, Son a-far from thy Fa-ther's home;
2. For His love is be-yond expression, Changeless, faithful, for-ev-er free;
3. He will greet thee His child returning "Safe and sound", un-to life re-stor'd;
4. Come and feast at His ta-ble roy-al, On thy hand He will place a ring;
Fee-ble, fainting, for-lorn and wea-ry, Cease, O cease from thy God to roam!
He will glad-ly for-give trans-gres-sion, And His arm reach-es out to thee.
For His heurt o'er the lost is yearn-ing, All His gifts are for thee outpour'd.
With His chil-dren o-be dient, loy-al, He will crown thee His heir, a king.
REFRAIN
All the world would love Him, if once they on-ly knew Him, His di-vine com-
passion, His "more abundant grace." Hasten, wand'rer, press homeward to
a-bund-ant grace.
rit.
Him, Look, O look on His love-lit face! Look, O look on thy Father's face!

201 Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo-ry to God,
2. We are lost a-mid the rap-ture of re-deem-ing love; Glo-ry to God.
3. We are go-ing to a pal-ace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to God,
4. There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to God,
hal-le-lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ev-er, with our faith more strong:
hal-le-lu-jah! We are ris-ing on its pinions to the hills a-bove:
hal-le-lu-jah! Where the King in all his splendor we shall soon be-hold:
hal-le-lu-jah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng;
FINE. CHORUS.
Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the children of the Lord have a
right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our
souls are on the wing; We are go-ing by and by to the pal-ace of a King!
D.S.

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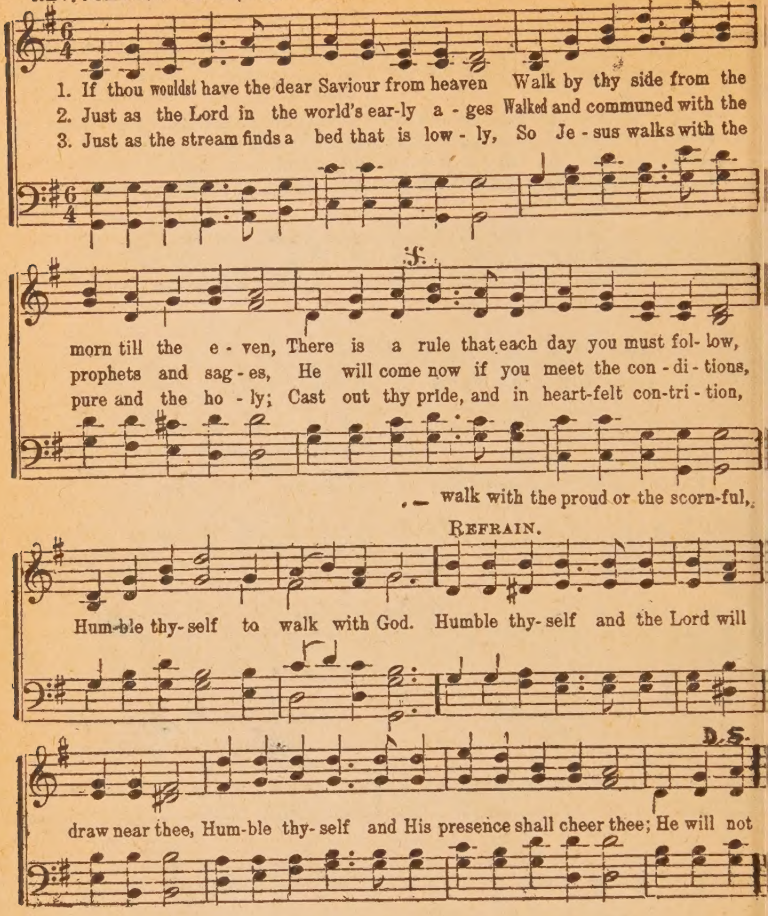
202 Humble Thyself to Walk.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. Copyright, 1909, by W. J. Rogers. W. J. ROGERS.


1. If thou wouldst have the dear Saviour from heaven Walk by thy side from the
2. Just as the Lord in the world's ear-ly a - ges Walked and communed with the
3. Just as the stream finds a bed that is low - ly, So Je - sus walks with the
morn till the e - ven, There is a rule that each day you must fol- low,
prophets and sag - es, He will come now if you meet the con - di - tions,
pure and the ho - ly; Cast out thy pride, and in heart-felt con-tri - tion,
walk with the proud or the scorn-ful,
REFRAIN.
Hum-ble thy-self to walk with God. Humble thy-self and the Lord will
D.S.
draw near thee, Hum-ble thy-self and His presence shall cheer thee; He will not

203 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

Joy Unspeakable.

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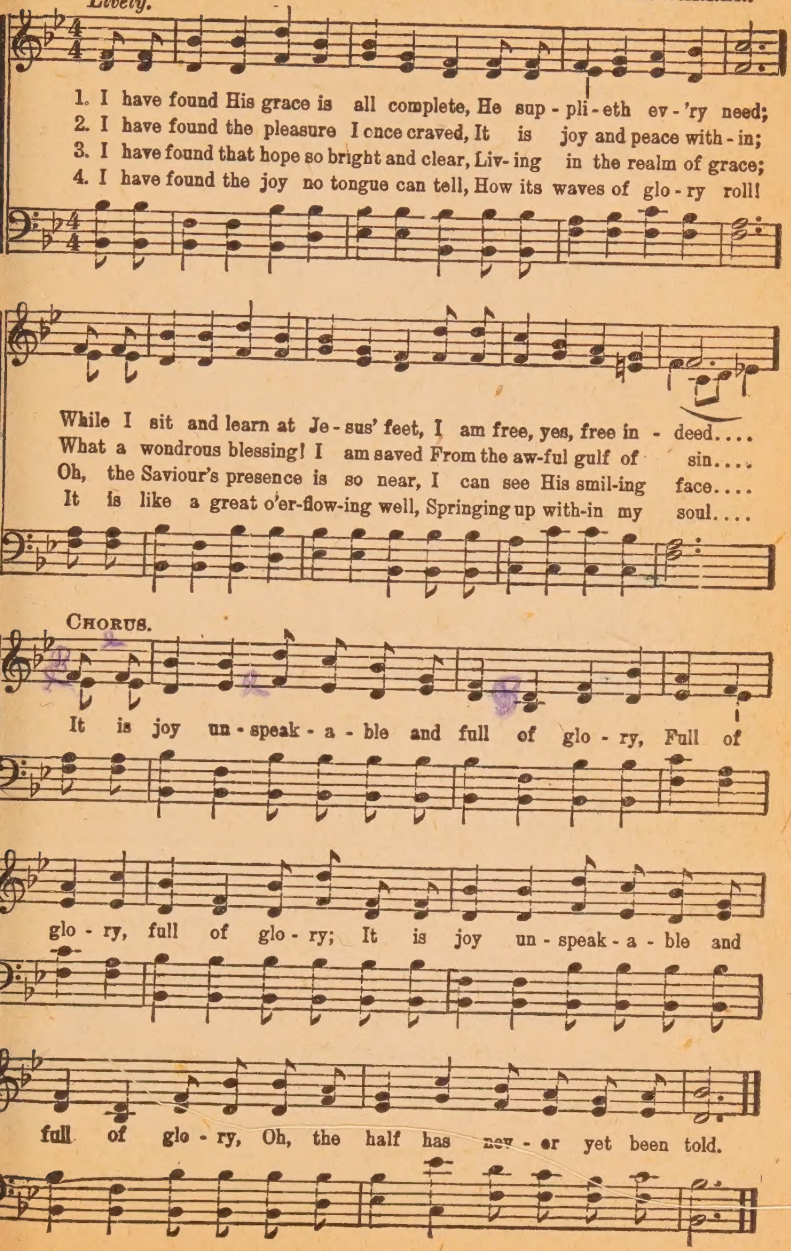
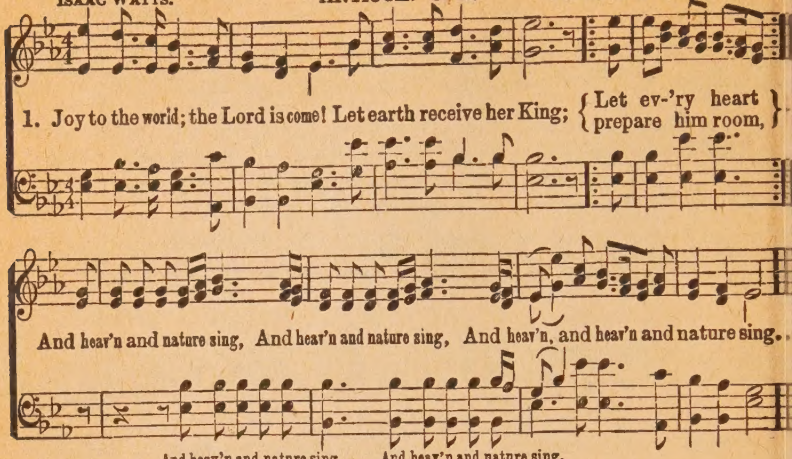
B. E. W. *Lively.* 1 Pet. 1: 8. B. E. WARREN.


1. I have found His grace is all complete, He sup - pli - eth ev - 'ry need;
2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace with - in;
3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv - ing in the realm of grace;
4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glo - ry roll!
While I sit and learn at Je - sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed....
What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the aw-ful gulf of sin....
Oh, the Saviour's presence is so near, I can see His smil-ing face....
It is like a great o'er-flow-ing well, Springing up with-in my soul....
CHORUS.
It is joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of
glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un - speak - a - ble and
full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.

205 Joy to the World.

"Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.-Luke 2: 10.

ISAAC WATTS. ANTIOCH. C. M. Fr. GEORGE F. HANDEL.


1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; { Let ev-'ry heart / prepare him room,
And hear'n and nature sing, And hear'n and nature sing, And hear'n, and hear'n and nature sing.
And hear'n and nature sing, And hear'n and nature sing,

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ; [plains,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessing flow
Far as the curse is found.

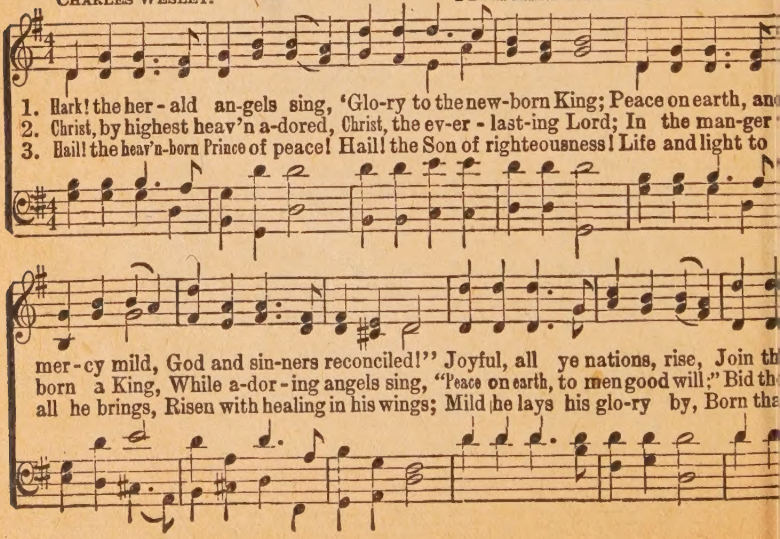
4 He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

206 Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.

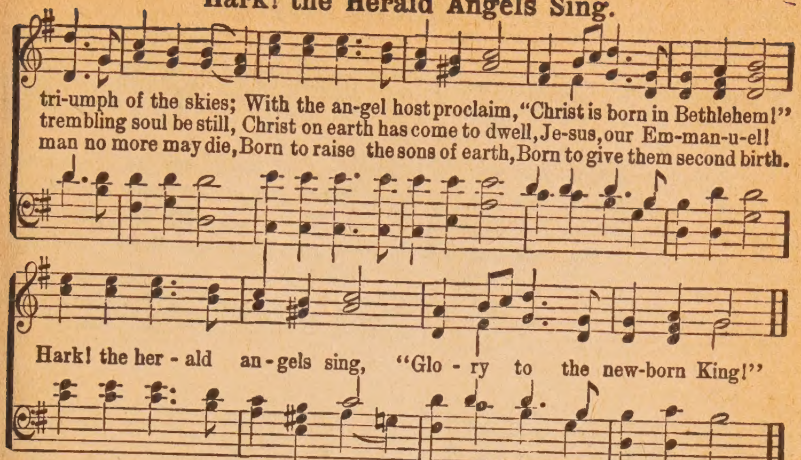
"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2: 14.

HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

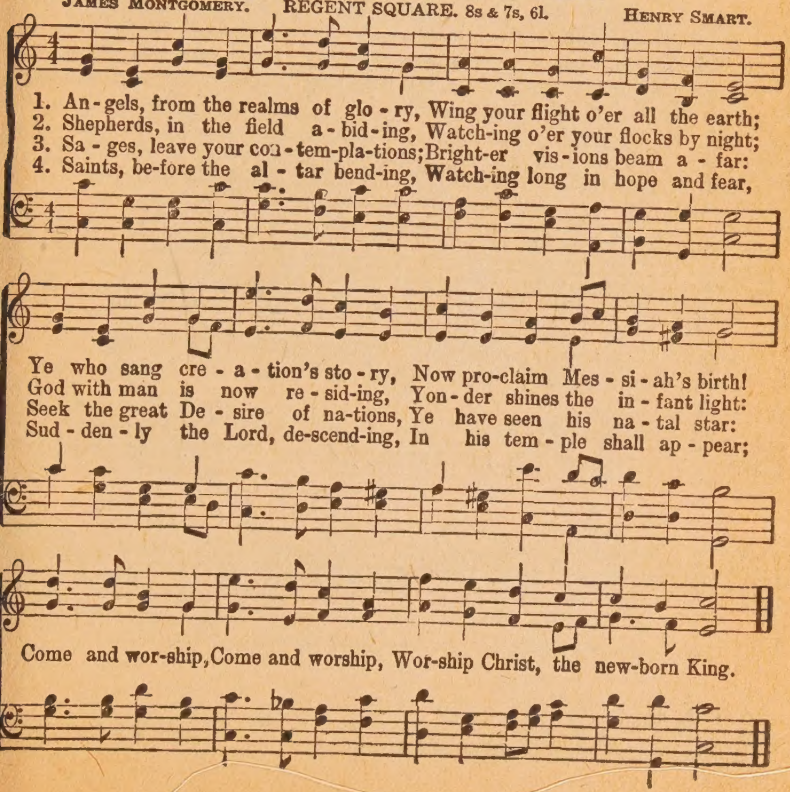

1. Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing, 'Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by highest heav'n a-dored, Christ, the ev-er - last-ing Lord; In the man-ger
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail! the Son of righteousness! Life and light to
mer - cy mild, God and sin-ners reconciled!" Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join th
born a King, While a-dor - ing angels sing, "Peace on earth, to men good will;" Bid th
all he brings, Risen with healing in his wings; Mild he lays his glo-ry by, Born tha

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.


tri-umph of the skies; With the an-gel host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
trembling soul be still, Christ on earth has come to dwell, Je-sus, our Em-man-u-el!
man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!"

207 Angels, From the Realms.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s, 6l. HENRY SMART.


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night;
3. Sa - ges, leave your con - tem-pla-tions; Bright-er vis - ions beam a - far:
4. Saints, be-fore the al - tar bend-ing, Watch-ing long in hope and fear,
Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth!
God with man is now re - sid-ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant light:
Seek the great De - sire of na-tions, Ye have seen his na - tal star:
Sud - den - ly the Lord, de-scend-ing, In his tem - ple shall ap - pear;
Come and wor-ship, Come and worship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King.

208 Some Blessed Day

CHAS. W. JORDEN, Sr. THORO HARRIS

1. Some day the jour - ney will be o'er; Then I shall rest for - ev - er-more,
2. Some day I'll leave this house of clay, The heav'nly call with joy o - bey;
3. Some day; till then I'd faith-ful be To Him who gave His life for me;
4. Some day! it fills my heart with joy And gives me peace without al - loy;
And I will see my Savior's face Who saves and keeps me by His grace.
Then with the bright an - gel - ic band Up - on the gold - en street I'll stand.
Then thru His boundless grace a - lone I'll sit with Je - sus on His throne.
There I shall en - ter in - to rest And lean for - ev - er on His breast.
REFRAIN.
Some day, some joy - ful day, My tears shall be wip'd a - way,
Some blessed day, some joy - ful day, My tears shall all be wip'd a-way,
And I shall see Him as He is Some day, some blessed day,
hap-py day.

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Father, Reveal Thy Love.

T. H. Tranquilo.

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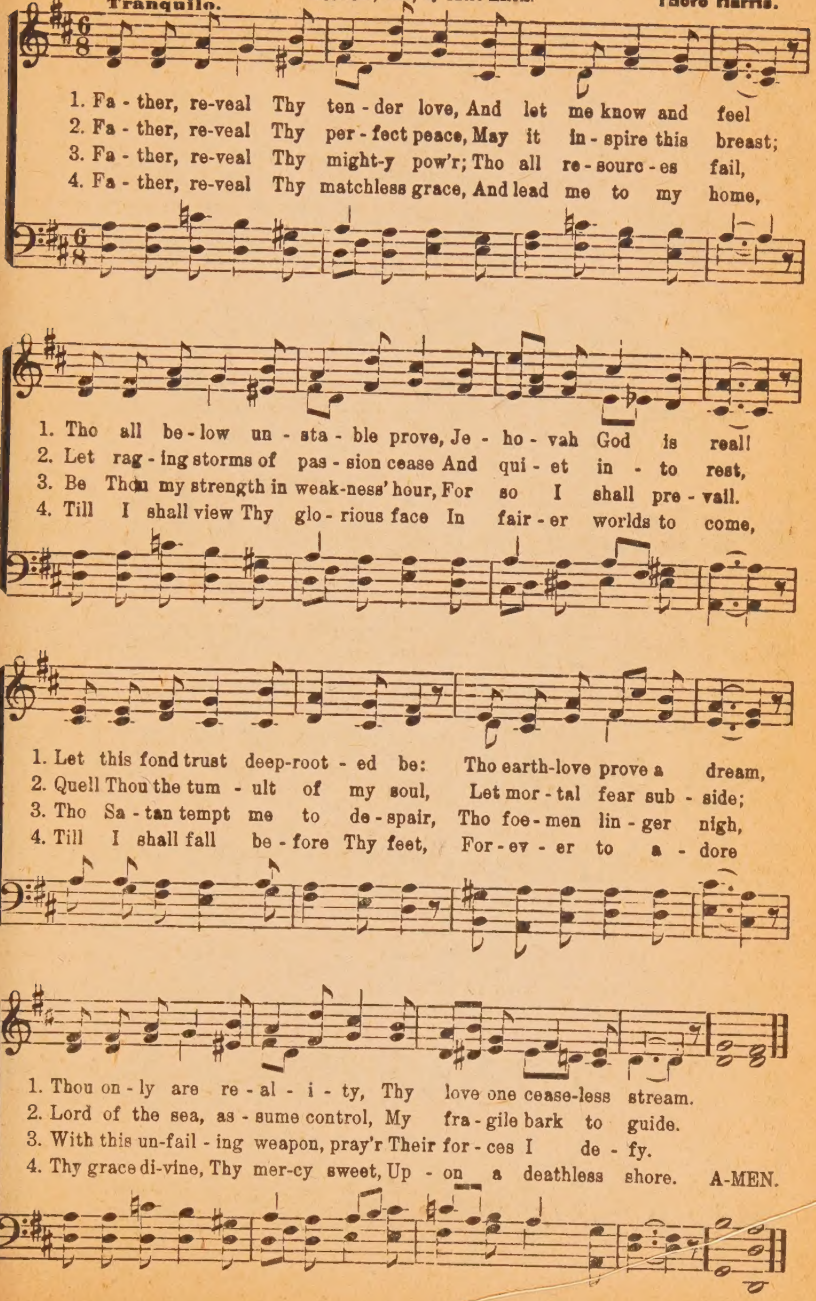
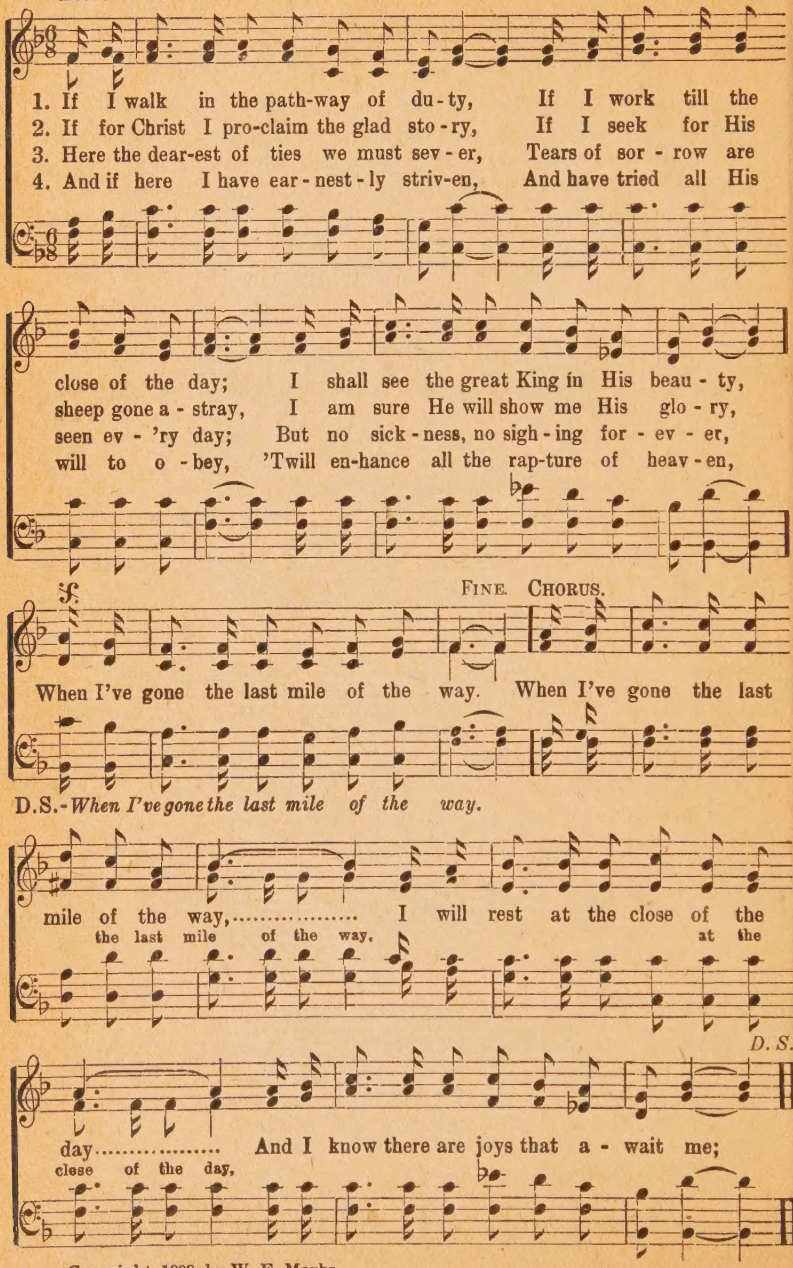
Thoro Harris.


1. Fa - ther, re-veal Thy ten - der love, And let me know and feel
2. Fa - ther, re-veal Thy per - fect peace, May it in - spire this breast;
3. Fa - ther, re-veal Thy might-y pow'r; Tho all re - sourc - es fail,
4. Fa - ther, re-veal Thy matchless grace, And lead me to my home,
1. Tho all be - low un - sta - ble prove, Je - ho - vah God is reall
2. Let rag - ing storms of pas - sion cease And qui - et in - to rest,
3. Be Thou my strength in weak-ness' hour, For so I shall pre - vail.
4. Till I shall view Thy glo - rious face In fair - er worlds to come,
1. Let this fond trust deep-root - ed be: Tho earth-love prove a dream,
2. Quell Thou the tum - ult of my soul, Let mor - tal fear sub - side;
3. Tho Sa - tan tempt me to de - spair, Tho foe - men lin - ger nigh,
4. Till I shall fall be - fore Thy feet, For - ev - er to a - dore
1. Thou on - ly are re - al - i - ty, Thy love one cease-less stream.
2. Lord of the sea, as - sume control, My fra - gile bark to guide.
3. With this un-fail - ing weapon, pray'r Their for - ces I de - fy.
4. Thy grace di-vine, Thy mer-cy sweet, Up - on a deathless shore. A-MEN.

210 The Last Mile of the Way.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN. WM. EDIE MARKS.


1. If I walk in the path-way of du-ty, If I work till the
2. If for Christ I pro-claim the glad sto-ry, If I seek for His
3. Here the dear-est of ties we must sev-er, Tears of sor-row are
4. And if here I have ear-nest-ly striv-en, And have tried all His
close of the day; I shall see the great King in His beau-ty,
sheep gone a-stray, I am sure He will show me His glo-ry,
seen ev-'ry day; But no sick-ness, no sigh-ing for-ev-er,
will to o-bey, 'Twill en-hance all the rap-ture of heav-en,
FINE. CHORUS.
When I've gone the last mile of the way. When I've gone the last
D.S.-When I've gone the last mile of the way.
mile of the way,..... I will rest at the close of the
the last mile of the way. at the
D. S.
day..... And I know there are joys that a-wait me;
close of the day.

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211 I've Been Redeemed.

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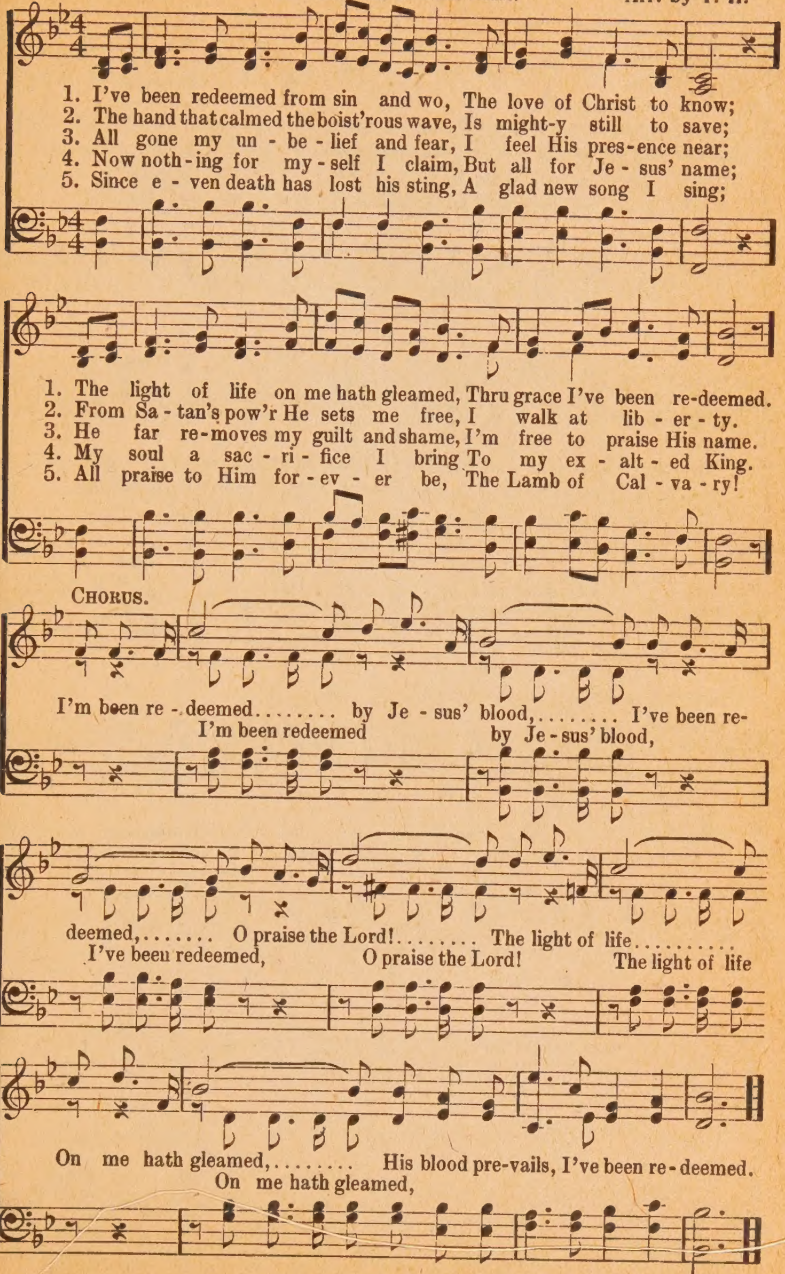
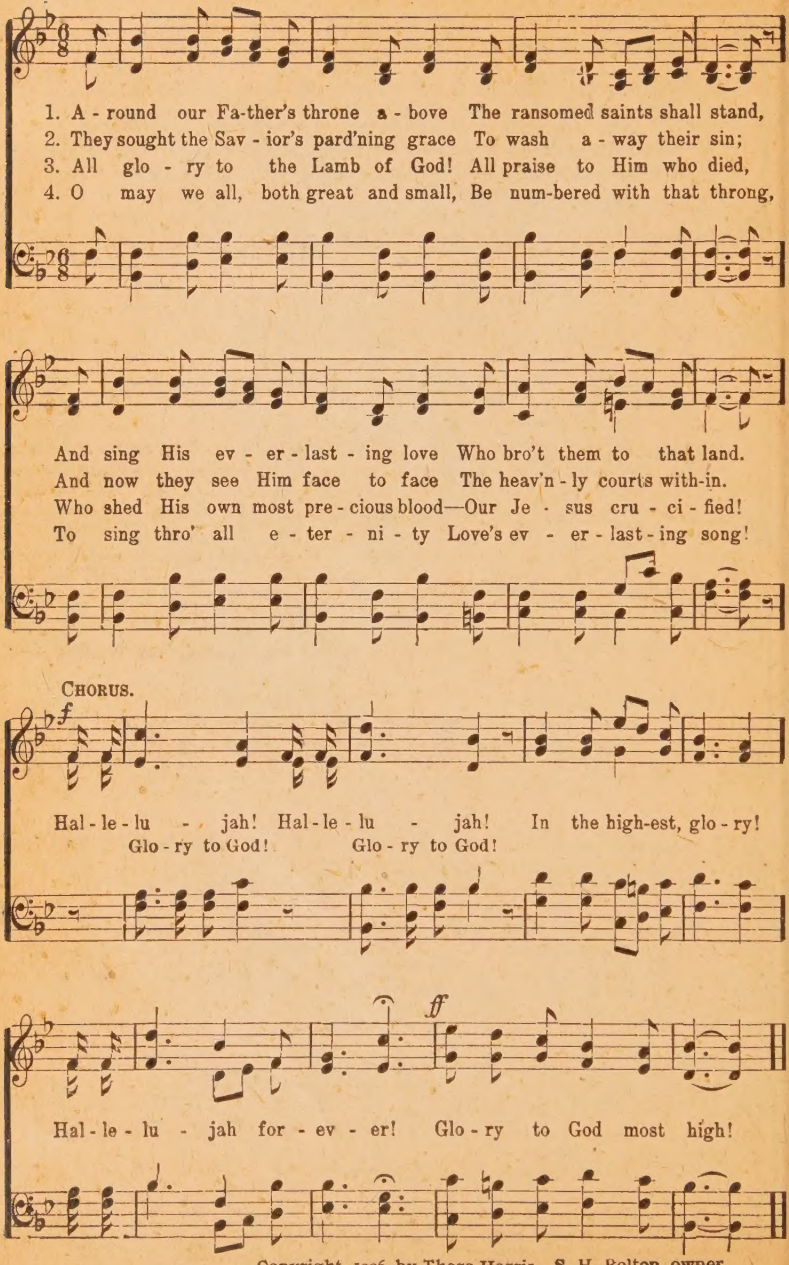

1. I've been redeemed from sin and wo, The love of Christ to know;
2. The hand that calmed the boist'rous wave, Is might-y still to save;
3. All gone my un - be - lief and fear, I feel His pres-ence near;
4. Now noth-ing for my-self I claim, But all for Je - sus' name;
5. Since e - ven death has lost his sting, A glad new song I sing;
1. The light of life on me hath gleamed, Thru grace I've been re-deemed.
2. From Sa - tan's pow'r He sets me free, I walk at lib - er - ty.
3. He far re-moves my guilt and shame, I'm free to praise His name.
4. My soul a sac - ri - fice I bring To my ex - alt - ed King.
5. All praise to Him for - ev - er be, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry!
CHORUS.
I'm been re - deemed..... by Je - sus' blood,..... I've been re-
I'm been redeemed by Je-sus' blood,
deemed,..... O praise the Lord!..... The light of life.....
I've been redeemed, O praise the Lord! The light of life
On me hath gleamed,..... His blood pre-vails, I've been re-deemed.
On me hath gleamed,

212 Around the Throne.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.


1. A - round our Fa-ther's throne a - bove The ransomed saints shall stand,
2. They sought the Sav - ior's pard'ning grace To wash a - way their sin;
3. All glo - ry to the Lamb of God! All praise to Him who died,
4. O may we all, both great and small, Be num-bered with that throng,
And sing His ev - er - last - ing love Who bro't them to that land.
And now they see Him face to face The heav'n - ly courts with-in.
Who shed His own most pre - cious blood—Our Je - sus cru - ci - fied!
To sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty Love's ev - er - last - ing song!
CHORUS.
f
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! In the high-est, glo - ry!
Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God!
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er! Glo - ry to God most high!

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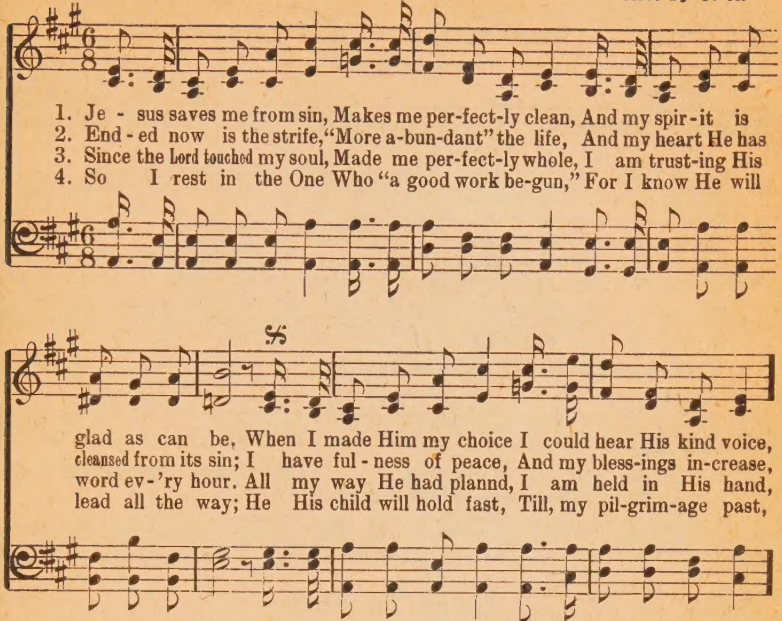
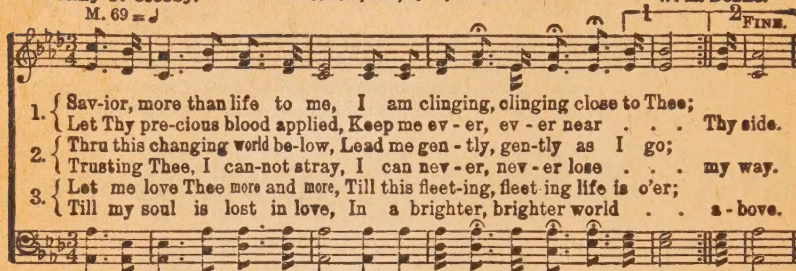

1. Je - sus saves me from sin, Makes me per-fect-ly clean, And my spir-it is
2. End - ed now is the strife, "More a-bun-dant" the life, And my heart He has
3. Since the Lord touched my soul, Made me per-fect-ly whole, I am trust-ing His
4. So I rest in the One Who "a good work be-gun," For I know He will
glad as can be, When I made Him my choice I could hear His kind voice,
cleansed from its sin; I have ful - ness of peace, And my bless-ings in-crease,
word ev-'ry hour. All my way He had plannd, I am held in His hand,
lead all the way; He His child will hold fast, Till, my pil-grim-age past,
D. S.—And I know by His grace, I shall soon see His face,
FINE. CHORUS.
"I have set you e - ter - nal - ly free."
For His glo - ry a - bid - eth with - in. Hal - le - lu - jah to God!
By His gra-cious om - nip - o - tent pow'r.
I shall reach that fair cit - y of day.
For my heart is washed whiter than snow.
D. S.
I am un - der the blood That was shed on the cross long a - go;

Devotional Songs.

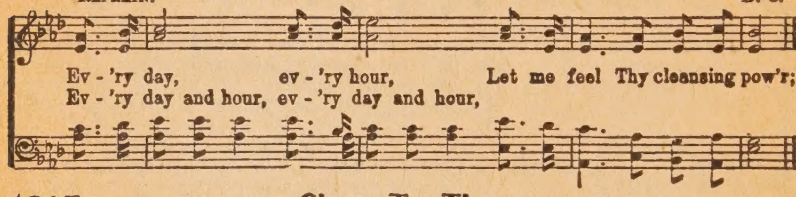
214 Savior, More Than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright, 1902, by W. H. Doane. W. H. Doane.

M. 69 = ♩


1
2
FINE.
1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy pre-cious blood applied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near . . . Thy side.
2. Thru this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose . . . my way.
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world . . a-bove.
D.C.–May Thy ten-der love to me, Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, . . . to Thee.

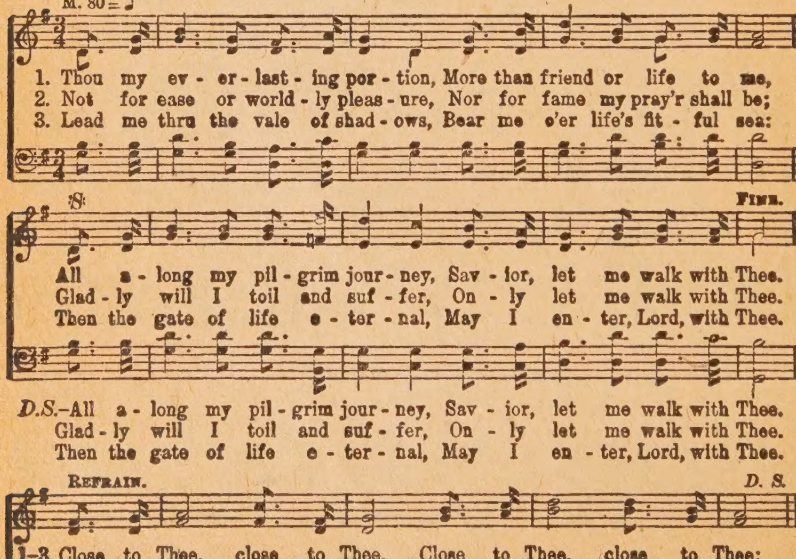
REFRAIN. D. C.



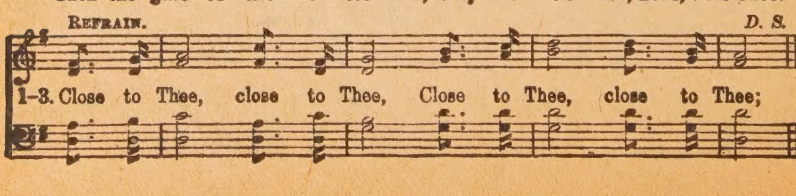
215 Close To Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. S. J. Vail.

M. 80 = ♩

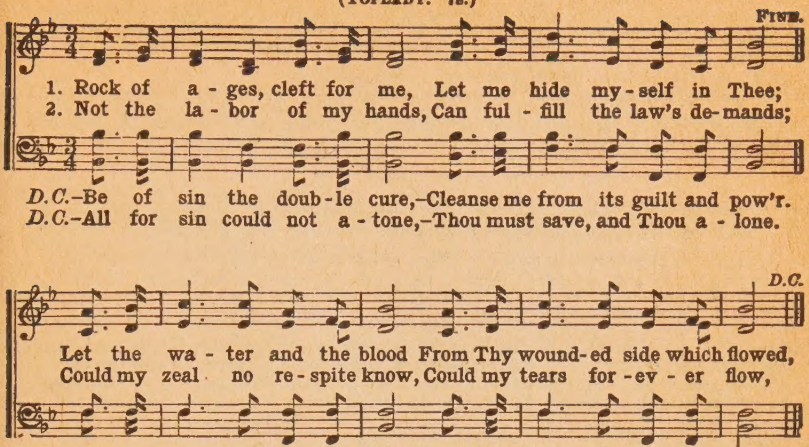

1. Thou my ev-er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me thru the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit-ful sea:
8
FINE.
All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with Thee.
Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e-ter-nal, May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.
D.S.–All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with Thee.
Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e-ter-nal, May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. D. S.



216 Rock of Ages.

(TOPLADY. 7s.)

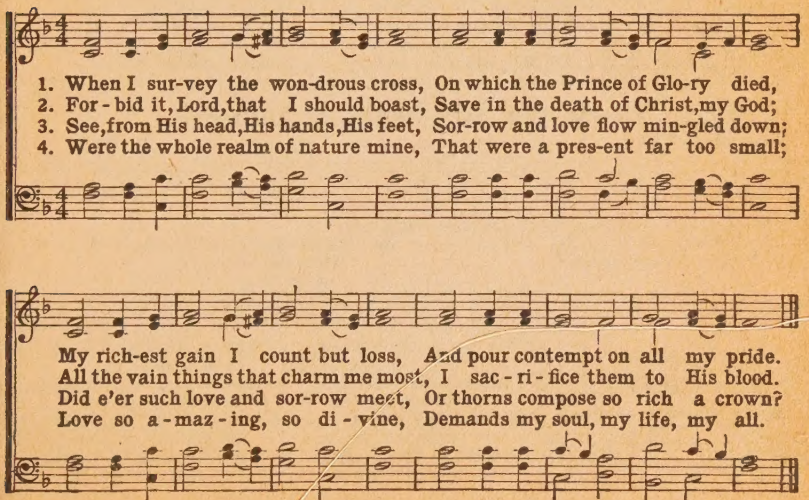

FINE.
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands, Can ful - fill the law's de-mands;
D.C.–Be of sin the doub - le cure,–Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
D.C.–All for sin could not a - tone,–Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
D.C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,—
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

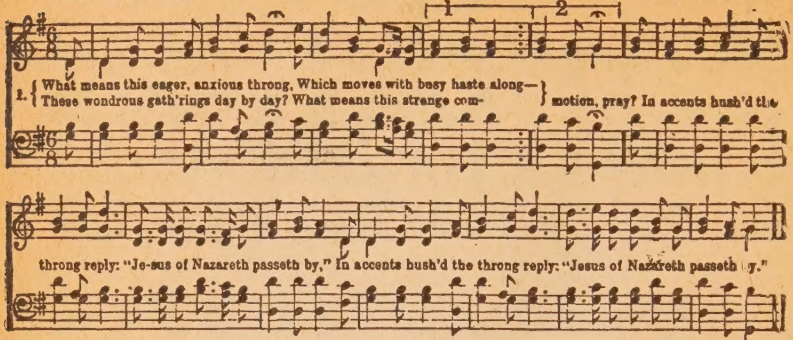
217 When I Survey the Wondrous Gross.

(HAMBURG. L. M.)


1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

218. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* Theo. E. Perkins.


1.
What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange com-
motion, pray? In accents hush'd the
throng reply: "Je-sus of Nazareth passeth by." In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

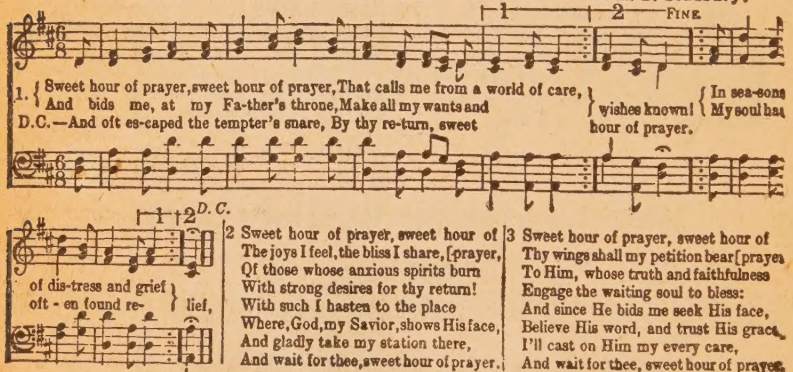
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He panseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

219. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.

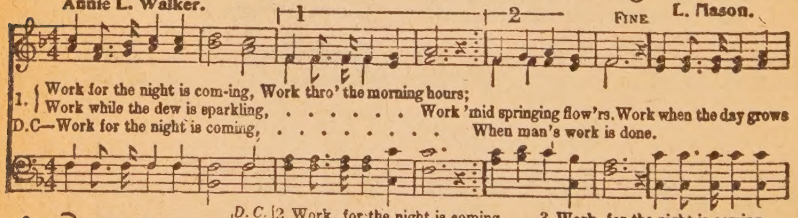

1.
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and
wishes known!
In sea-sons
My soul has
D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet
hour of prayer.
FINE
D. C.
of dis-tress and grief
oft - en found re-
lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

220. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

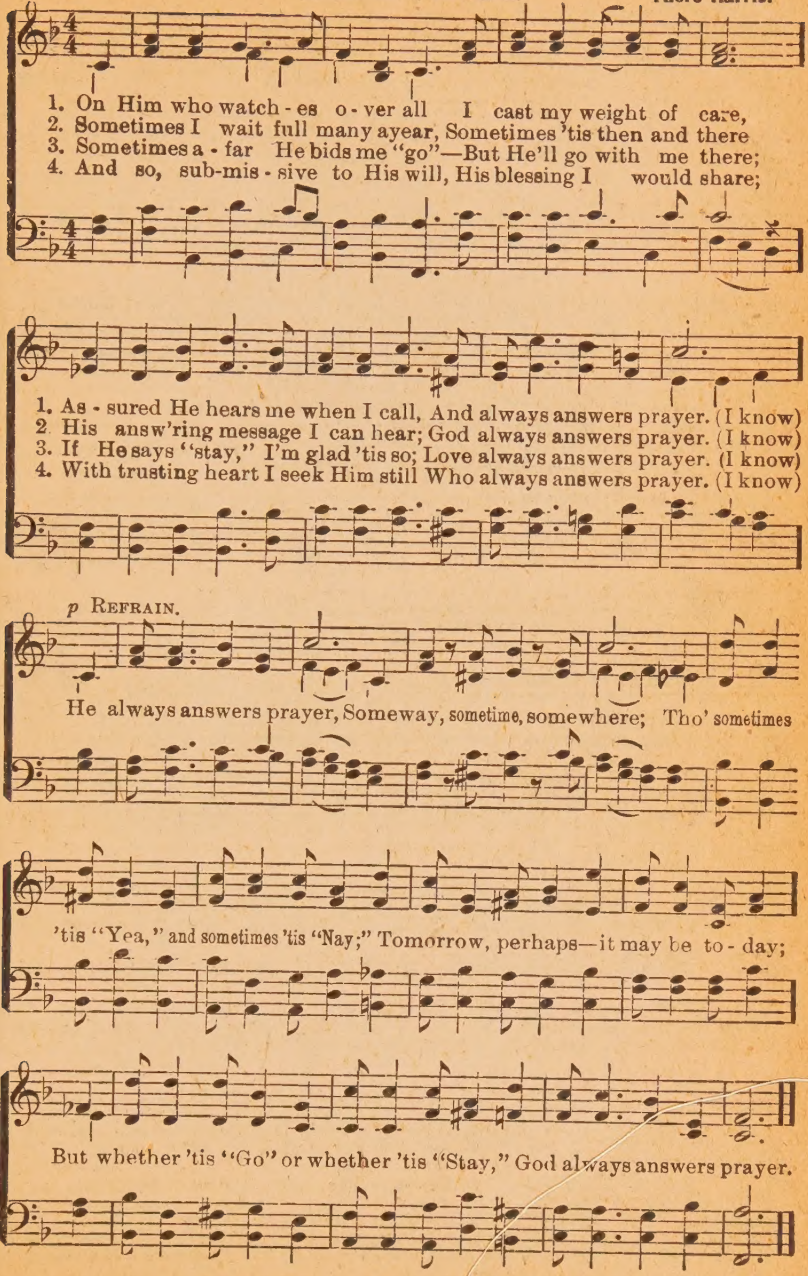

1.
Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, ... Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C—Work for the night is coming, ... When man's work is done.
FINE
D. C.
brighter, Work in the glowing sun,

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

221 He Answers Prayer.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.


1. On Him who watch - es o - ver all I cast my weight of care,
2. Sometimes I wait full many a year, Sometimes 'tis then and there
3. Sometimes a - far He bids me "go"—But He'll go with me there;
4. And so, sub-mis - sive to His will, His blessing I would share;
1. As - sured He hears me when I call, And always answers prayer. (I know)
2 His answ'ring message I can hear; God always answers prayer. (I know)
3. If He says "stay," I'm glad 'tis so; Love always answers prayer. (I know)
4. With trusting heart I seek Him still Who always answers prayer. (I know)
p REFRAIN.
He always answers prayer, Someway, sometime, somewhere; Tho' sometimes
'tis "Yea," and sometimes 'tis "Nay;" Tomorrow, perhaps—it may be to - day;
But whether 'tis "Go" or whether 'tis "Stay," God always answers prayer.

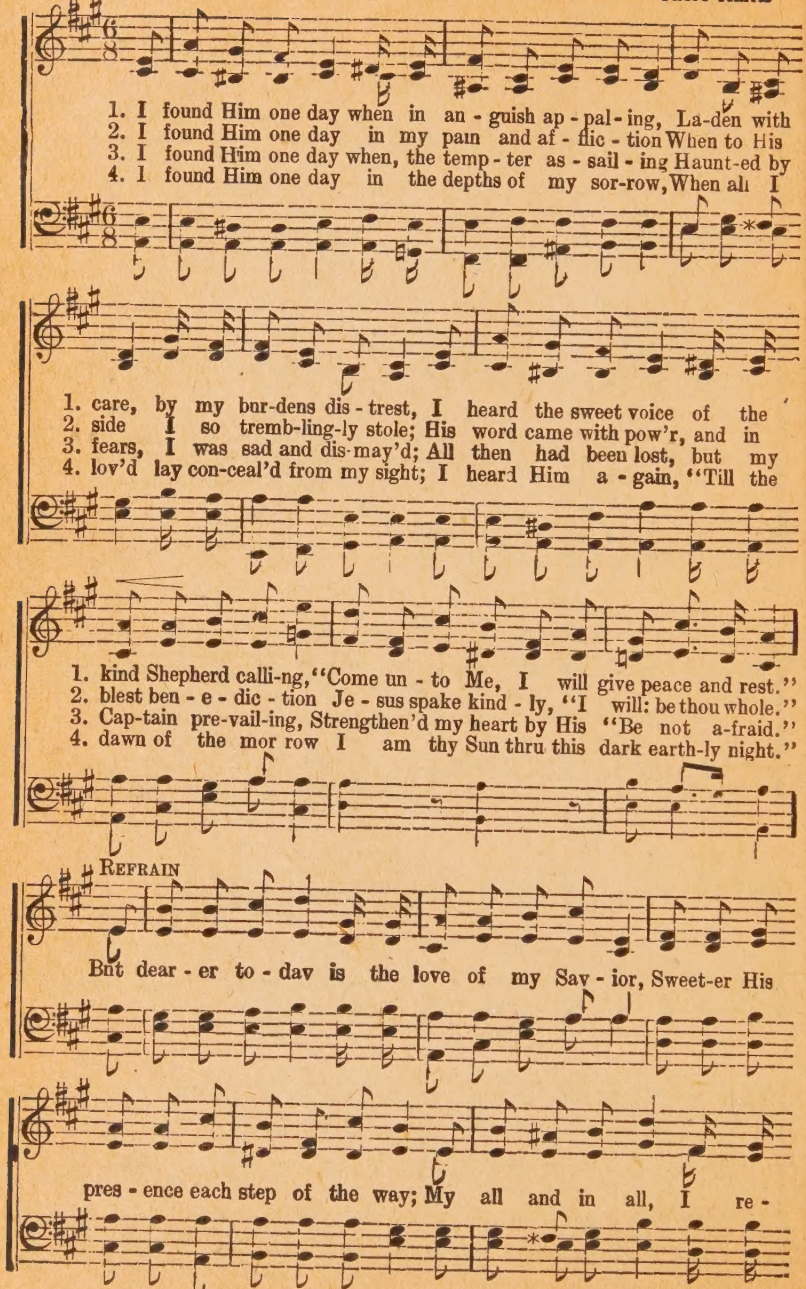
222

I Found Him One Day

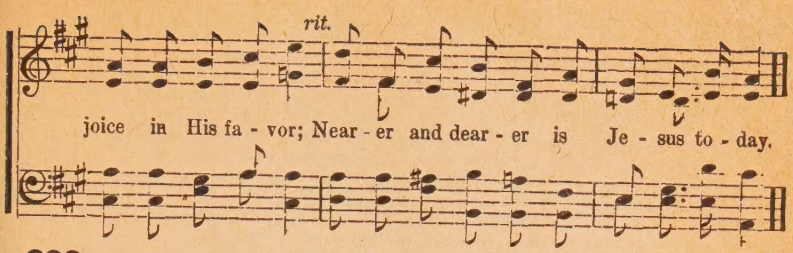
T. H.

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

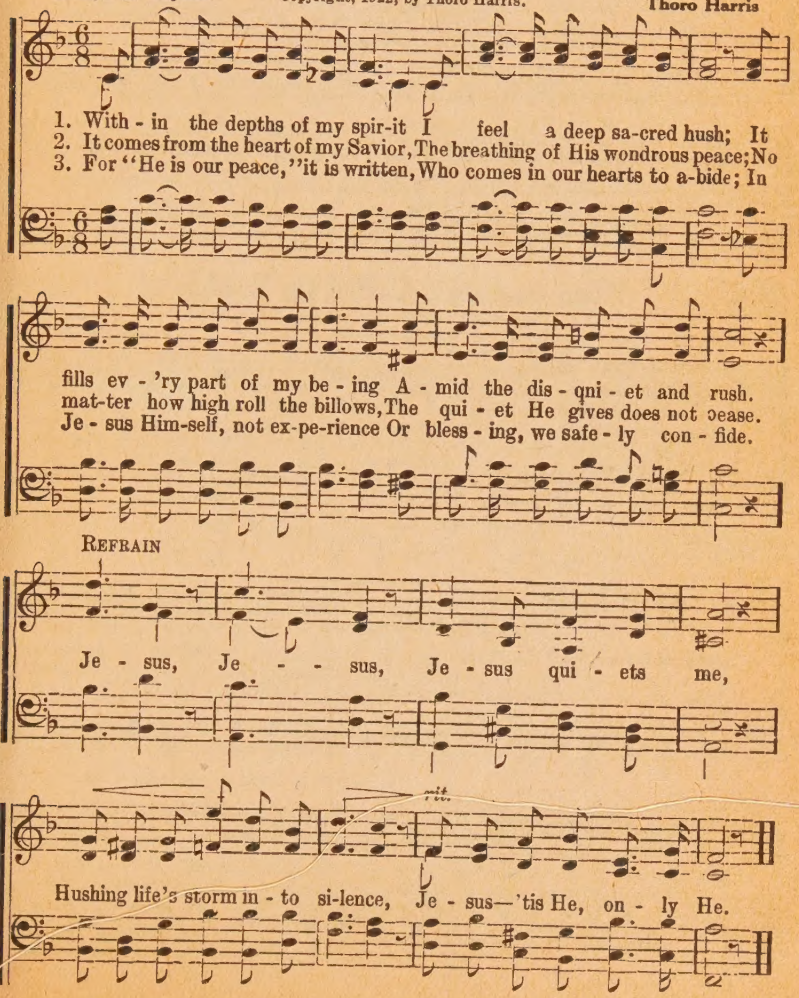

1. I found Him one day when in an - guish ap - pal - ing, La-den with
2. I found Him one day in my pain and af - flic - tion When to His
3. I found Him one day when, the temp - ter as - sail - ing Haunt-ed by
4. I found Him one day in the depths of my sor-row, When all I
1. care, by my bur-dens dis - trest, I heard the sweet voice of the
2. side I so tremb-ling-ly stole; His word came with pow'r, and in
3. fears, I was sad and dis-may'd; All then had been lost, but my
4. lov'd lay con-ceal'd from my sight; I heard Him a - gain, "Till the
1. kind Shepherd calli-ng, "Come un - to Me, I will give peace and rest."
2. blest ben - e - dic - tion Je - sus spake kind - ly, "I will: be thou whole."
3. Cap-tain pre-vail-ing, Strengthen'd my heart by His "Be not a-fraid."
4. dawn of the mor row I am thy Sun thru this dark earth-ly night."
REFRAIN
But dear - er to - day is the love of my Sav - ior, Sweet-er His
pres - ence each step of the way; My all and in all, I re -

I Found Him One Day



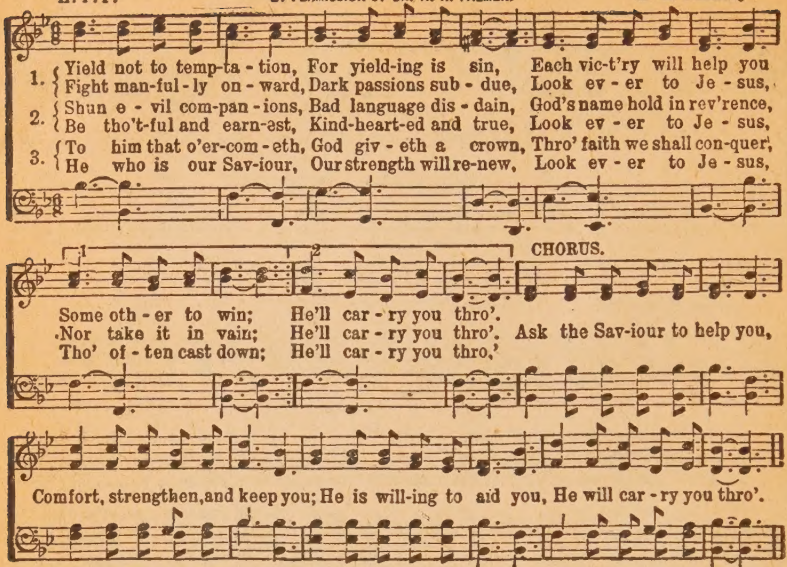
223 Jesus Quiets Me

Evelyn C. Snyder. Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris


1. With - in the depths of my spir-it I feel a deep sa-cred hush; It
2. It comes from the heart of my Savior, The breathing of His wondrous peace; No
3. For "He is our peace," it is written, Who comes in our hearts to a-bide; In
fills ev - 'ry part of my be - ing A - mid the dis - qui - et and rush.
mat-ter how high roll the billows, The qui - et He gives does not cease.
Je - sus Him-self, not ex-pe-rience Or bless - ing, we safe - ly con - fide.
REFRAIN
Je - sus, Je - - sus, Je - sus qui - ets me,
rit.
Hushing life's storm in - to si-lence, Je - sus—'tis He, on - ly He.

224 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P. BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
CHORUS.
Some oth-er to win; He'll car-ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car-ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,
Tho' of-ten cast down; He'll car-ry you thro,'
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you thro'.

225 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

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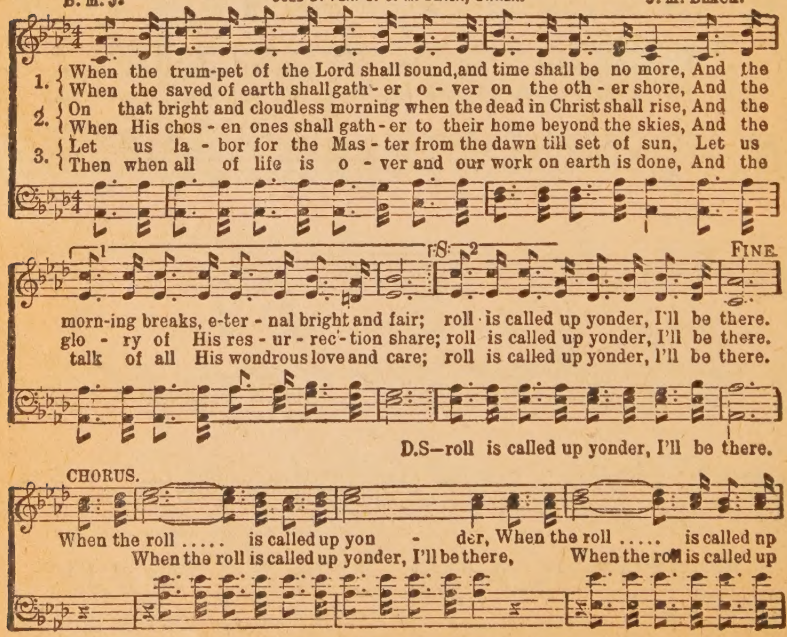
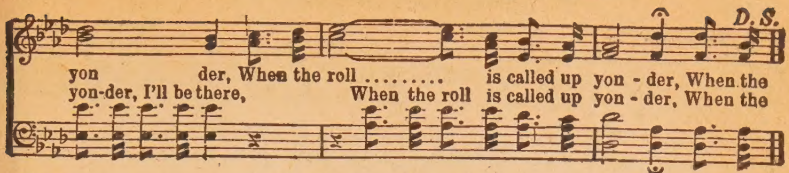
B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.


1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
When the saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home beyond the skies, And the
3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
Then when all of life is o-ver and our work on earth is done, And the
D.S.
FINE.
morn-ing breaks, e-ter-nal bright and fair; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
talk of all His wondrous love and care; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
D.S—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
CHORUS.
When the roll ..... is called up yon-der, When the roll ..... is called up
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



226 Higher Ground.

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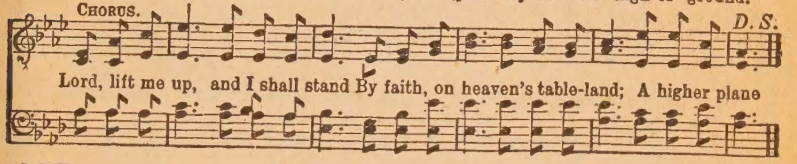
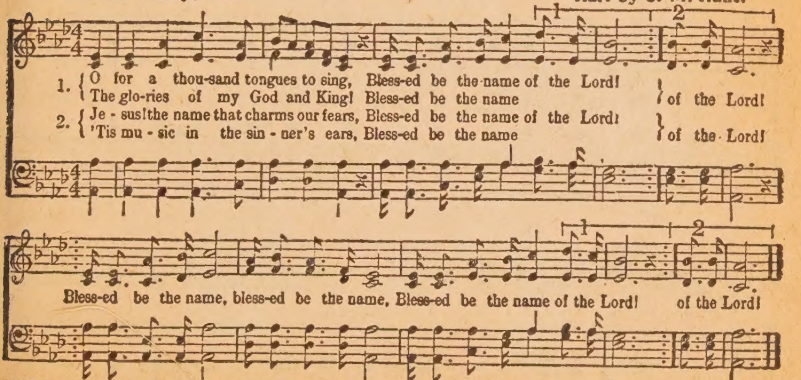
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled.
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
S.
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground,
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
D. S.—than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.



227 Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.


1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc.
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc.

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc.

ISAAC WATTS. ENGLISH. ARR.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be bro't to Pa ra dise, On flow-'ry beds of ease,
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port-ed by Thy word.
CHORUS.
And when the bat - tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,
we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's
FINE.
o - ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
D. S.
Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown;
Wear a crown, wear a crown,

229 At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

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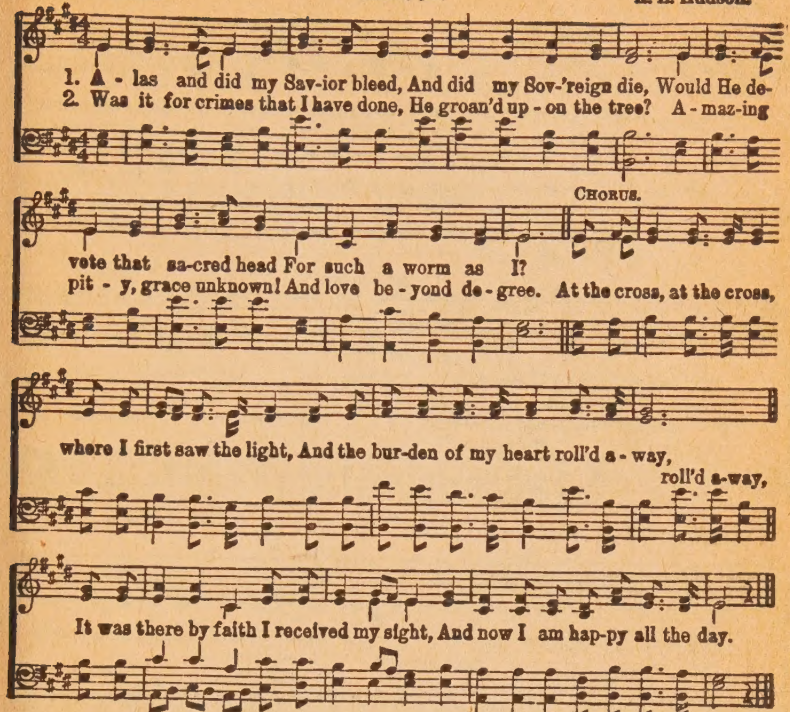
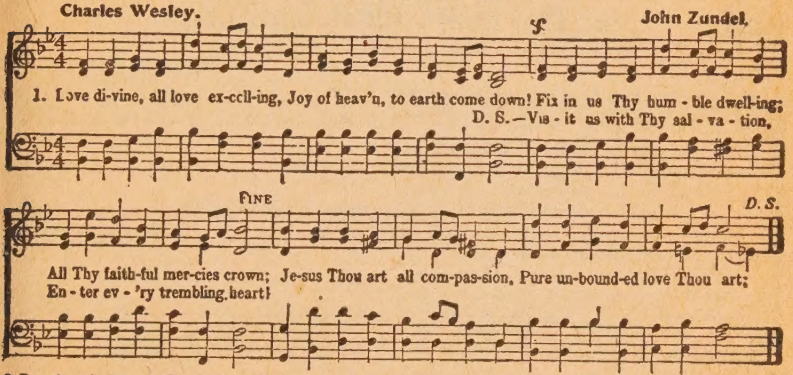

1. A - las and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sov-'reign die, Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree? A - maz-ing
CHORUS.
vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pit - y, grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree. At the cross, at the cross,
where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart roll'd a - way,
roll'd a-way,
It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

230 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

John Zundel.


f
1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion,
FINE
D. S.
All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart!

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

231 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

MRS. LYDA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe— It will joy and comfort
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev'ry snare; If temp-ta-tions round you
3. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet, King of kings in heav'n we'll
REFRAIN.
give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go. Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
gath - er, Breathe that holy name in prayer.
crown Him, When our journey is com-plete. Precious name, O how sweet!
earth and joy of heav'n; Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, how sweet!

232 Is Thy Heart Right with God?

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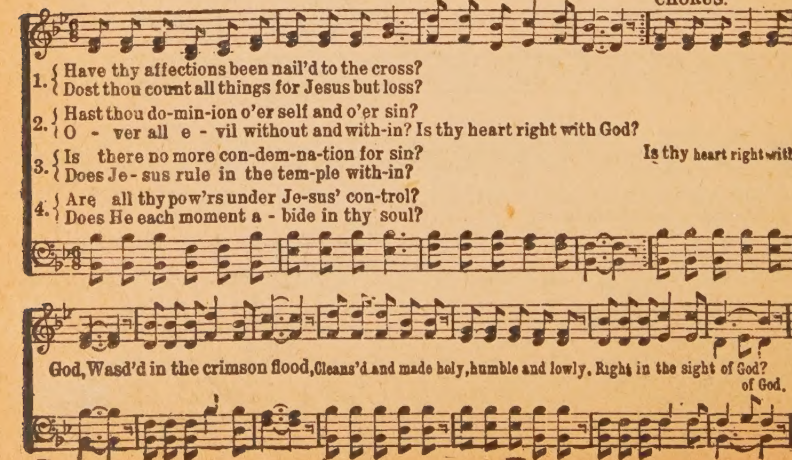
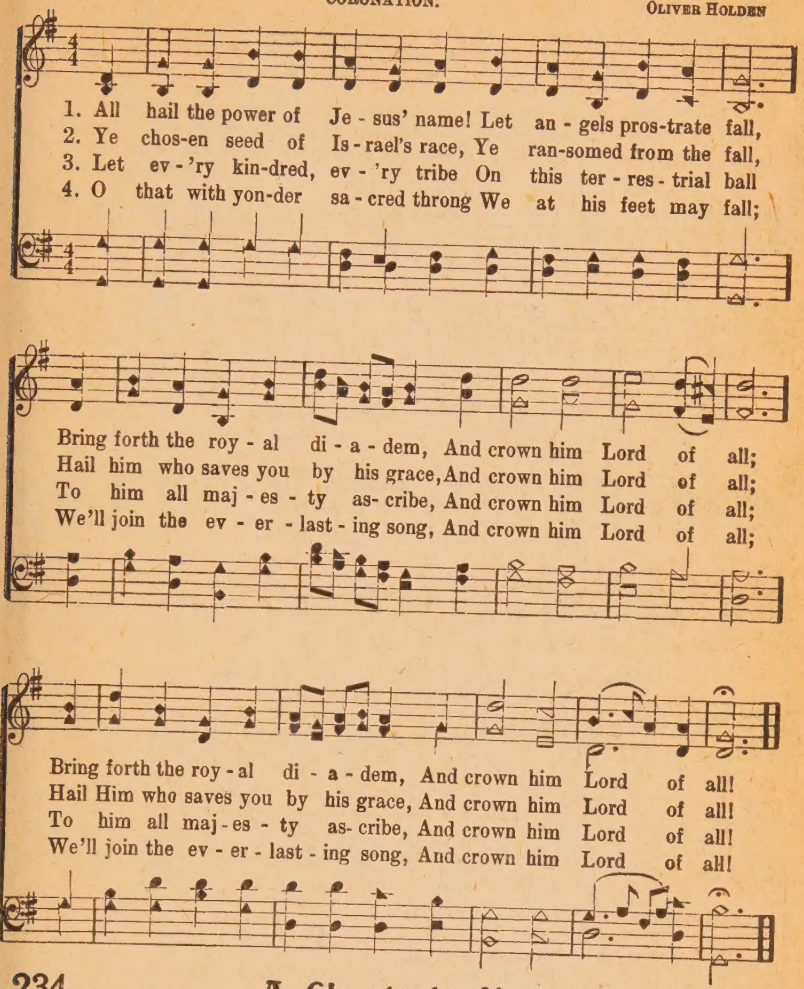
E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


CHORUS.
1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross?
Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin?
O - ver all e - vil without and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with
Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul?
God, Wash'd in the crimson flood, Clean's'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God.

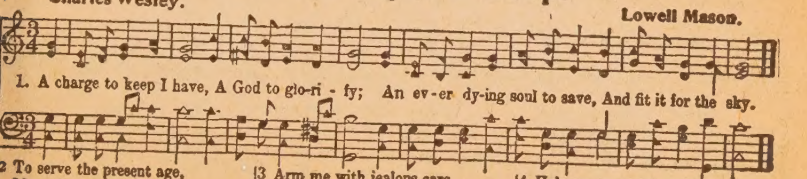
233 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET. CORONATION. OLIVER HOLDEN


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall,
2. Ye chos-en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all;
To him all maj - es - ty as- cribe, And crown him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all!
To him all maj - es - ty as- cribe, And crown him Lord of all!
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all!

234 A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



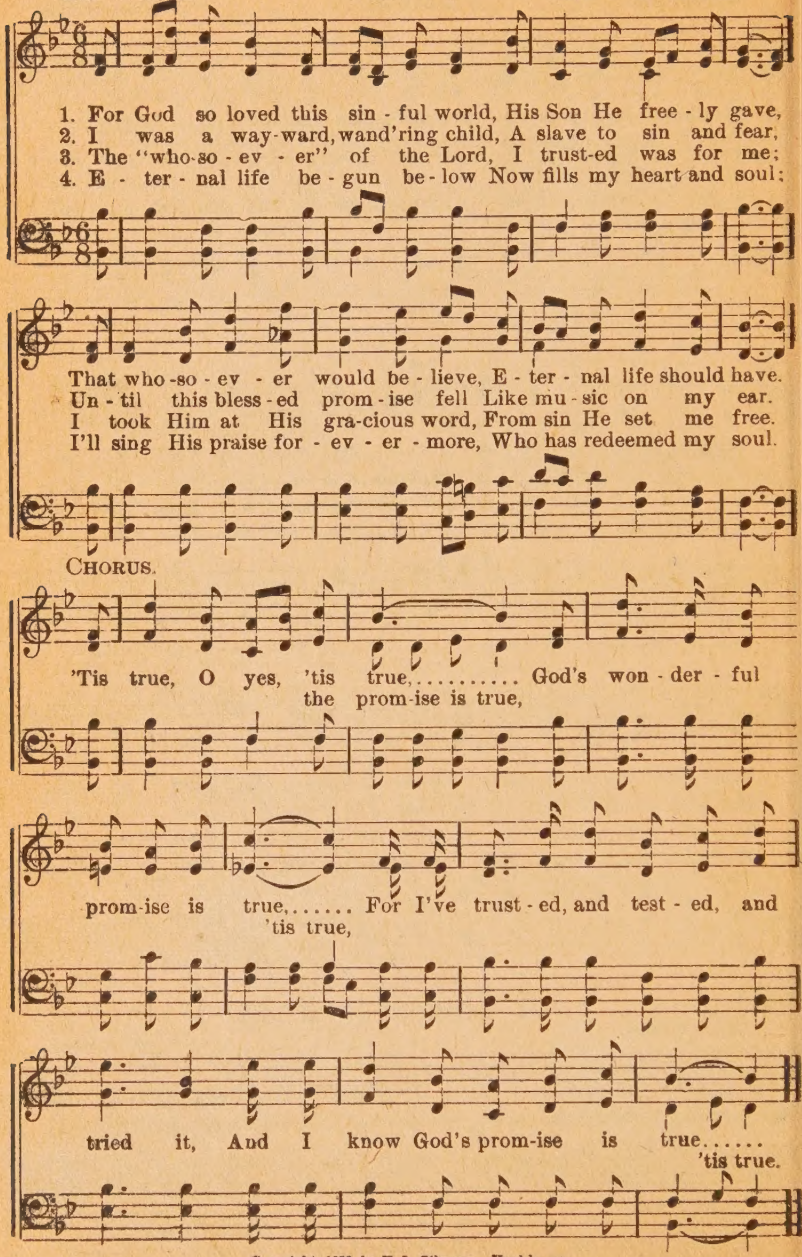
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
And in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

235 I Know God's Promise is True.

Mrs. C. H. M. John 3: 16. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. For God so loved this sin - ful world, His Son He free - ly gave,
2. I was a way-ward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who-so - ev - er" of the Lord, I trust-ed was for me;
4. E - ter - nal life be - gun be - low Now fills my heart and soul;
That who-so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life should have.
Un - til this bless - ed prom - ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.
I took Him at His gra-cious word, From sin He set me free.
I'll sing His praise for - ev - er - more, Who has redeemed my soul.
CHORUS.
'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true,..... God's won - der - ful
the prom-ise is true,
prom-ise is true,..... For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and
'tis true,
tried it, And I know God's prom-ise is true.....
'tis true.

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236 O Lord, How Long?

How long shall be the vision * * * to give both the sanctuary and the host to be trodden under foot?—Dan. 8: 13.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. The na - tions are wait - ing for One from on high To break thru the
2. How long shall op - pres-sors their forc - es en-gage To crush op - po-
3. Thy sons and Thy daughters cry out in de - spair, For Is - rael no
4. Thy prom - ise as-sures us not long must we wait; But why dost Thou
1. aisles of the wide - ope-ning sky, To whom all do - min - ion and
2. si - tion, stern war - fare to wage? The heel of the ty - rant, the
3. Sav - ior, no help - er is there; But fierce per - se - cu - tion has
4. lin - ger, why tar - ry so late? The foes of Thy peo - ple wax
1. king-doms be-long; They pray Thine ap-pear-ing; but O Lord, how long?
2. lust of the strong To con-quest is march-ing; but O Lord, how long?
3. si-lenced our song: Re - store us to Zi - on; but O Lord, how long?
4. bold-er and strong, Thou on - ly canst save them; but O Lord, how long?
D.S.
FINE.
rit.
D.S.—spoil from the strong? We watch and we wonder: how long, O how long?
REFRAIN
O Lord, how long, O Lord, how long Till jus - tice
the vi - sion of earth's dark night? How long
D. S.
shall tri-umph o'er con-quest and wrong, When Thou shalt de - liv - er the

Temple Chimes

T. H.

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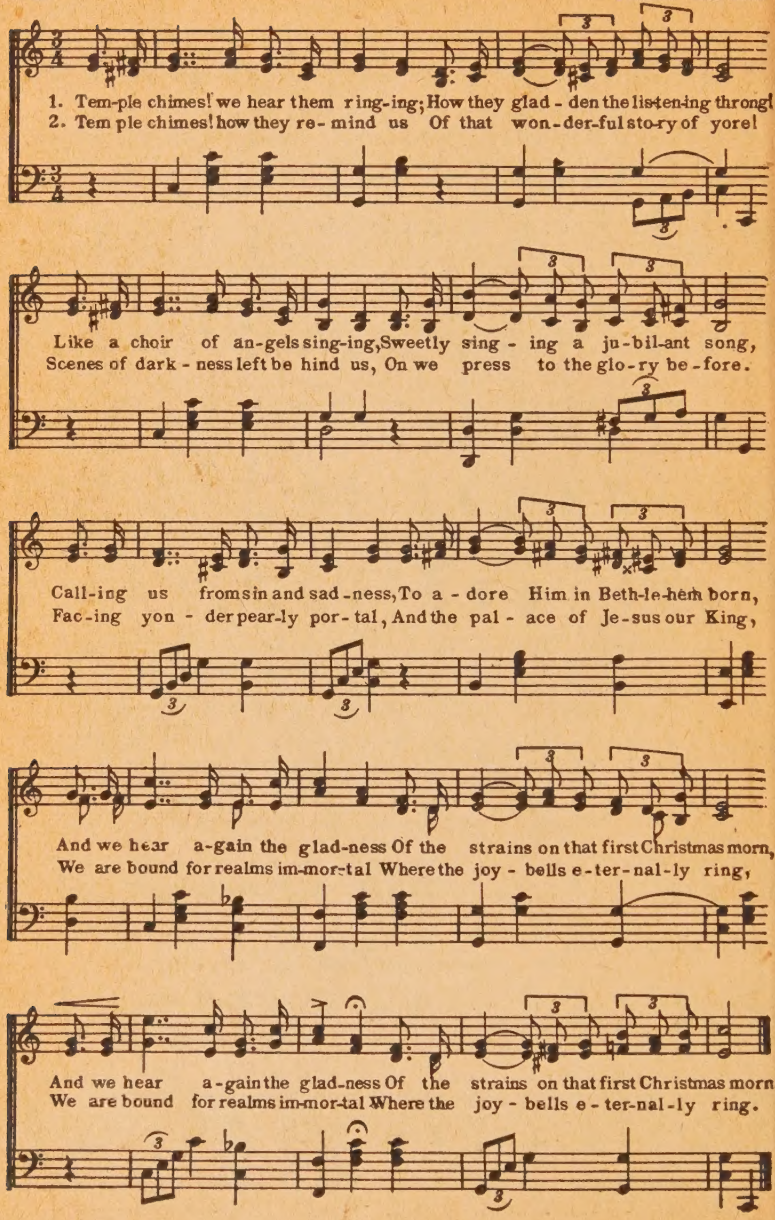
1. Tem-ple chimes! we hear them ring-ing; How they glad - den the lis-ten-ing throng!
2. Tem ple chimes! how they re- mind us Of that won-der-ful sto-ry of yore!
Like a choir of an-gels sing-ing, Sweetly sing - ing a ju-bil-ant song,
Scenes of dark - ness left be hind us, On we press to the glo-ry be-fore.
Call-ing us from sin and sad-ness, To a - dore Him in Beth-le-hem born,
Fac-ing yon - der pear-ly por-tal, And the pal - ace of Je-sus our King,
And we hear a-gain the glad-ness Of the strains on that first Christmas morn,
We are bound for realms im-mor-tal Where the joy - bells e-ter-nal-ly ring,
And we hear a-gain the glad-ness Of the strains on that first Christmas morn.
We are bound for realms im-mor-tal Where the joy - bells e-ter-nal-ly ring.

238 Enter the Fold

T.H.

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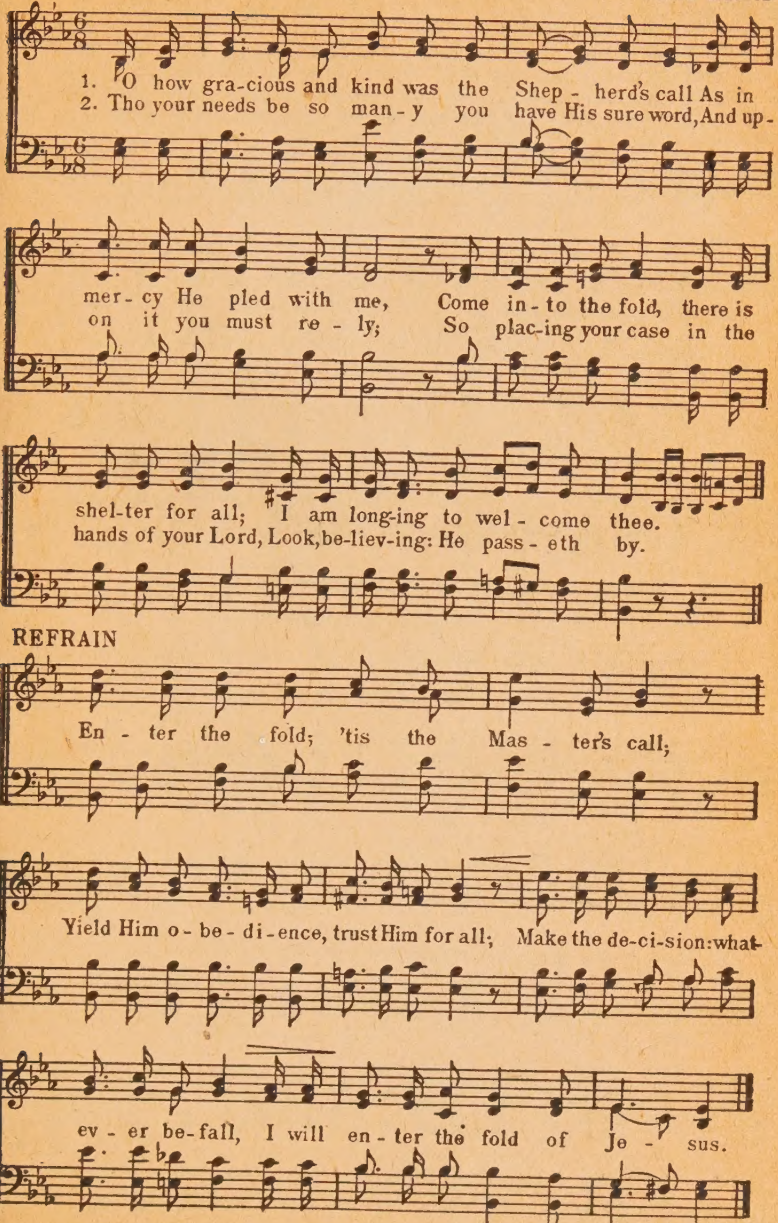
1. O how gra-cious and kind was the Shep - herd's call As in
2. Tho your needs be so man - y you have His sure word, And up -
mer - cy He pled with me, Come in - to the fold, there is
on it you must re - ly; So plac-ing your case in the
shel-ter for all; I am long-ing to wel - come thee.
hands of your Lord, Look, be-liev-ing: He pass - eth by.
REFRAIN
En - ter the fold; 'tis the Mas - ter's call,
Yield Him o - be - di - ence, trust Him for all; Make the de-ci-sion: what-
ev - er be-fall, I will en - ter the fold of Je - sus.

239 Back to the Fold

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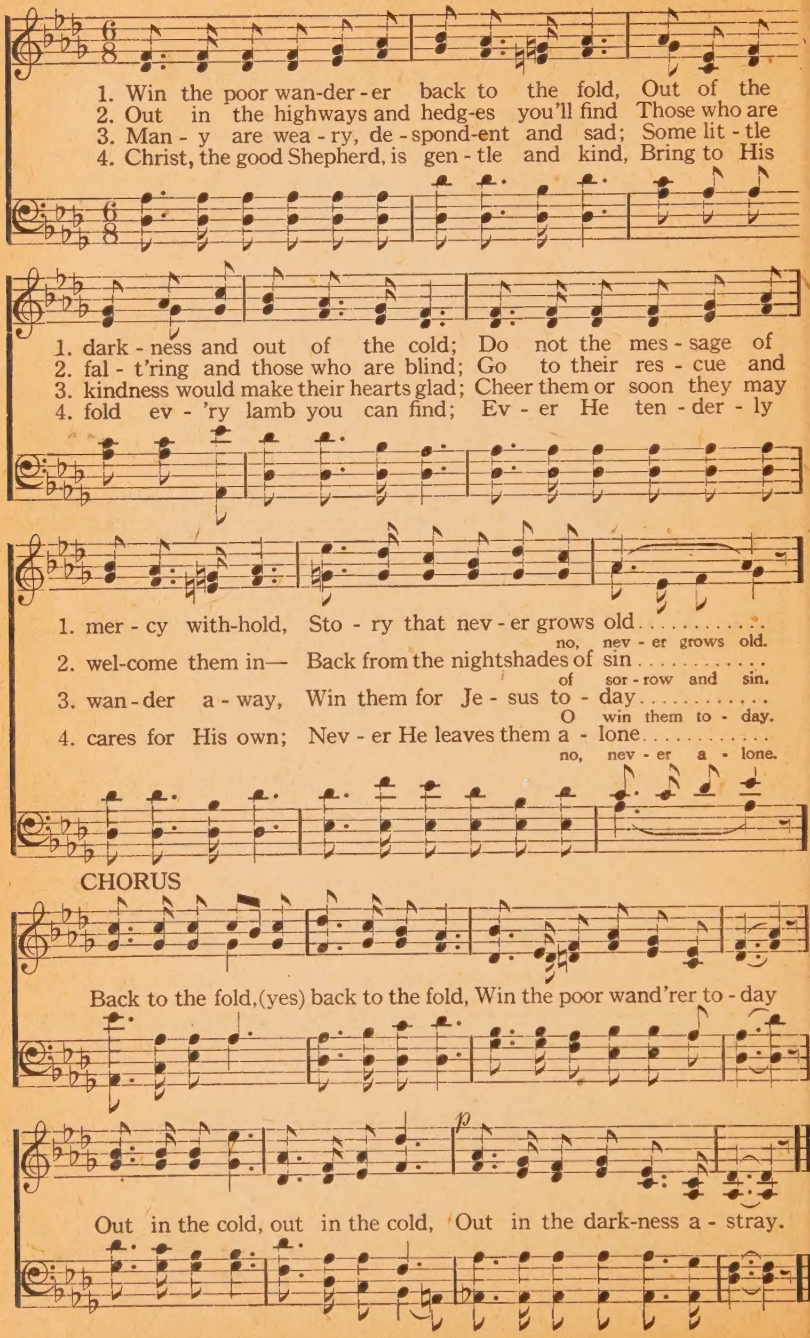
1. Win the poor wan-der-er back to the fold, Out of the
2. Out in the highways and hedg-es you'll find Those who are
3. Man-y are wea-ry, de-spond-ent and sad; Some lit-tle
4. Christ, the good Shepherd, is gen-tle and kind, Bring to His
1. dark-ness and out of the cold; Do not the mes-sage of
2. fal-t'ring and those who are blind; Go to their res-cue and
3. kindness would make their hearts glad; Cheer them or soon they may
4. fold ev-'ry lamb you can find; Ev-er He ten-der-ly
1. mer-cy with-hold, Sto-ry that nev-er grows old.....
no, nev-er grows old.
2. wel-come them in— Back from the nightshades of sin.....
of sor-row and sin.
3. wan-der a-way, Win them for Je-sus to-day.....
O win them to-day.
4. cares for His own; Nev-er He leaves them a-lone.....
no, nev-er a-lone.
CHORUS
Back to the fold, (yes) back to the fold, Win the poor wand'rer to-day
p
Out in the cold, out in the cold, Out in the dark-ness a-stray.

240 Do Some Little Something

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1. Do some lit-tle some-thing for some-one, For some-bo-dy needs you some
2. Do some lit-tle some-thing for some-one, For some-bo-dy sin-sick and
3. Do something, just some lit-tle something, For of-ten when deeds seem but
4. Do something: the world is so need-y, 'T is want-ing for kind-ness and
1. way; Go forth in the name of the Mas-ter And be His dis-
2. sad; Just com-fort and tell them of Je-sus, Go, cheer them with
3. small, They light-en the bur-den of some-one Who's al-most but
4. love. Just bright-en it, glad-den and keep it Still grow-ing like
CHORUS
1. ci-ple to-day.
2. ti-dings so glad. Do some lit-tle some-thing for some-one,
3. read-y to fall.
4. heav-en a-bove.
Some lit-tle some-thing for some-one. To the Fa-ther be true Who so
much does for you; Do some lit-tle something for some-one.
some-one to-day.

241 The Law of Liberty

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1. With con-science wak - en'd, sore, a - fraid, My guil - ty
2. How long I tried, but all in vain To break the
3. Then in that dark, that dis - mal hour, I felt the
4. To God a - live, to sin I've died, My car - nal
5. Hear now the gos - pel's charm - ing sound. True free - dom
1. soul was o - pen laid: My sins had slain the Righteous one,
2. tempter's gall - ing chain! I found a law of death with-in
3. Spir - it's quick-'ning pow'r; I heard my con-q'ring Sav - ior say
4. na-ture cru - ci - fied; And since the death of Christ I bear,
5. thru His grace is found; The bless - ed Christ who dwells with-in
REFRAIN
1. The Fa-ther's well be-lov - ed Son.
2. Which held me as a slave to sin. O wond'rous pow'r that sets me
3. "I'll en - ter to a - bide for aye!" O wond'rous pow'r that
4. His res-ur - rec-tion life I share.
5. Hath tri-umph'd o'er the host of sin.
free! O per-fect law of lib - er - ty! 'Tis no more
sets me free! O per-fect law of lib-er-ty! 'Tis
I but Christ in me He lives the life of vic-to - ry.
no more I but Christ in me

242 It Pays to Serve Jesus

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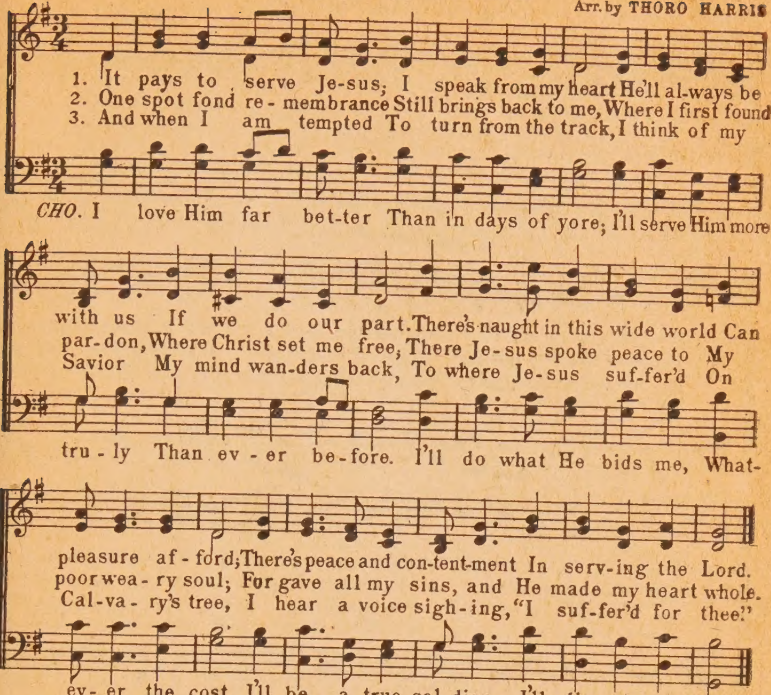
1. It pays to serve Je-sus; I speak from my heart He'll al-ways be
2. One spot fond re-membrance Still brings back to me, Where I first found
3. And when I am tempted To turn from the track, I think of my
CHO. I love Him far bet-ter Than in days of yore; I'll serve Him more
with us If we do our part. There's naught in this wide world Can
par-don, Where Christ set me free; There Je-sus spoke peace to My
Savior My mind wan-ders back, To where Je-sus suf-fer'd On
tru-ly Than ev-er be-fore. I'll do what He bids me, What-
pleasure af-ford; There's peace and con-tent-ment In serv-ing the Lord.
poor wea-ry soul; For gave all my sins, and He made my heart whole.
Cal-va-ry's tree, I hear a voice sigh-ing, "I suf-fer'd for thee!"
ev-er the cost, I'll be a true sol-dier, I'll die at my post.

243 God Sees

IRENE ANDERSON
Age 14 years

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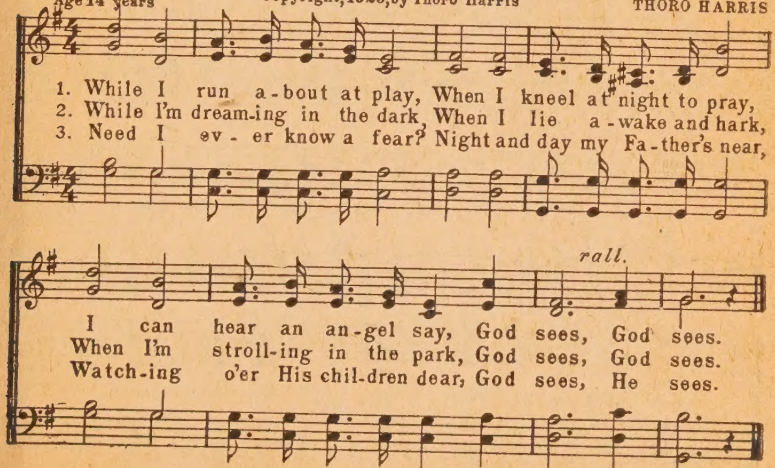
1. While I run a-bout at play, When I kneel at night to pray,
2. While I'm dream-ing in the dark, When I lie a-wake and hark,
3. Need I ev-er know a fear? Night and day my Fa-ther's near,
rall.
I can hear an an-gel say, God sees, God sees.
When I'm stroll-ing in the park, God sees, God sees.
Watch-ing o'er His chil-dren dear, God sees, He sees.

244 He Will Keep You Pure

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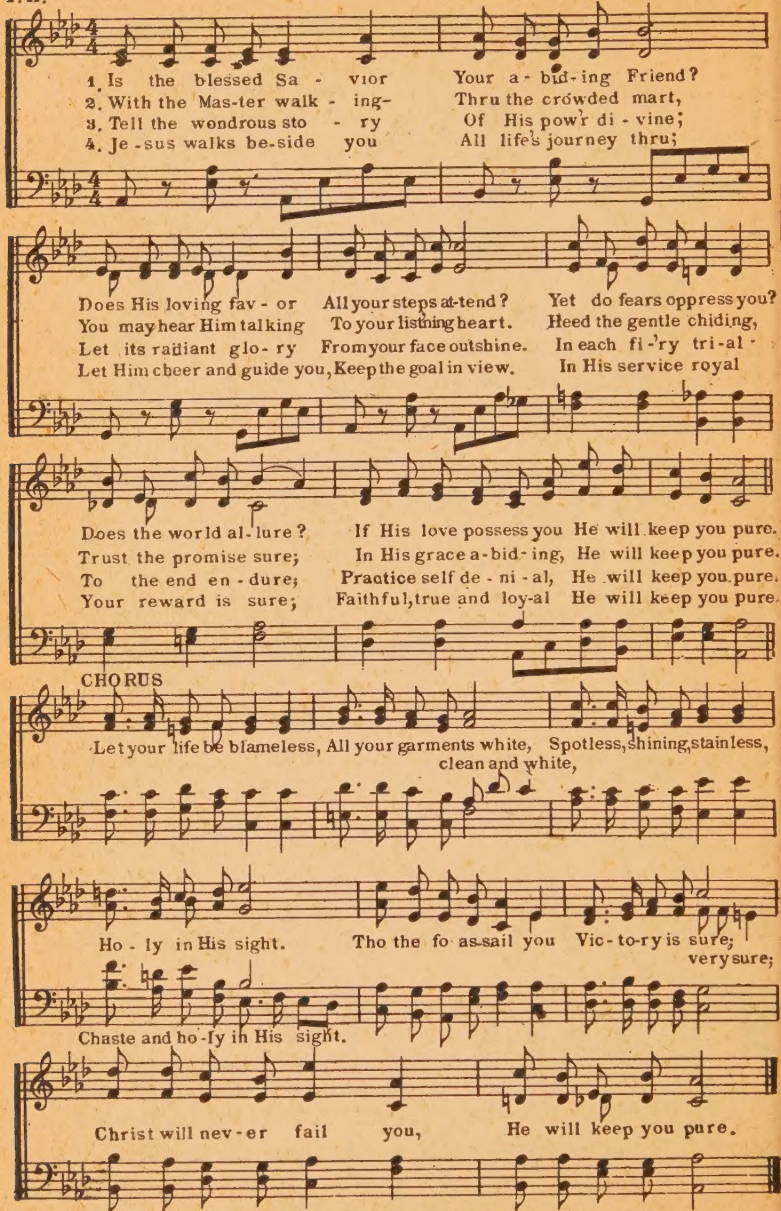
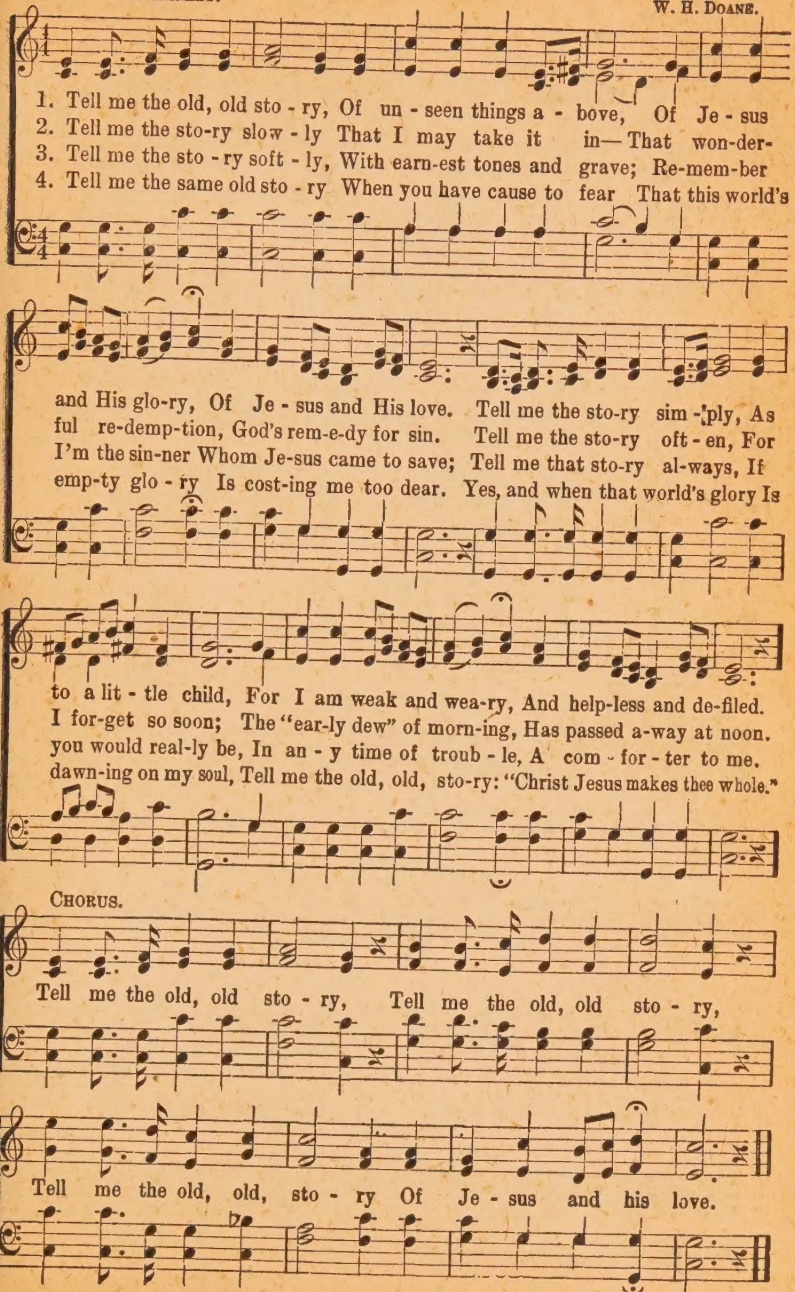
T. H. THORO HARRIS


1. Is the blessed Sa - vior Your a - bid - ing Friend?
2. With the Mas-ter walk - ing- Thru the crowded mart,
3. Tell the wondrous sto - ry Of His pow'r di - vine;
4. Je - sus walks be-side you All life's journey thru;
Does His loving fav - or All your steps at-tend? Yet do fears oppress you?
You may hear Him talking To your listning heart. Heed the gentle chiding,
Let its radiant glo - ry From your face outshine. In each fi - 'ry tri-al -
Let Him cheer and guide you, Keep the goal in view. In His service royal
Does the world al - lure? If His love possess you He will keep you pure.
Trust the promise sure; In His grace a-bid - ing, He will keep you pure.
To the end en - dure; Practice self de - ni - al, He will keep you pure.
Your reward is sure; Faithful, true and loy-al He will keep you pure.
CHORUS
Let your life be blameless, All your garments white, Spotless, shining, stainless, clean and white,
Ho - ly in His sight. Tho the fo as-sail you Vic-to-ry is sure; very sure;
Chaste and ho - ly in His sight.
Christ will nev - er fail you, He will keep you pure.

245 Tell Me The Old, Old Story.

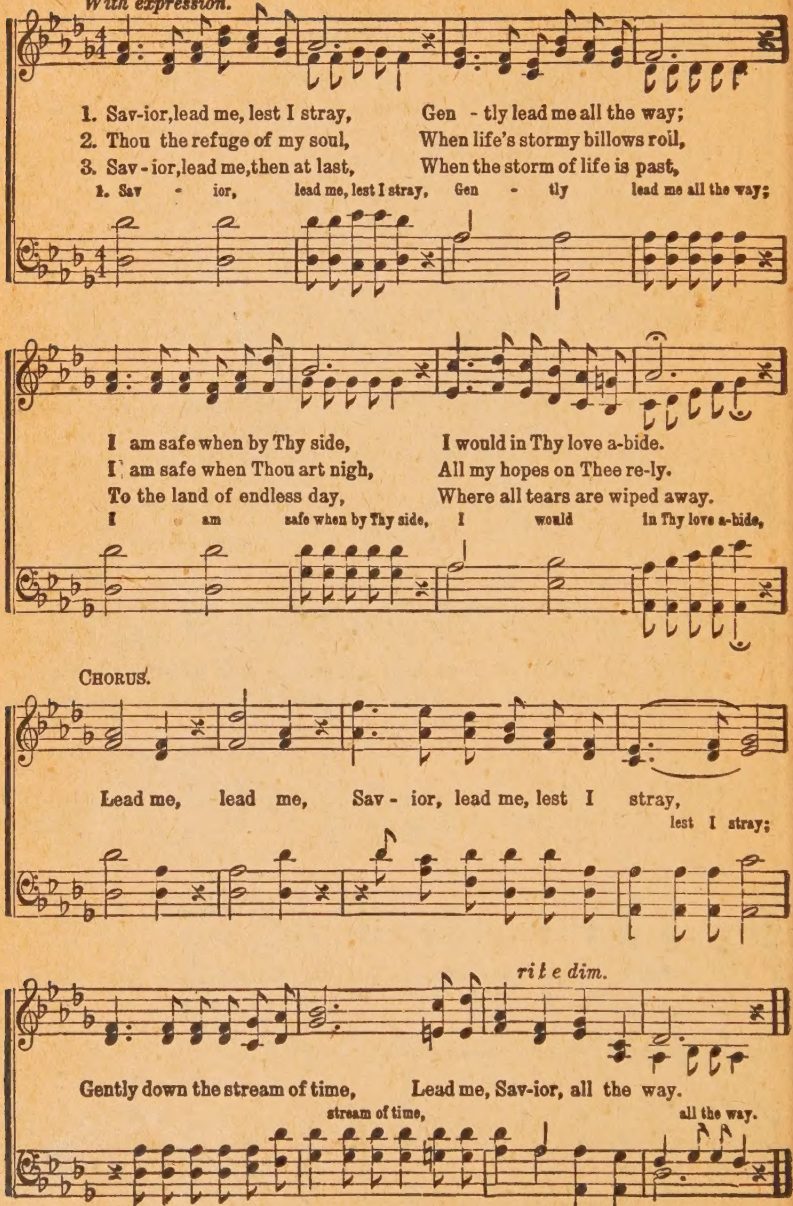
KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto-ry slow - ly That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earn-est tones and grave; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry When you have cause to fear That this world's
and His glo-ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto-ry sim - ply, As
ful re-demp-tion, God's rem-e-dy for sin. Tell me the sto-ry oft - en, For
I'm the sin-ner Whom Je-sus came to save; Tell me that sto-ry al-ways, If
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost-ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glory Is
to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea-ry, And help-less and de-filed.
I for-get so soon; The "ear-ly dew" of morn-ing, Has passed a-way at noon.
you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A com - for - ter to me.
dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old, sto-ry: "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
CHORUS.
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,
Tell me the old, old, sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

Lead Me, Savior.

P. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.


1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul, When life's stormy billows roil,
3. Sav - ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,
I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.
I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.
CHORUS.
Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray,
lest I stray;
rit e dim.
Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-ior, all the way.
stream of time,
all the way.

From "Carols of Joy," by per. of John J. Hood.

247 Marching In

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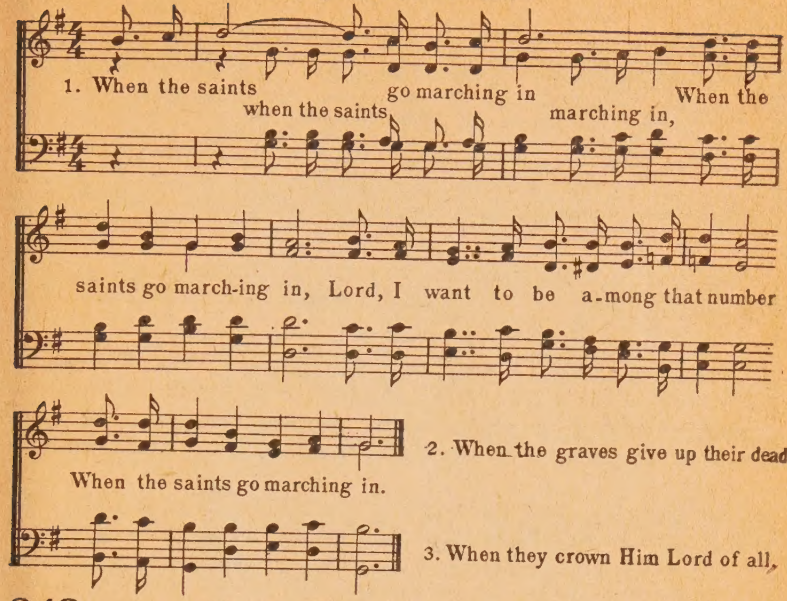
1. When the saints go marching in When the
when the saints marching in,
saints go march-ing in, Lord, I want to be a-mong that number
When the saints go marching in.
2. When the graves give up their dead.
3. When they crown Him Lord of all,

248 Never Known to Fail

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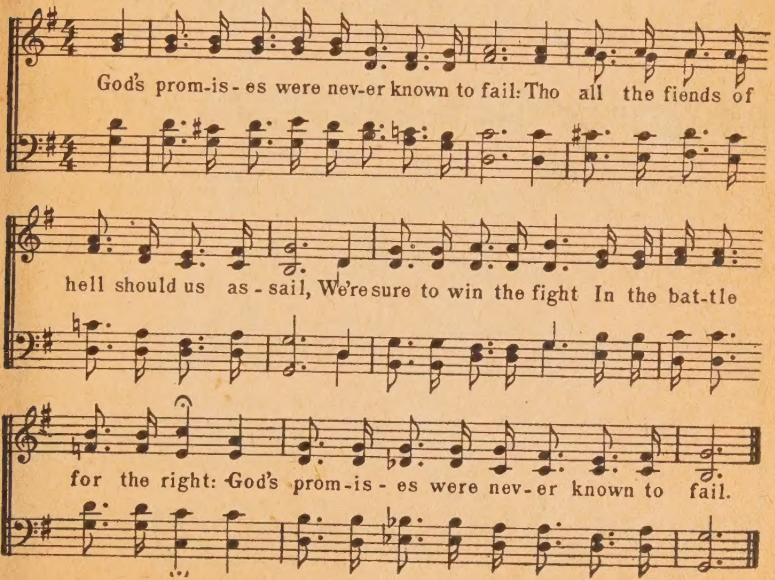
God's prom-is-es were nev-er known to fail: Tho all the fiends of
hell should us as-sail, We're sure to win the fight In the bat-tle
for the right: God's prom-is-es were nev-er known to fail.

Jesus the Crucified

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T. H. THORO HARRIS

p
1. Once on the sum-mit of Cal - va-ry, Bleed-ing and bound to re-
2. Number'd no long-er a - mong the dead, Je - sus is ris-en, my
3. Tho from His fold I have gone a-stray, Wand-ring so far on the
4. Je - sus is coming from heav'n a-gain O - ver the kingdoms of
demp-tion's tree, Je - sus was bear-ing the bur-den of wo,
glo - rious Head; Ov - er the grave is the vic-to-ry won,
down-ward way, Slay - ing my gracious Re-deem-er a - fresh
earth to reign. Will He re-mem-ber the least of His own
p
Suf - fer-ing-anguish no mor - tal can know, There for my sake took the
Life ev-er-lasting is mine thru the Son There with the Father on
On - ly to fol-low my vain, sin-ful flesh, Tho I have wounded the
When He shall sit on His high kingly throne? Sa-vior descending the
f
poor sin-ner's place, In His own bo-dy the shame and dis-grace. Wond'rous com-
yon-der bright throne Where I am seal'd with His lov'd and His own. From death's do-
Son of God's love, Turn'd from the call of the sweet, gentle Dove, Marvel of
path of the skies, May I be-hold thee with grateful sur-prise; In Thy great
f rit. p rall.
pas-sion un-bounded and free! Je-sus the Crucified dying for me.
min-ion for - ev-er I'm free; Je-sus the Glorified liveth for me.
mar-vels be-yond all de-gree! Je-sus the Blessed One pleadeth for me.
mer-cy O grant I may see Je-sus Inmanu-el coming for me. A-men.

250 Our Lord's Return to Earth Again.

J. M. K. Acts 1: 9,10, 11. J. M. KIRK.

1. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,
2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,
When our blessed Lord shall come and catch his wait-ing Bride a-way; Oh! my
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
And in all his ho-ly mountain nothing hurts or shall de-stroy; Per-fect
In a glorious reign with Je-sus of a thousand years of peace; All the
F.
heart is fill'd with rapt-ure as I la-bor, watch and pray, For the Lord is coming
take a-way all sickness and the suff'rer's tears will dry, When our Saviour shall come
peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love with-out al-loy, Aft-er Jesus shall come
earth is groaning, cry-ing for that day of sweet re-lease, For our Je-sus to come
D. S.-will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, Aft-er Jesus shall come
FINE. CHORUS.
back to earth a-gain. Oh! our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain,
is com-ing back to earth a-gain,
back to earth a-gain.
D. S.
Yes, our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain; Sa-tan
is com-ing back to earth a-gain,

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251 Ye Must Be Born Again.

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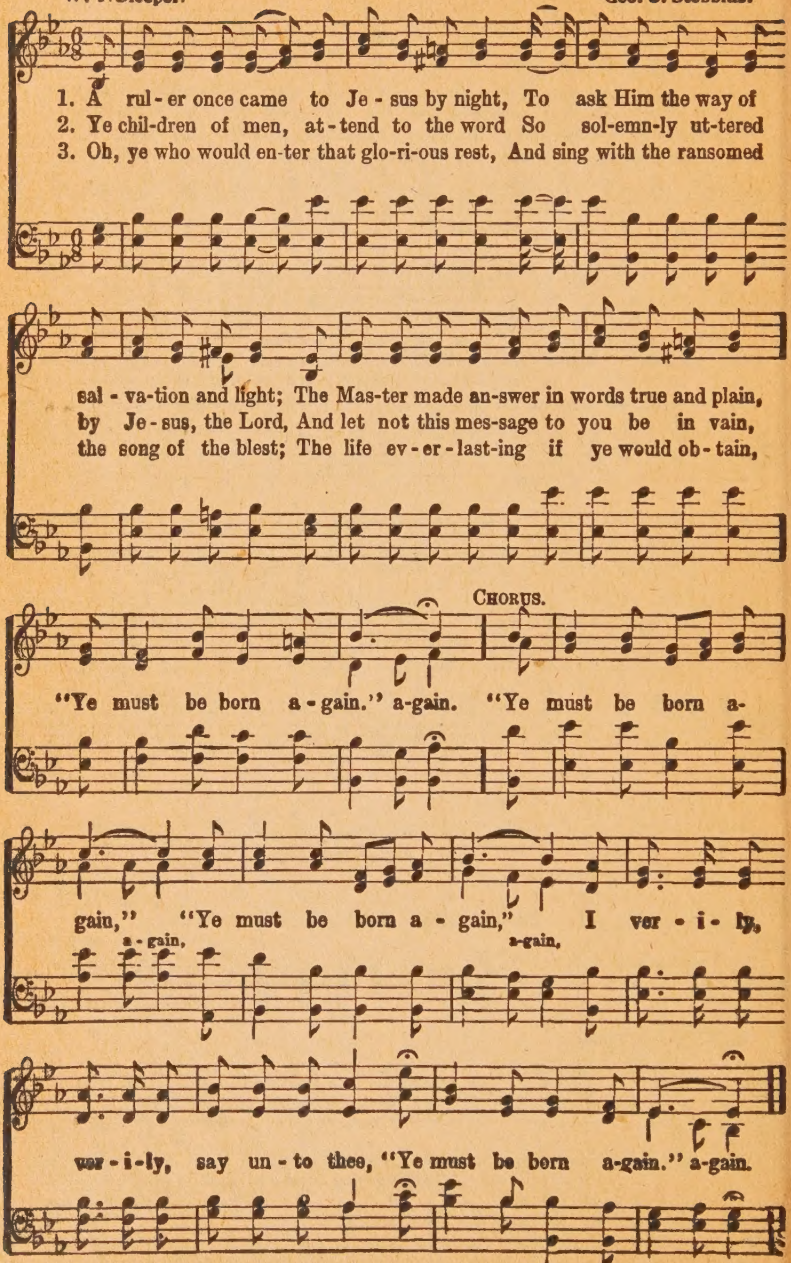
W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at - tend to the word So sol-emn-ly ut-tered
3. Oh, ye who would en-ter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the ransomed
sal - va-tion and light; The Mas-ter made an-swer in words true and plain,
by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain,
the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last-ing if ye would ob - tain,
CHORUS.
"Ye must be born a - gain." a-gain. "Ye must be born a-
gain," "Ye must be born a - gain," I ver - i - ly,
a - gain, a-gain,
ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain.

252 Our Christmas Prayer

T. H

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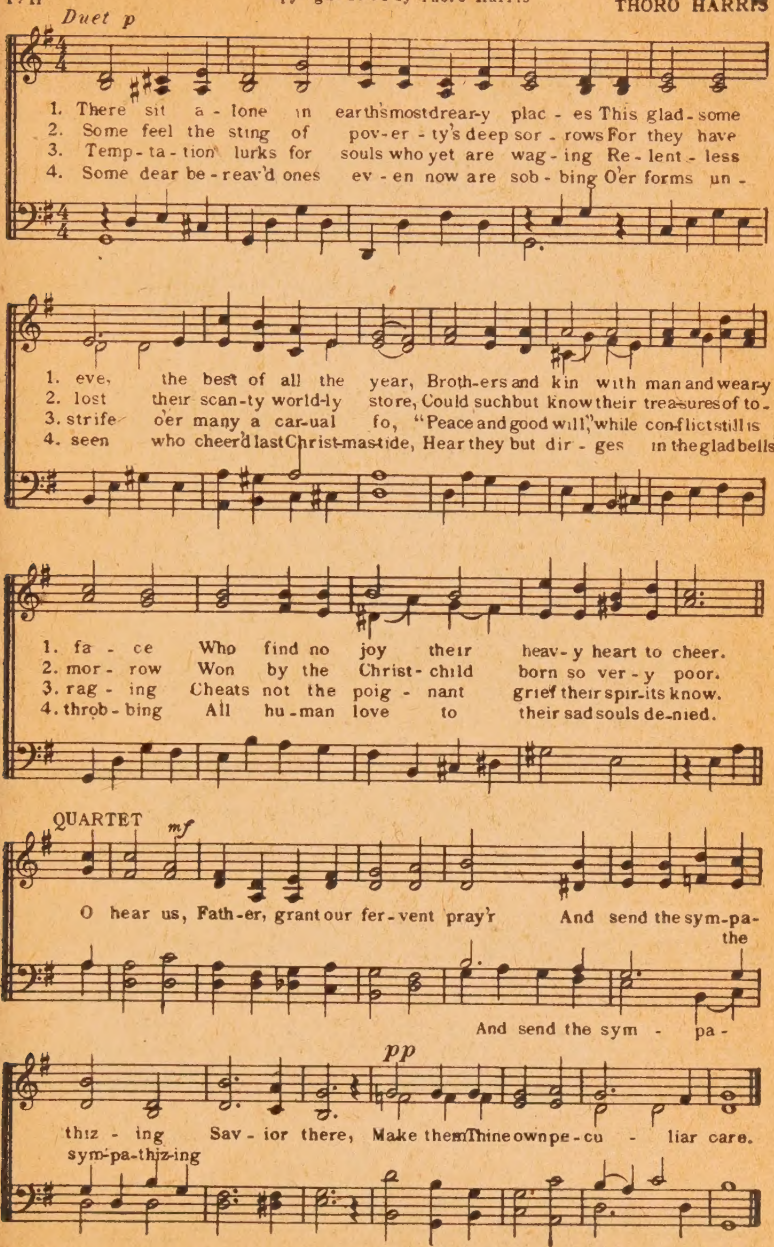
Duet p
1. There sit a - lone in earth's most drear-y plac - es This glad - some
2. Some feel the sting of pov-er - ty's deep sor - rows For they have
3. Temp - ta - tion lurks for souls who yet are wag - ing Re - lent - less
4. Some dear be - reav'd ones ev - en now are sob - bing O'er forms un -
1. eve, the best of all the year, Broth-ers and kin with man and wear-y
2. lost their scan-ty world-ly store, Could such but know their trea-sures of to -
3. strife o'er many a car-ual fo, "Peace and good will," while con-flict still is
4. seen who cheer'd last Christ-mas-tide, Hear they but dir - ges in the glad bells'
1. fa - ce Who find no joy their heav - y heart to cheer.
2. mor - row Won by the Christ - child born so ver - y poor.
3. rag - ing Cheats not the poig - nant grief their spir-its know.
4. throb - bing All hu - man love to their sad souls de-nied.
QUARTET
mf
O hear us, Fath-er, grant our fer - vent pray'r And send the sym-pa-
the
And send the sym - pa -
pp
thiz - ing Sav - ior there, Make them Thine own pe - cu - liar care.
sym-pa-thiz-ing

Crucified for Me.

"There they crucified him."—LUKE 23: 30.

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1. Could a-ny spot on earthly sod More blest or sa - cred be..... Than
2. I see my Sav - ior cru - ci-fied, While crimson streams of blood..... Flow
3. He died that I might ransomed be From sin and death and wo,..... That
4. O Heart of ev - er-last-ing love! How wondrous was the grace..... Which
5. The fountain of re-deeming grace For man is o - pen wide,..... Sal-
1. where the ho - ly Son of God Was cru - ci - fied for me?
2. from His hands, His feet, His side, In sac - ri - fi - cial flood.
3. I might live e - ter - nal - ly, And peace and par - don know.
4. moved the Sav - ior from a - bove To suf - fer in my place!
5. va - tion flows for all the race Since Christ was cru - ci - fied.
REFRAIN.
p
Cru - ci - fied, Je - sus died That the world might go free!.....
O my Savior!
ff
pp
The stream of life flows from His side, Cru - ci - fied for me.
Who was

I Thirst.

JOHN 19: 28.

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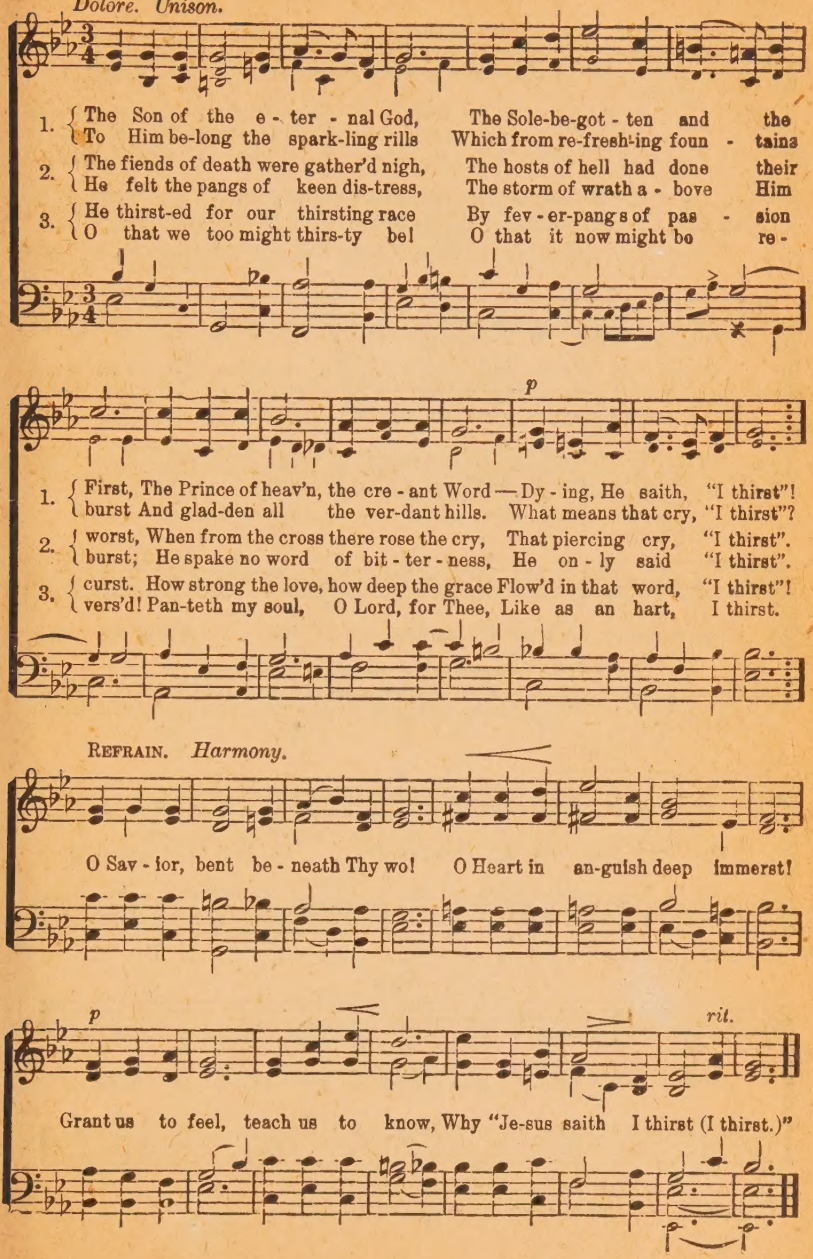
T. H. Thoro Harris.

Dolore. Unison.


1. The Son of the e - ter - nal God, The Sole-be-got - ten and the
To Him be-long the spark-ling rills Which from re-fresh-ing foun - tains
2. The fiends of death were gather'd nigh, The hosts of hell had done their
He felt the pangs of keen dis-tress, The storm of wrath a - bove Him
3. He thirst-ed for our thirsting race By fev - er-pangs of pas - sion
O that we too might thirs-ty be! O that it now might be re -
p
1. First, The Prince of heav'n, the cre - ant Word — Dy - ing, He saith, "I thirst"!
burst And glad-den all the ver-dant hills. What means that cry, "I thirst"?
2. worst, When from the cross there rose the cry, That piercing cry, "I thirst".
burst; He spake no word of bit - ter - ness, He on - ly said "I thirst".
3. curst. How strong the love, how deep the grace Flow'd in that word, "I thirst"!
vers'd! Pan-teth my soul, O Lord, for Thee, Like as an hart, I thirst.

REFRAIN. *Harmony.*

O Sav - ior, bent be - neath Thy woe! O Heart in an-guish deep immerst!
p
rit.
Grant us to feel, teach us to know, Why "Je-sus saith I thirst (I thirst.)"

Strains From the Far Away

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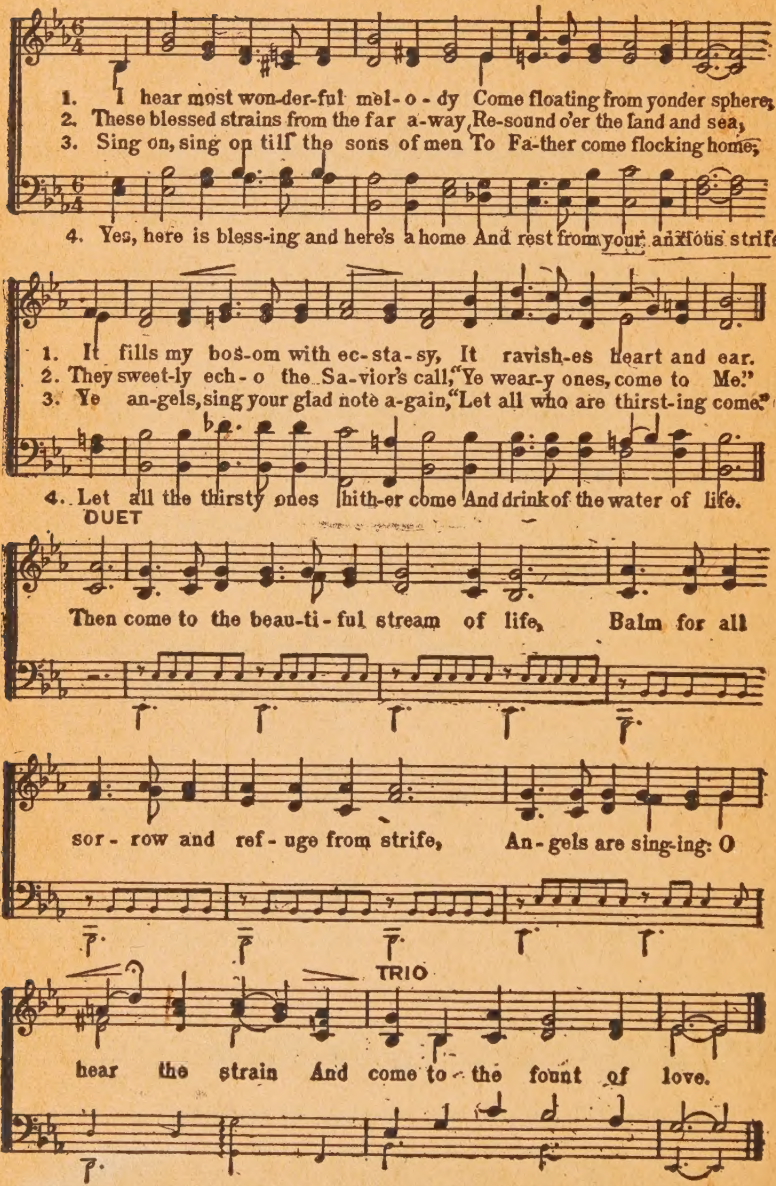
T. H. THORO HARRIS


1. I hear most won-der-ful mel-o-dy Come floating from yonder sphere,
2. These blessed strains from the far a-way Re-sound o'er the land and sea,
3. Sing on, sing on till the sons of men To Fa-ther come flocking home,
4. Yes, here is bless-ing and here's a home And rest from your anxious strife,
1. It fills my bos-om with ec-sta-sy, It ravish-es heart and ear.
2. They sweet-ly ech-o the Sa-vior's call, "Ye wear-y ones, come to Me."
3. Ye an-gels, sing your glad note a-gain, "Let all who are thirst-ing come."
4. Let all the thirsty ones hith-er come And drink of the water of life.
DUET
Then come to the beau-ti-ful stream of life, Balm for all
sor-row and ref-uge from strife, An-gels are sing-ing: O
TRIO
hear the strain And come to the fount of love.

256 My Only Hope

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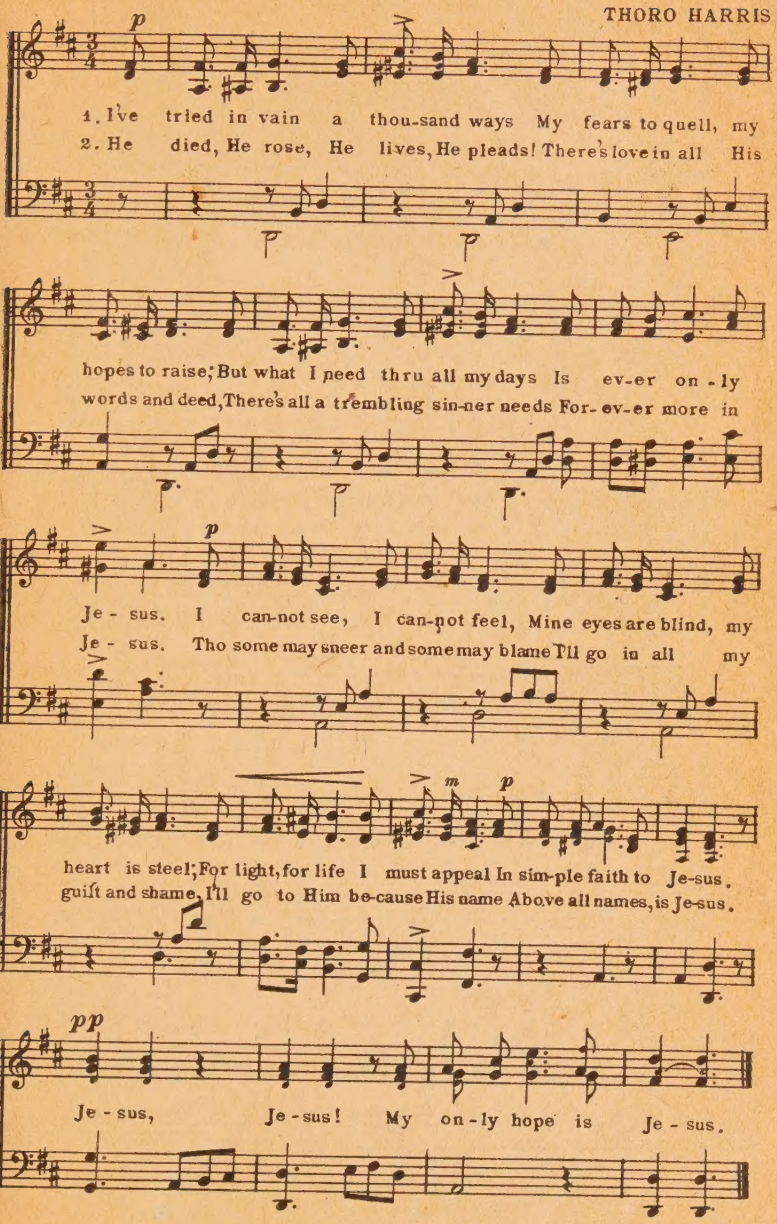
THORO HARRIS


1. I've tried in vain a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my
2. He died, He rose, He lives, He pleads! There's love in all His
hopes to raise; But what I need thru all my days Is ev-er on-ly
words and deed, There's all a trembling sin-ner needs For-ev-er more in
Je-sus. I can-not see, I can-not feel, Mine eyes are blind, my
Je-sus. Tho some may sneer and some may blame I'll go in all my
heart is steel; For light, for life I must appeal In sim-ple faith to Je-sus.
guilt and shame, I'll go to Him be-cause His name Above all names, is Je-sus.
Je-sus, Je-sus! My on-ly hope is Je-sus.

Honey in the Rock.

F. A. G. F. A. GRAVES.

1. O my brother, do you know the Sav - ior, Who is won - drous
2. Have you "tast-ed that the Lord is gra - cious?" Do you walk in the
3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa - ther, "What wilt Thou have
4. Then go out thro' the streets and by - ways, Preach the word to the
kind and true? He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion!"
way that's new? Have you drunk from the liv - ing fount-ain?
me to do?" Nev - er fear, He will sure - ly an - swer,
ma - ny or few; Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth - er,
CHORUS.
There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you. Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my
broth-er, There's Hon - ey in the Rock for you; Leave your
my broth-er, for you;
rit.
sins for the blood to cov-er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.
for you.

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258 He was Nailed to the Cross for Me!

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F. A. G.
Tenor and Alto Duet.

F. A. GRAVES.

1. What a won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour, Who would die on the cross for me!
2. Thus He left His heav-en-ly glo-ry, To ac-com-plish His Fa-ther's plan;
3. He was wounded for our transgressions, And He car-ried our sor-rows too;
4. So He gave His life for oth-ers, In re-deem-ing this world from sin;
Free-ly shed-ding His pre-cious life blood, That the sin-ner might be made free.
He was born of the vir-gin Ma-ry, Took up-on Him the form of man.
He's the Heal-er of ev-'ry sick-ness, This He came to the world to do.
And He's gone to pre-pare a man-sion, That at last we may en-ter in.
CHORUS.
He was nail'd to the cross for me, He was nail'd to the cross for me;
He was nail'd to the cross, He was nail'd to the cross,
On the cross cru-ci-fied, for me He died; He was nail'd to the cross for me.

259 Mine Own

H. BROWN MITCHELL

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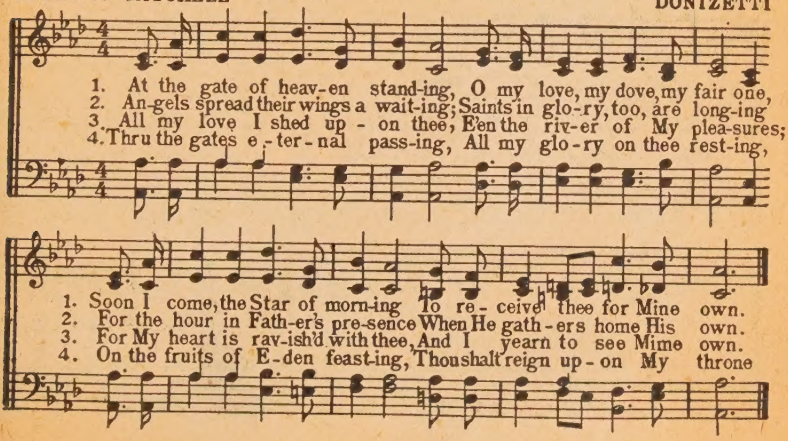
DONIZETTI


1. At the gate of heav-en stand-ing, O my love, my dove, my fair one,
2. An-gels spread their wings a wait-ing; Saints in glo-ry, too, are long-ing
3. All my love I shed up-on thee, E'en the riv-er of My plea-sures;
4. Thru the gates e-ter-nal pass-ing, All my glo-ry on thee rest-ing,
1. Soon I come, the Star of morn-ing To re-ceive thee for Mine own.
2. For the hour in Fath-er's pre-sence When He gath-ers home His own.
3. For My heart is rav-ish'd with thee, And I yearn to see Mine own.
4. On the fruits of E-den feast-ing, Thou shalt reign up-on My throne

Just Over in the Glory-Land.

JAS. W. ACUFF.
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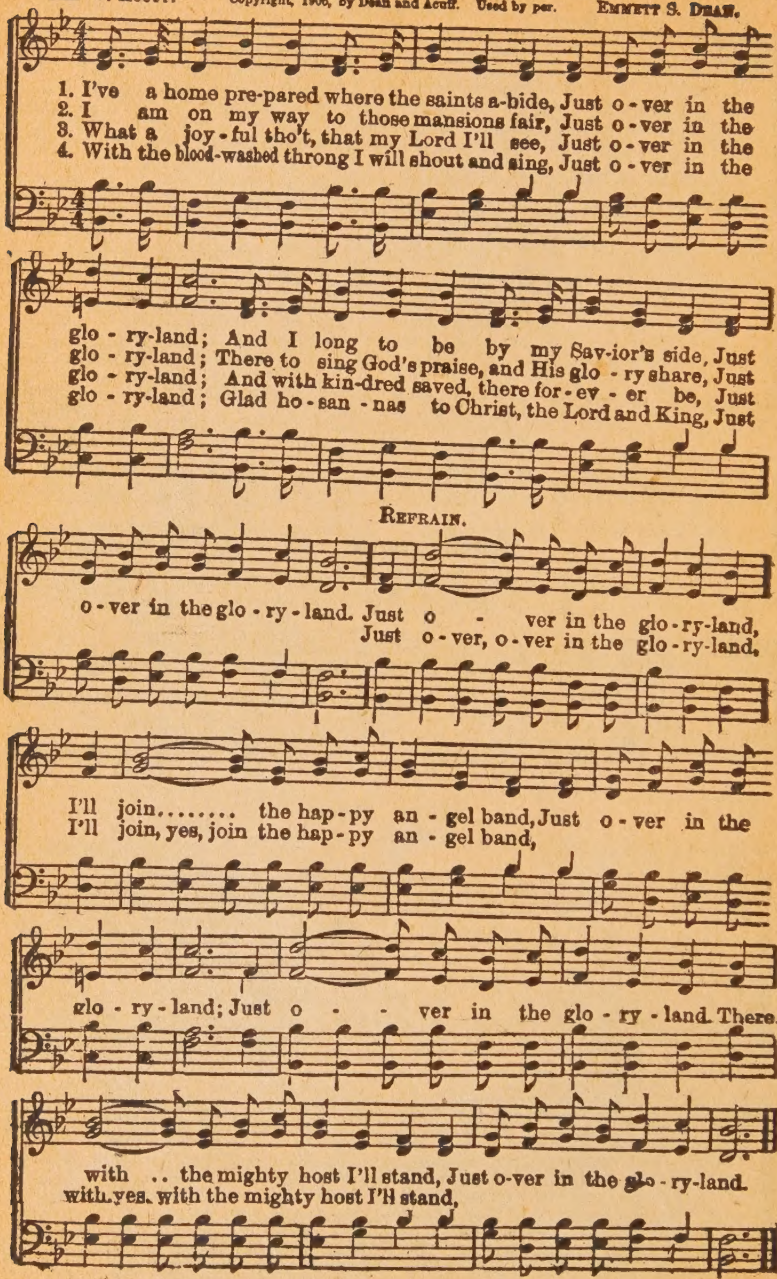
EMMETT S. DEAN.


1. I've a home pre-pared where the saints a-bide, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land; And I long to be by my Sav-ior's side, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land.
2. I am on my way to those mansions fair, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land; There to sing God's praise, and His glo-ry share, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land.
3. What a joy-ful tho't, that my Lord I'll see, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land; And with kin-dred saved, there for-ev-er be, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land.
4. With the blood-washed throng I will shout and sing, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land; Glad ho-san-nas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land.
REFRAIN.
I'll join..... the hap-py an-gel band, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land;
I'll join, yes, join the hap-py an-gel band, Just o-ver, o-ver in the glo-ry-land.
with .. the mighty host I'll stand, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land.
with yes, with the mighty host I'll stand,

261 Hold My Hand

T. H.

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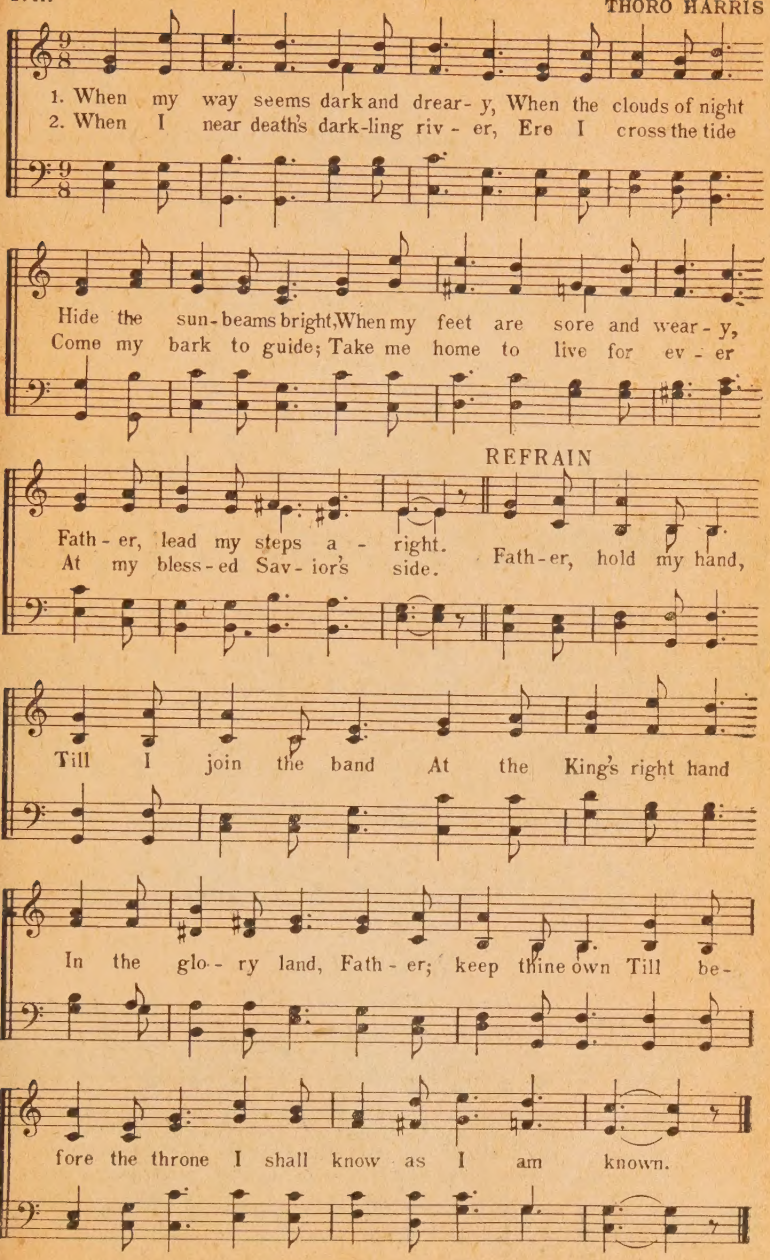
THORO HARRIS


1. When my way seems dark and drear- y, When the clouds of night
2. When I near death's dark-ling riv - er, Ere I cross the tide
Hide the sun-beams bright, When my feet are sore and wear- y,
Come my bark to guide; Take me home to live for ev - er
REFRAIN
Fath - er, lead my steps a - right.
At my bless-ed Sav- ior's side.
Fath-er, hold my hand,
Till I join the band At the King's right hand
In the glo - ry land, Fath - er; keep thine own Till be-
fore the throne I shall know as I am known.

262 Canaan is My Home

MILLIE COOPER

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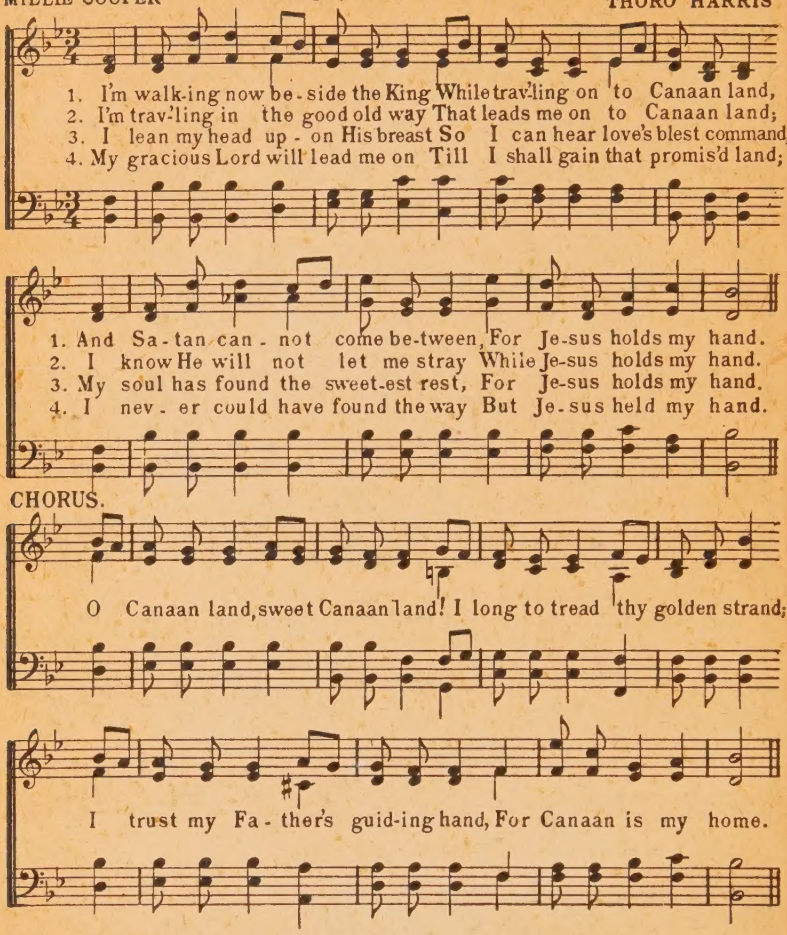
1. I'm walk-ing now be-side the King While trav'ling on to Canaan land,
2. I'm trav'ling in the good old way That leads me on to Canaan land;
3. I lean my head up-on His breast So I can hear love's blest command;
4. My gracious Lord will lead me on Till I shall gain that promis'd land;
1. And Sa-tan can-not come be-tween, For Je-sus holds my hand.
2. I know He will not let me stray While Je-sus holds my hand.
3. My soul has found the sweet-est rest, For Je-sus holds my hand.
4. I nev-er could have found the way But Je-sus held my hand.
CHORUS.
O Canaan land, sweet Canaan land! I long to tread thy golden strand;
I trust my Fa-ther's guid-ing hand, For Canaan is my home.

263 Wise Men

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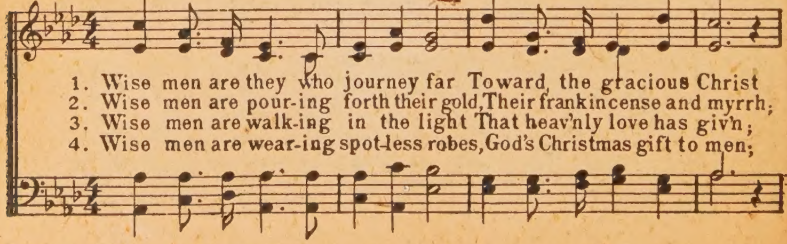
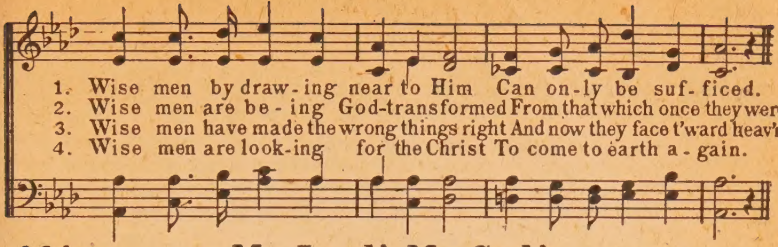
MABEL M. SEVERN

THORO HARRIS

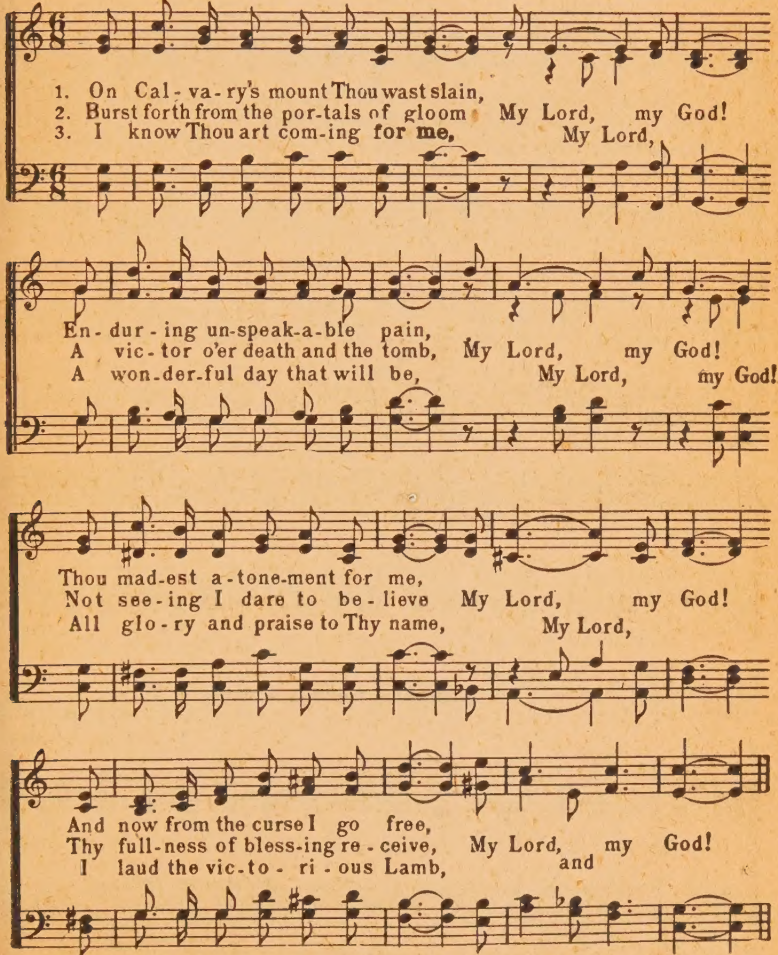

1. Wise men are they who journey far Toward the gracious Christ
2. Wise men are pour-ing forth their gold, Their frankincense and myrrh;
3. Wise men are walk-ing in the light That heav'nly love has giv'n;
4. Wise men are wear-ing spot-less robes, God's Christmas gift to men;


1. Wise men by draw-ing near to Him Can on-ly be suf-ficed.
2. Wise men are be-ing God-transformed From that which once they were.
3. Wise men have made the wrong things right And now they face t'ward heav'n,
4. Wise men are look-ing for the Christ To come to earth a-gain.

264 My Lord! My God!

John 20:28

T.H. Copyright, 1925, by Thoro Harris THORO HARRIS


1. On Cal-va-ry's mount Thou wast slain, My Lord, my God!
2. Burst forth from the por-tals of gloom My Lord, my God!
3. I know Thou art com-ing for me, My Lord,
En-dur-ing un-speak-a-ble pain,
A vic-tor o'er death and the tomb, My Lord, my God!
A won-der-ful day that will be, My Lord, my God!
Thou mad-est a-tone-ment for me,
Not see-ing I dare to be-lieve My Lord, my God!
All glo-ry and praise to Thy name, My Lord,
And now from the curse I go free,
Thy full-ness of bless-ing re-ceive, My Lord, my God!
I laud the vic-to-ri-ous Lamb, and

265 Old Time Power

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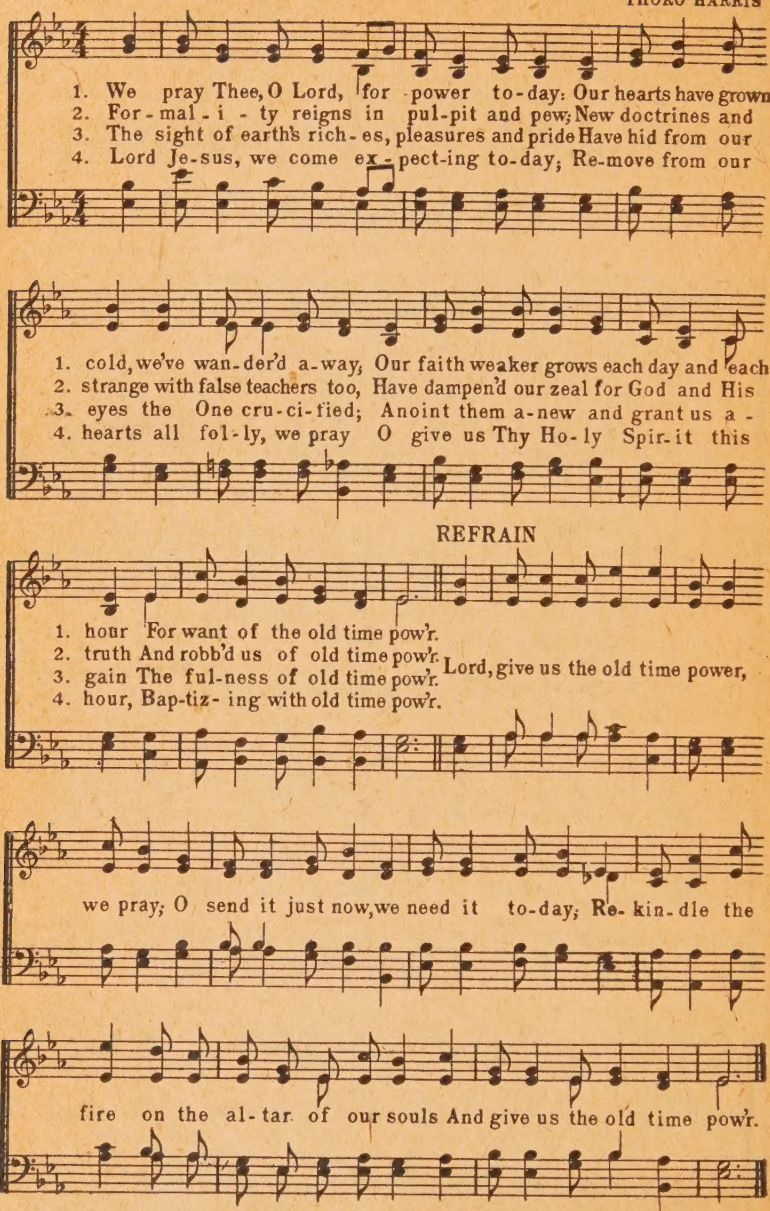
T. H.

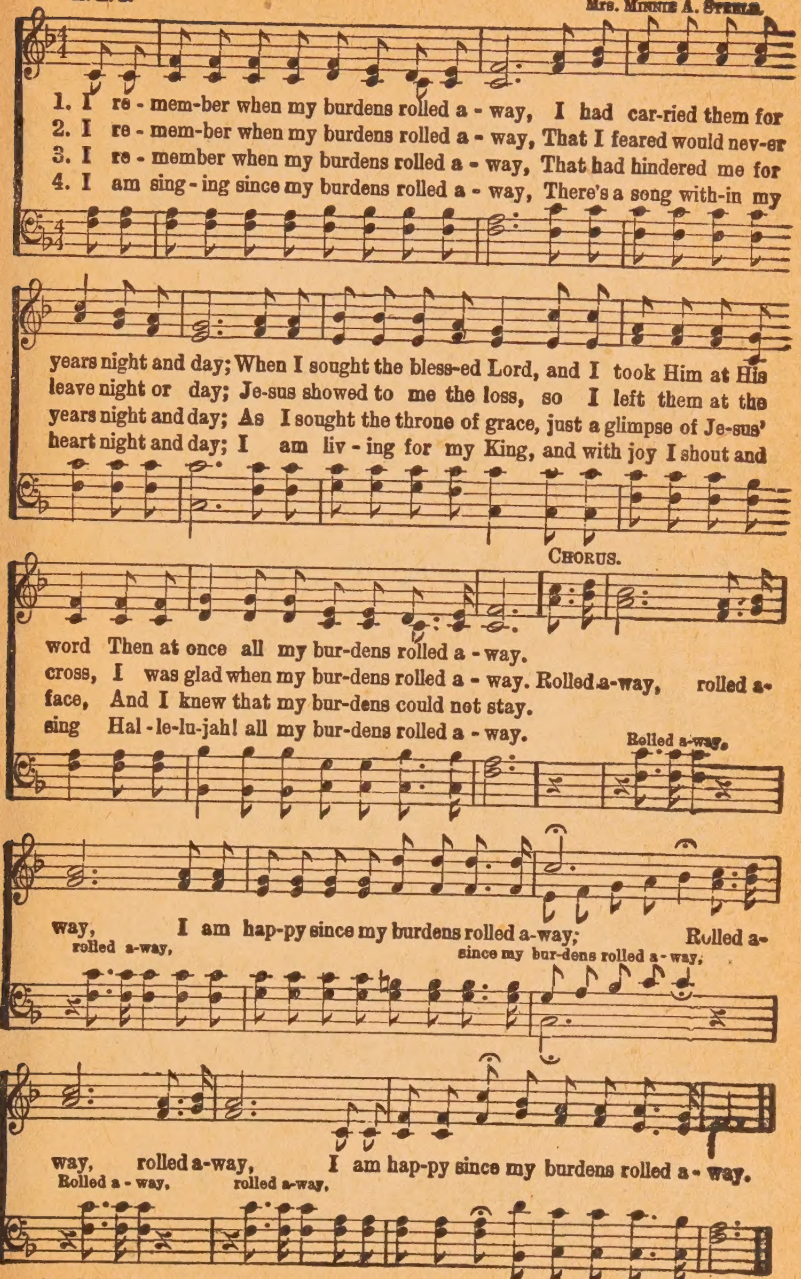
THORO HARRIS


1. We pray Thee, O Lord, for power to-day: Our hearts have grown
2. For-mal-i-ty reigns in pul-pit and pew; New doctrines and
3. The sight of earth's rich-es, pleasures and pride Have hid from our
4. Lord Je-sus, we come ex-pect-ing to-day; Re-move from our
1. cold, we've wan-der'd a-way; Our faith weaker grows each day and each
2. strange with false teachers too, Have dampen'd our zeal for God and His
3. eyes the One cru-ci-fied; Anoint them a-new and grant us a-
4. hearts all fol-ly, we pray O give us Thy Ho-ly Spir-it this
REFRAIN
1. hour For want of the old time pow'r.
2. truth And robb'd us of old time pow'r.
3. gain The ful-ness of old time pow'r.
4. hour, Bap-tiz-ing with old time pow'r.
Lord, give us the old time power,
we pray; O send it just now, we need it to-day; Re-kin-dle the
fire on the al-tar of our souls And give us the old time pow'r.

My Burdens Rolled Away.

M. A. S.

Mrs. MINNIE A. STEELE.


1. I re - mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, I had car-ried them for
2. I re - mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, That I feared would nev-er
3. I re - member when my burdens rolled a - way, That had hindered me for
4. I am sing - ing since my burdens rolled a - way, There's a song with-in my
years night and day; When I sought the bless-ed Lord, and I took Him at His
leave night or day; Je-sus showed to me the loss, so I left them at the
years night and day; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Je-sus'
heart night and day; I am liv - ing for my King, and with joy I shout and
CHORUS.
word Then at once all my bur-dens rolled a - way.
cross, I was glad when my bur-dens rolled a - way. Rolled a-way, rolled a-
face, And I knew that my bur-dens could not stay.
sing Hal - le-lu-jah! all my bur-dens rolled a - way.
Rolled a-way.
way, I am hap-py since my burdens rolled a-way;
rolled a-way,
Rolled a-
since my bur-dens rolled a - way;
way, rolled a-way, I am hap-py since my burdens rolled a - way.
Rolled a - way, rolled a-way,

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Rain

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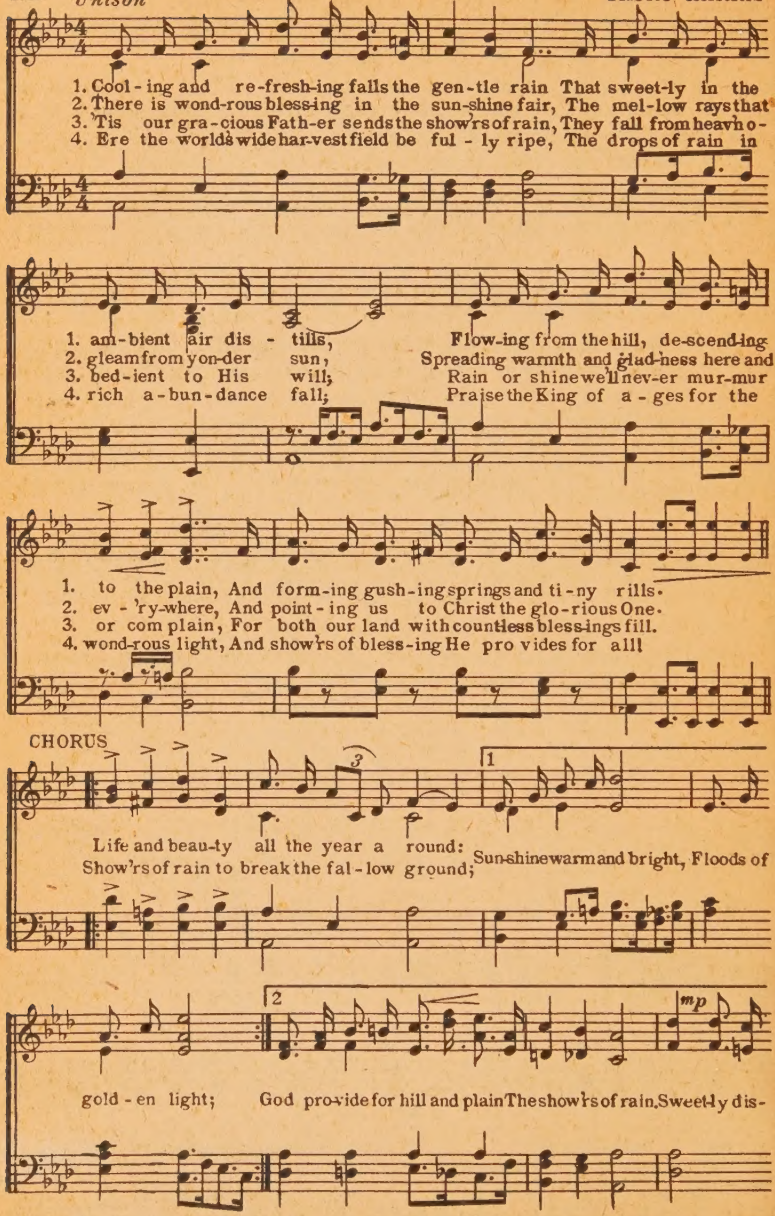
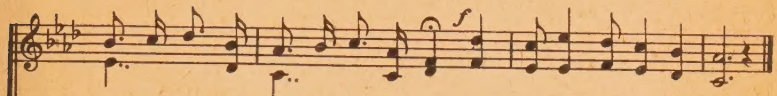
T.H *Unison* THORO HARRIS


1. Cool - ing and re-fresh-ing falls the gen-tle rain That sweet-ly in the
2. There is wond-rous bless-ing in the sun-shine fair, The mel-low rays that
3. 'Tis our gra-cious Fath-er sends the show'rs of rain, They fall from heav'n o-
4. Ere the world's wide har-vest field be ful - ly ripe, The drops of rain in
1. am-bient air dis - tills, Flow-ing from the hill, de-scend-ing
2. gleam from yon-der sun, Spreading warmth and glad-ness here and
3. bed-ient to His will; Rain or shine we'll nev-er mur-mur
4. rich a-bun-dance fall; Praise the King of a - ges for the
1. to the plain, And form-ing gush-ing springs and ti-ny rills.
2. ev - 'ry-where, And point-ing us to Christ the glo-rious One.
3. or com plain, For both our land with countless bless-ings fill.
4. wond-rous light, And show'rs of bless-ing He pro vides for all!
CHORUS
Life and beau-ty all the year a round: Sun-shine warm and bright, Floods of
Show'rs of rain to break the fal-low ground;
gold - en light; God pro-vide for hill and plain The show'rs of rain, Sweet-ly dis-
mp

till - ing, God's pur-pose fill-ing, Falls the gen-tle rain, A gift from Father's

bount-eous hand To glad-den all the land And rip-en the gold-en grain.



268 As Thou Art

THORO HARRIS

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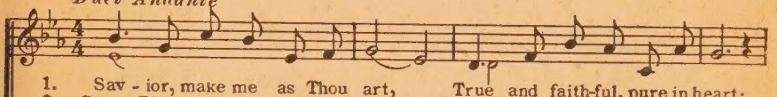
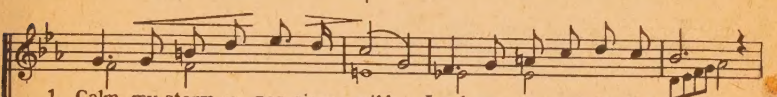
RUBY JANATA

Duet Andante

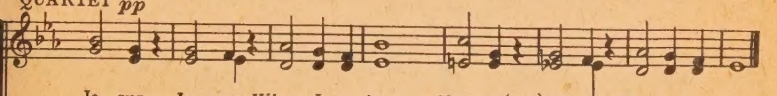


1. Sav - ior, make me as Thou art, True and faith-ful, pure in heart;
2. Stamp Thine im-age on my face, Let me em - ul - ate Thy grace,
3. Noth-ing can my soul en - snare, If to Thee I look in pray'r.
4. When at last I reach my home, Where no e - vil thing can come,

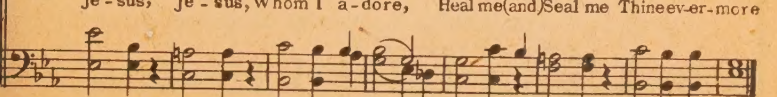


1. Calm my storm-y pas-sions wild, Lead me as a help-less child.
2. Keep me from temp-ta-tion's pow'r, Strong to tri-umph ev'ry hour.
3. Naught shall cause my heart to fear, While I know that Thou art near.
4. Then up-on a hap-pier shore, I will praise Thee and a-dore.

QUARTET *pp*



Je - sus, Je - sus, Whom I a-dore, Heal me (and) Seal me Thine ev-er-more



269 My Adorable Friend

T.H. Copyright 1925 by Thoro Harris THORO HARRIS

1. I've a mer - ci - ful Sav - ior, a won - der-ful Friend: He loved me
2. 'Tis the Son of the High - est, the Glo - ri - ous Man Who came to
1. be-fore e'er I knew Him; All His chos-en dis - ci - ples He loves
2. the earth to re-deem us; And His coun-sel of mer - cy the a -
1. to the end; He is all I had fan-cied and more. (ev-en more).
2. ges will span, Till we dwell in the ci - ty of God. (ov-er there).
REFRAIN
What - ev - er be-tide, He is close by my side, Most hu - man
yet most di - vine, (most di - vine); His heart is sin-cere, To my
soul He is dear, This a - dor - a - ble Friend of mine.

270 Hallelujah! I'm Redeemed!

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JAMES ROWE

THORO HARRIS

1. By the Lord I've been for-giv-en and am on my way to heav-en.
2. Man-y years I spent in sad-ness, now my days are full of glad-ness.
3. When on earth I cease to wan-der, I shall tell my sto-ry yon-der.
Hal-le - lu - jah! I'm re-deemed!
Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! I'm re-deemed!
All the
Lost in
There for-
world shall hear the sto-ry of my Sav-ior's life and glo-ry.
sin my Sav-ior found me, put his might-y arms a-round me.
ev-er and for-ev-er I shall praise my bless-ed Sav-ior.
Hal-le - lu - jah! I'm re-deemed!
Hal-le-lu-jak! Im re-deemed!
(I'm re-deemed!)
CHORUS
I am fac-ing home to-day, All my sins are wash'd a-way;
And my rap-ture'd heart can say, O hal-le - lu-jah! I'm re-deemed.

271 I'm Glad I'm One of Them.

I. G. M. I. G. MARTIN.

1. There are peo - ple, al - most ev - 'ry where, Whose hearts are all a - flame,
2. Tho' these peo - ple may not learn - ed be, Nor boast of world - ly fame,
3. Come, my broth-er, seek this bless - ing That will cleanse your heart from sin,
With the fire that fell at Pen - te - cost, Which cleansed and made them clean.
They have all received their Pen - te - cost Thro' faith in Je - sus' name;
That will start the joy-bells ring - ing, And will keep the soul a - flame.
It is burn-ing now with-in my heart; All glo - ry to His name!
And are tell - ing now, both far and wide, His pow'r is yet the same;
It is burn-ing now with-in my heart; All glo - ry to His name!
CHORUS.
And I'm glad that I can say I'm one of them. One of them, one of
One of them,
them, I am glad that I can say I'm one of them; One of them,
one of them,
One of them,

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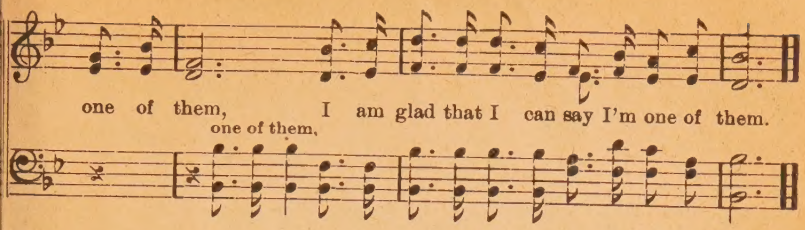

272

Separation.

LUCY A. BENNETT. THORO HARRIS.

1. Ho - ly, hap - py sep - a - ra - tion! They a - lone are
2. Je - sus calls to sep - a - ra - tion, And him - self hath
3. Bless - ed Je - sus, make us will - ing Thus "with-out the
4. Sep - a - rate from all that grieves thee, "Sep - a - rate from
5. Un - to thee, be - lov - ed Mas - ter, Near - er, near - er
tru - ly blest, Who from all be - sides re - tir - ing, And him-
led the way; His own life the ex - plan - a - tion, His own
camp" to go Un - to thee in glad sub - jec - tion, Un - to
sin - ners" too; Yet, like thee, for sin - ners car - ing, And, like
let us be: Un - to thee in con - se - cra - tion, Un - to
dim.
self a - lone de - sir - ing, Find in "Je - sus on - ly" rest.
life the il - lus - tra - tion: Who is read - y to o - bey?
thee in thy re - jec - tion, Un - to thee from all be - low.
thee, with sin - ners bear - ing; Ask - ing, What would Je - sus do?
thee in sep - a - ra - tion—Ev - er, on - ly un - to thee!

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A Gracious Message

Copyright, 1924, by Thoro Harris

T.H. THORO HARRIS

1. Wear - y one, list to the Sav - iour's kind voice,
2. Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing is He,
3. Give all your doubt - ing and wil - ful - ness o'er,
1. Bid - ding thy heart in its sor - row re - joice; Sin - ner, give heed to each
2. "Child of af - flic - tion, re - turn un - to Me;" Put - ting the promise of
3. Thy wast - ed years He will glad - ly re - store; This is the day of sal -
1. com - fort - ing word Spok - en by Je - sus the Lord.
2. love to the test, Find peace and par - don and rest.
3. va - tion for all Who on His name hum - bly call.
Hear Him cal - ling.
REFRAIN
O come home to - day, His sweet voice o - bey;
He is the life and the truth and the way; Be - lieve in the word of
Je - sus the Lord; A mes - sage more gra - cious was nev - er yet heard.

274

C.F.O.

Be in Time

Copyright, 1925, by Thoro Harris

Arr. by THORO HARRIS

1. Life it-self is ver - y brief, Like the fall-ing of a leaf,
2. Fair-est flow-ers soon de - cay, Youth and beau-ty pass a-way,
3. Time is fly-ing swift-ly by, Death and judg-ment draw-ing nigh,
4. Sin-ner, heed the warn-ing voice, Make the Lord your hap-py choice,

1. Like the bind-ing of a sheaf, Be in time (be in time); Fleet-ing days
2. O you have not long to stay, Be in time; While Gods Spir-
3. To the arms of Je-sus fly, Be in time; O, I pray
4. Then all heav-en will re-joice, Be in time; Turn from dark-

1. are tell-ing fast That the die will soon be past And the fa-tal line
2. it bids you come, Sin-ner, do not long-er roam, Lest you seal your hope-
3. you count the cost Ere the fa-tal line be cross'd And your christ-less soul
4. ness in-to light, Let the Sav-ior set you right; Come and start for heav'n

CHORUS.

1. be past: Be in time.
2. less doom, Be in time.
3. be lost, Be in time.
4. to-night, Be in time.

Be in time be in time (O care-less sin-ner), be in time (now be in time), While the voice of Je-sus calls you, be in time (O be in time); If in sin you long-er wait, You may find no o-pen gate; Ere your sad cry be "Too late," O be in time!

275 My Sheep Know My Voice.

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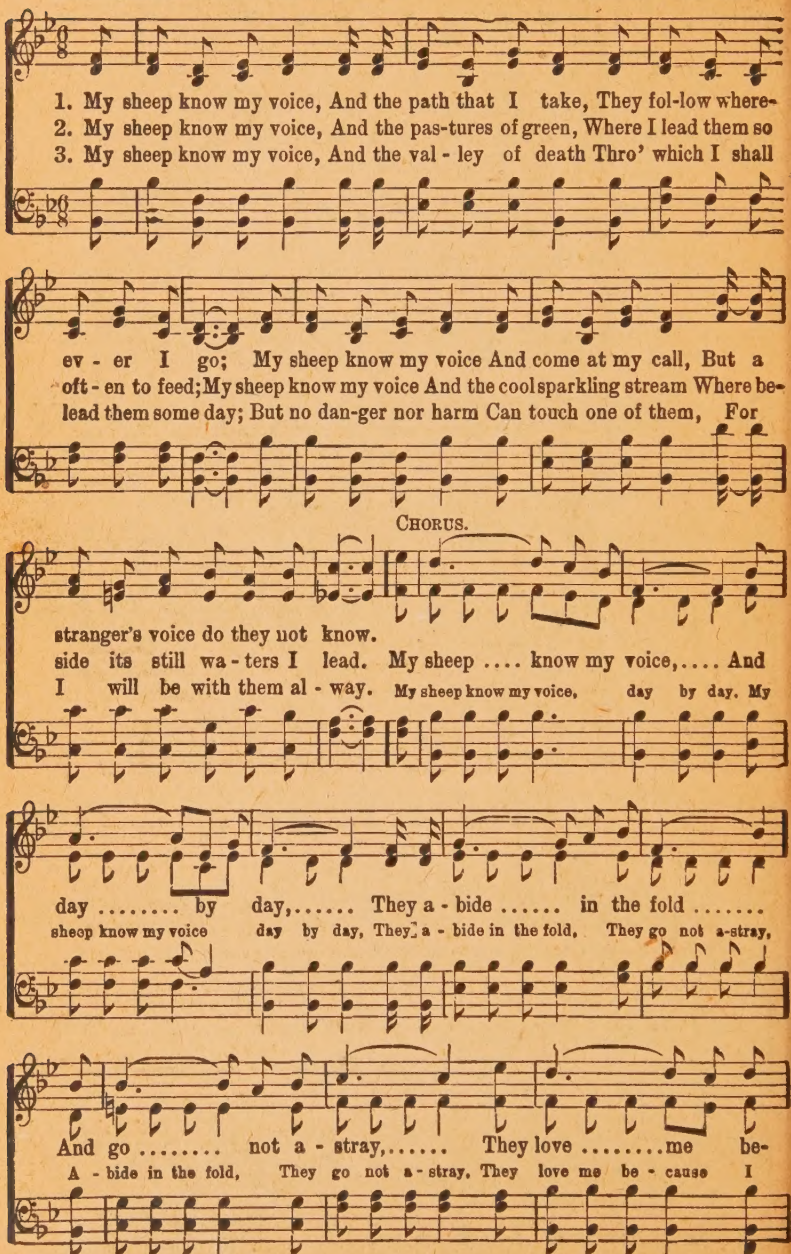
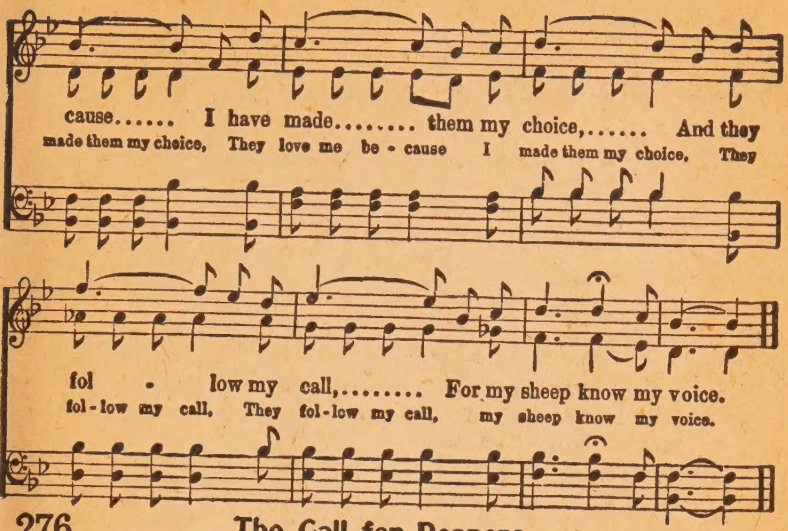
First stanza, chorus and melody by H. BUFFUM. Arr. by I. G. MARTIN.


1. My sheep know my voice, And the path that I take, They fol-low where-
2. My sheep know my voice, And the pas-tures of green, Where I lead them so
3. My sheep know my voice, And the val - ley of death Thro' which I shall
ev - er I go; My sheep know my voice And come at my call, But a
oft - en to feed; My sheep know my voice And the cool sparkling stream Where be-
lead them some day; But no dan-ger nor harm Can touch one of them, For
CHORUS.
stranger's voice do they not know.
side its still wa - ters I lead. My sheep .... know my voice,.... And
I will be with them al - way. My sheep know my voice, day by day. My
day ..... by day,..... They a - bide ..... in the fold .....
sheep know my voice day by day, They a - bide in the fold, They go not a-stray,
And go ..... not a - stray,..... They love .....me be-
A - bide in the fold, They go not a - stray, They love me be - cause I

My Sheep Know My Voice. Concluded.


cause..... I have made..... them my choice,..... And they
made them my choice, They love me be - cause I made them my choice, They
fol - low my call,..... For my sheep know my voice.
fol - low my call, They fol - low my call, my sheep know my voice.

276 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson. J. B. O. Clemm.

1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing With the waves of rip-ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;
FINE.
Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend - ing, Thou shalt come with joy un - told.
D. S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest-time pass by.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Lord of harvest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

If I Gained the World.

ANNA ÖLANDER.
Tr. Composite.

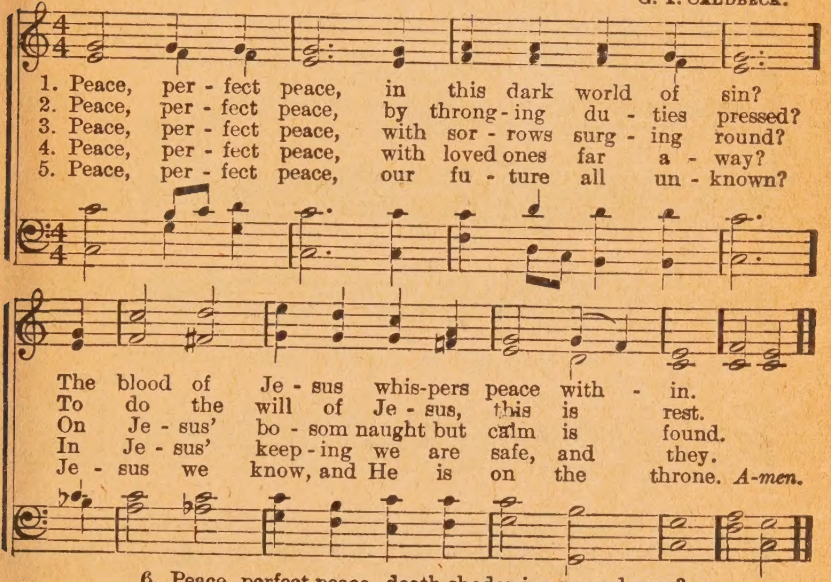
SWEDISH.

1. If I gained the world, but lost the Sav - iour, Were my
2. Had I wealth and love in full - est meas - ure, And a
3. O what emp - ti - ness!—with-out the Sav - iour 'Mid the
4. O the joy of hav - ing all in Je - sus! What a
life worth liv - ing for a day? Could my yearning heart find rest and
name revered both far and near, Yet no hope be-yond, no har - bor
sins and sor - rows here be - low! And e - ter - ni - ty, how dark with
balm the brok-en heart to heal! Ne'er a sin so great, but He'll for-
com - fort In the things that soon must pass a - way? If I
wait - ing, Where my storm-tossed ves - sel I could steer; If I
out Him!—On - ly night and tears and end-less woe! What, tho'
give it, Nor a sor-row that He does not feel! If I
gained the world, but lost the Sav-iour, Would my gain be worth the life-long
gained the world, but lost the Sav-iour, Who endured the cross and died for
I might live with-out the Sav-iour, When I come to die, how would it
have but Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,—Nothing else in all the world be-

strife? Are all earth - ly pleas - ures worth com-
me, Could then all the world af - ford a
be? O to face the val - ley's gloom with-
side— O then ev - ery - thing is mine in
par - ing For a mo - ment with a Christ-filled life?
ref - uge, Whith - er, in my an - guish, I might flee?
out Him! And with - out Him all e - ter - ni - ty!
Je - sus; For my needs and more He will pro - vide.

278 Peace, Perfect Peace.

E. H. BICKERSTETH. G. T. CALDBECK.

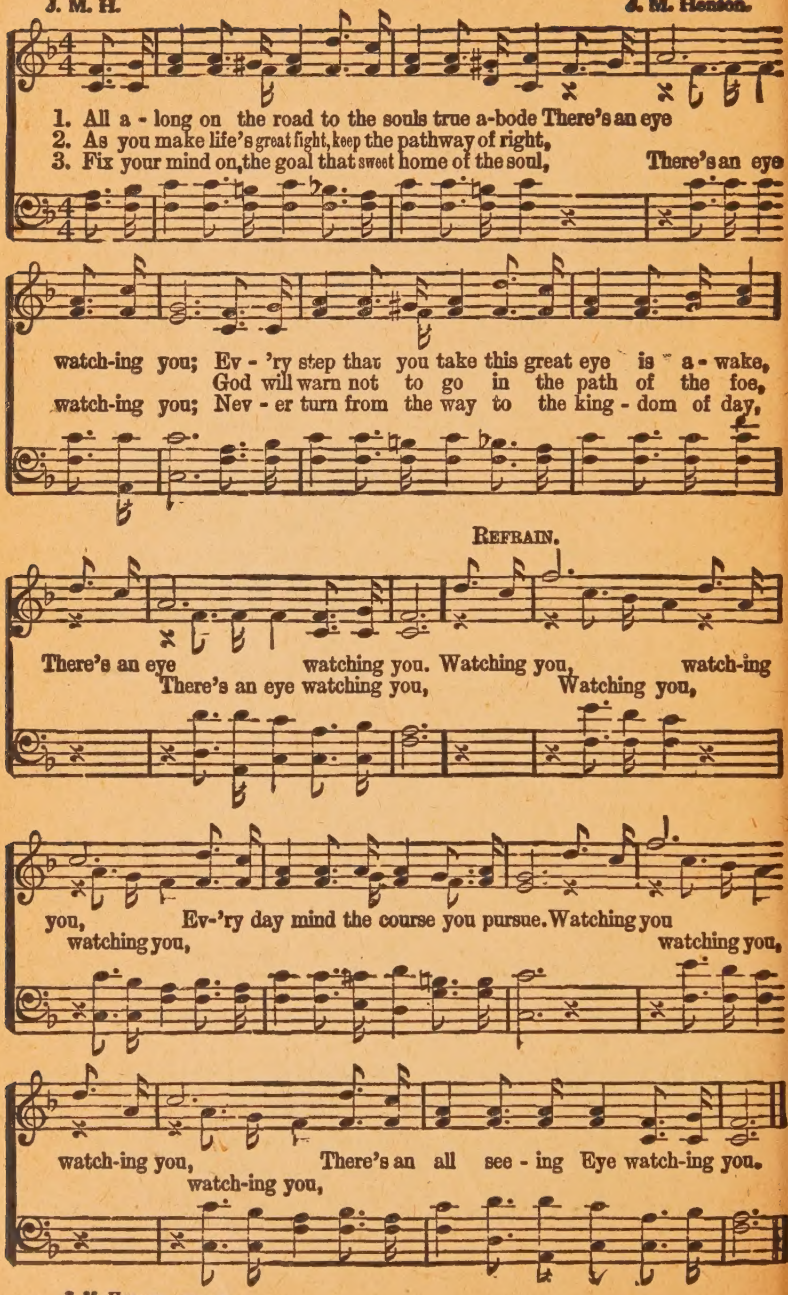

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?
4. Peace, per - fect peace, with loved ones far a - way?
5. Peace, per - fect peace, our fu - ture all un - known?
The blood of Je - sus whis-pers peace with - in.
To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.
In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe, and they.
Je - sus we know, and He is on the throne. A-men.

6. Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7. It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Watching You.

J. M. H. J. M. Henson.


1. All a - long on the road to the souls true a-bode There's an eye
2. As you make life's great fight, keep the pathway of right,
3. Fix your mind on, the goal that sweet home of the soul, There's an eye
watch-ing you; Ev - 'ry step that you take this great eye is a - wake,
God will warn not to go in the path of the foe,
watch-ing you; Nev - er turn from the way to the king - dom of day,
REFRAIN.
There's an eye watching you. Watching you, watch-ing
There's an eye watching you, Watching you,
you, Ev-'ry day mind the course you pursue. Watching you
watching you, watching you,
watch-ing you, There's an all see - ing Eye watch-ing you.
watch-ing you,

J. M. Henson, owner.

How I Forget My Sorrows

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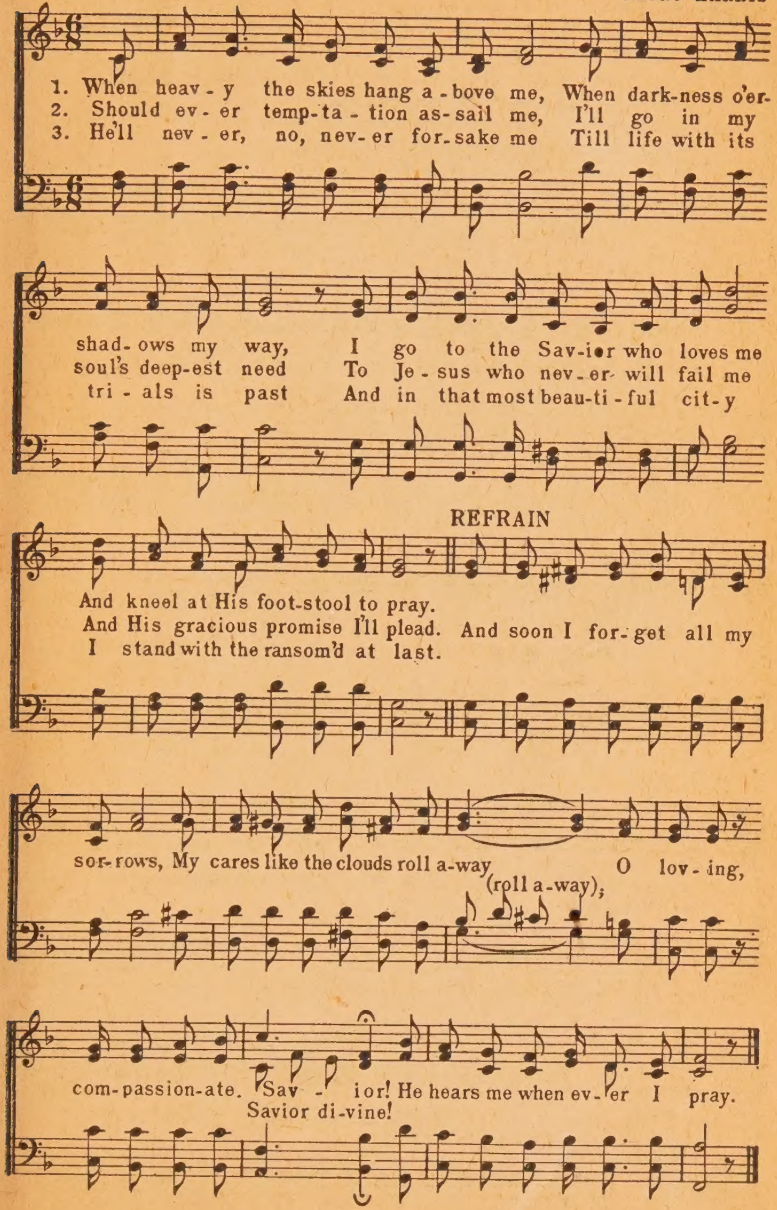
T. H.

THORO HARRIS


1. When heav - y the skies hang a - bove me, When dark-ness o'er-
2. Should ev - er temp-ta - tion as-sail me, I'll go in my
3. He'll nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake me Till life with its
shad - ows my way, I go to the Sav-ior who loves me
soul's deep-est need To Je - sus who nev - er will fail me
tri - als is past And in that most beau-ti - ful cit - y
REFRAIN
And kneel at His foot-stool to pray.
And His gracious promise I'll plead. And soon I for - get all my
I stand with the ransom'd at last.
sor-rows, My cares like the clouds roll a-way O lov - ing,
(roll a-way),
com-passion-ate. Sav - ior! He hears me when ev - er I pray.
Savior di-vine!

281 Don't Forget That Jesus Knows

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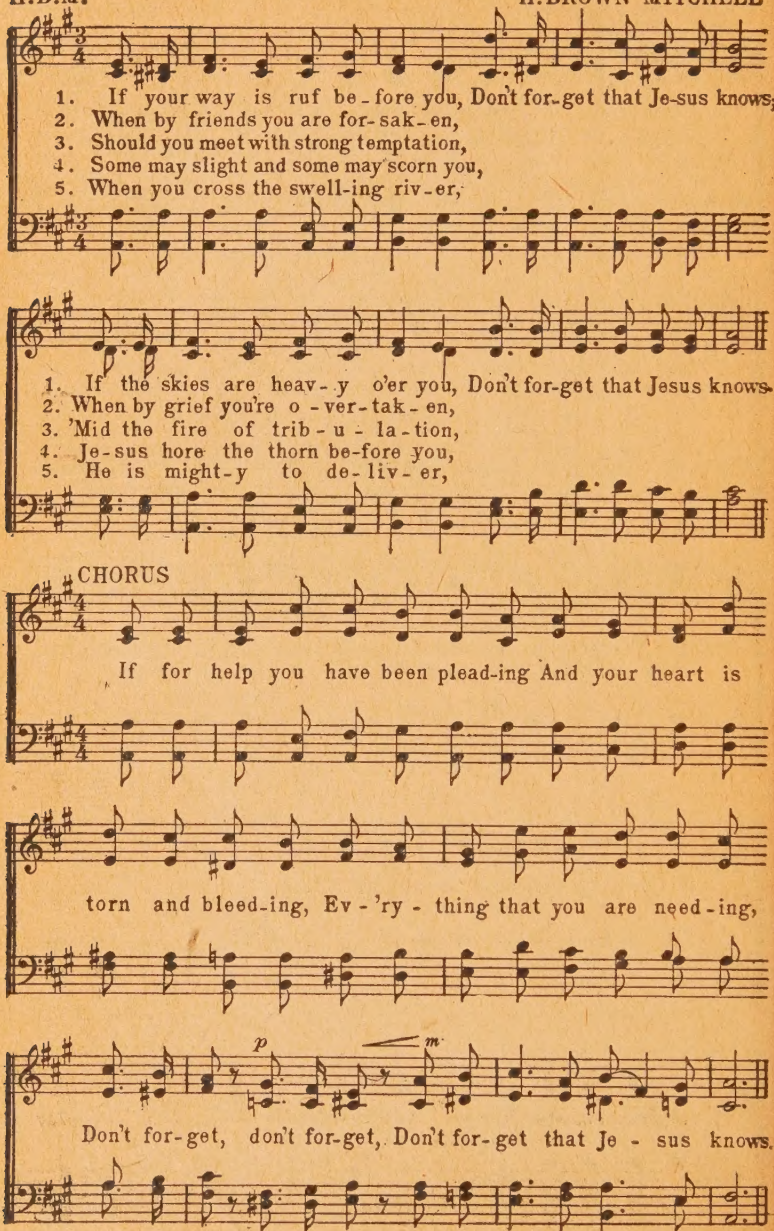
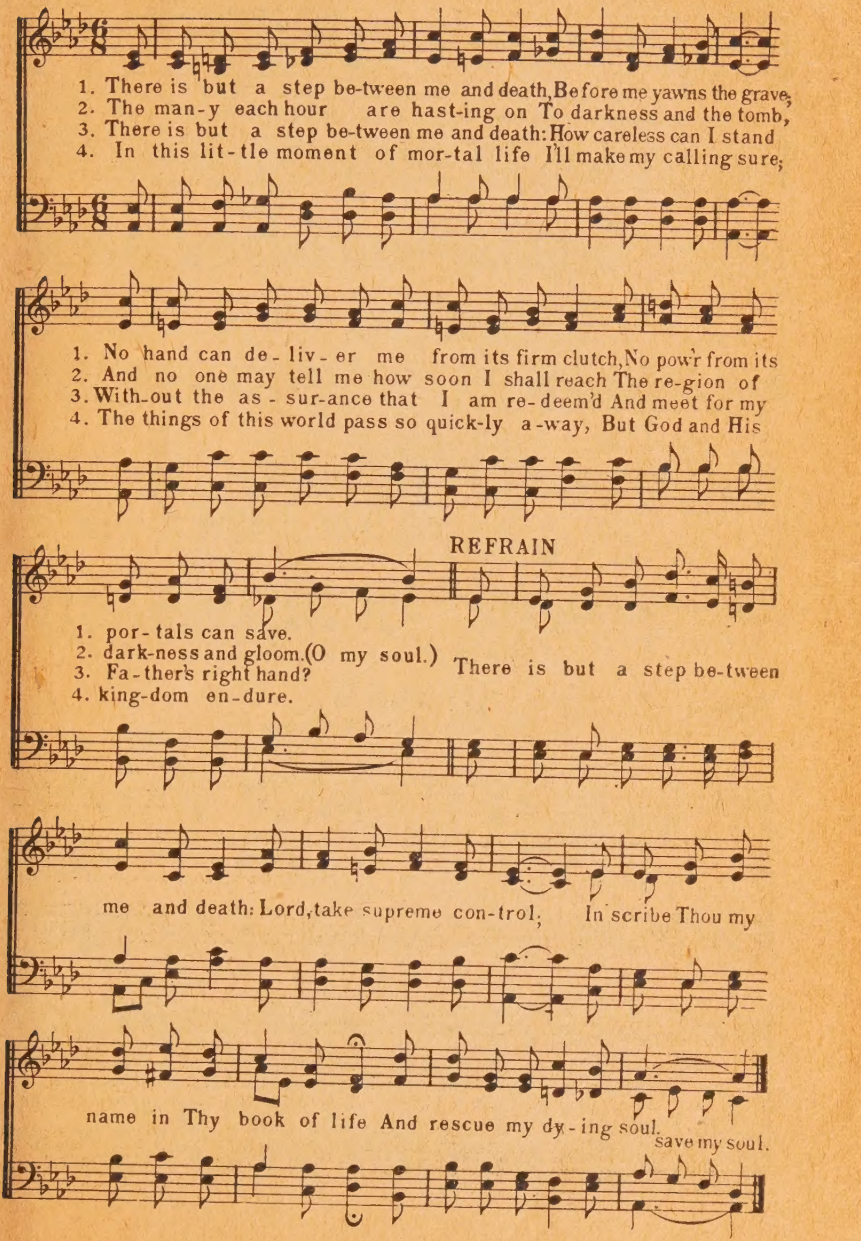
H.B.M. H. BROWN MITCHELL


1. If your way is ruf be-fore you, Don't for-get that Je-sus knows;
2. When by friends you are for-sak-en,
3. Should you meet with strong temptation,
4. Some may slight and some may scorn you,
5. When you cross the swell-ing riv-er,
1. If the skies are heav-y o'er you, Don't for-get that Jesus knows.
2. When by grief you're o-ver-tak-en,
3. 'Mid the fire of trib-u-la-tion,
4. Je-sus hore the thorn be-fore you,
5. He is might-y to de-liv-er,
CHORUS
If for help you have been plead-ing And your heart is
torn and bleed-ing, Ev-'ry-thing that you are need-ing,
p
m
Don't for-get, don't for-get, Don't for-get that Je-sus knows.

282 A Step Between Me and Death

1 Sam. 20:3

T.H. Copyright, 1925, by Thoro Harris THORO HARRIS

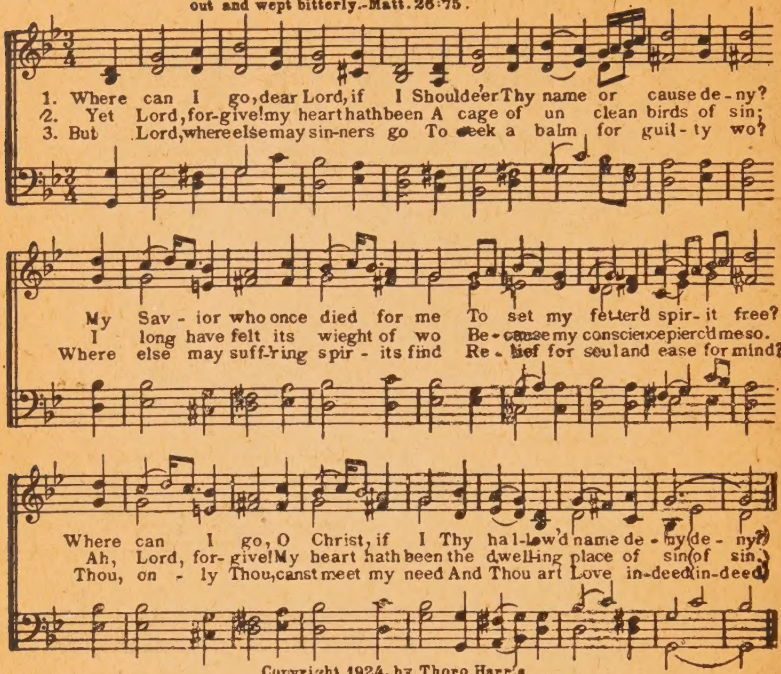

1. There is but a step be-tween me and death, Before me yawns the grave;
2. The man-y each hour are hast-ing on To darkness and the tomb,
3. There is but a step be-tween me and death: How careless can I stand
4. In this lit-tle moment of mor-tal life I'll make my calling sure;
1. No hand can de-liv-er me from its firm clutch, No pow'r from its
2. And no one may tell me how soon I shall reach The re-gion of
3. With-out the as-sur-ance that I am re-deem'd And meet for my
4. The things of this world pass so quick-ly a-way, But God and His
REFRAIN
1. por-tals can save.
2. dark-ness and gloom. (O my soul.)
3. Fa-ther's right hand?
4. king-dom en-dure.
There is but a step be-tween
me and death: Lord, take supreme con-trol; In scribe Thou my
name in Thy book of life And rescue my dy-ing soul.
save my soul.

283 Where Can I Go?

THORO HARRIS

Peter remembered the word of Jesus, Before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out and wept bitterly.-Matt. 26:75.

ASSYRIAN


1. Where can I go, dear Lord, if I Should'er Thy name or cause de - ny?
2. Yet Lord, for-give! my heart hath been A cage of un clean birds of sin;
3. But Lord, where else may sin-ners go To seek a balm for guil - ty wo?
My Sav - ior who once died for me To set my fet-ter'd spir - it free?
I long have felt its wieght of wo Be - cause my conscience pierc'd me so.
Where else may suff-'ring spir - its find Re - lief for soul and ease for mind?
Where can I go, O Christ, if I Thy hal-low'd name de - ny, de - ny?
Ah, Lord, for-give! My heart hath been the dwell-ing place of sin, of sin.
Thou, on - ly Thou, canst meet my need And Thou art Love in-deed, in-deed.

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284 All the Way

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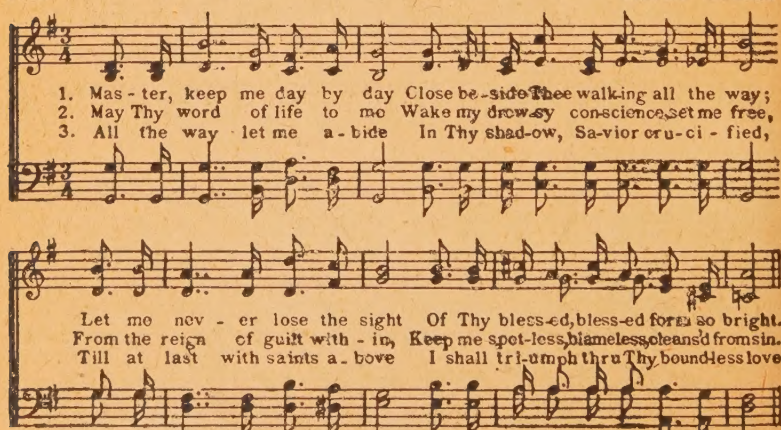
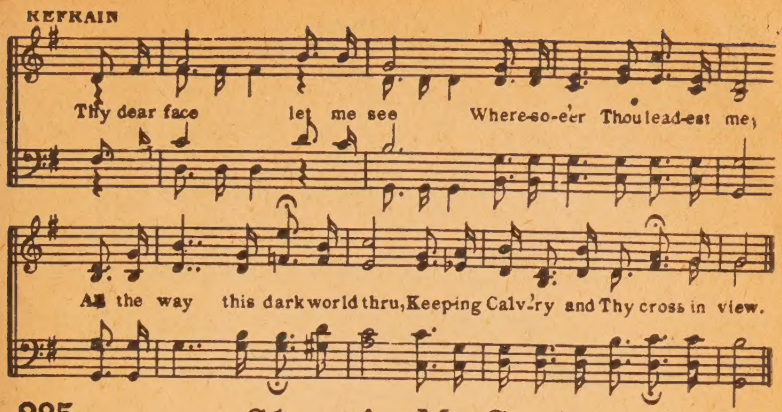
T. H.

THORO HARRIS


1. Mas - ter, keep me day by day Close be - side Thee walk-ing all the way;
2. May Thy word of life to me Wake my drow-sy con-science, set me free,
3. All the way let me a - bide In Thy shad-ow, Sa-vior cru-ci - fied,
Let me nev - er lose the sight Of Thy bless-ed, bless-ed form so bright.
From the reign of guilt with - in, Keep me spot-less, blameless, cleans'd from sin.
Till at last with saints a - bove I shall tri-umph thru Thy bound-less love


REFRAIN
Thy dear face let me see Where-so-e'er Thou lead-est me,
All the way this dark world thru, Keeping Calv'ry and Thy cross in view.

285 Glory in My Soul

THORO HARRIS

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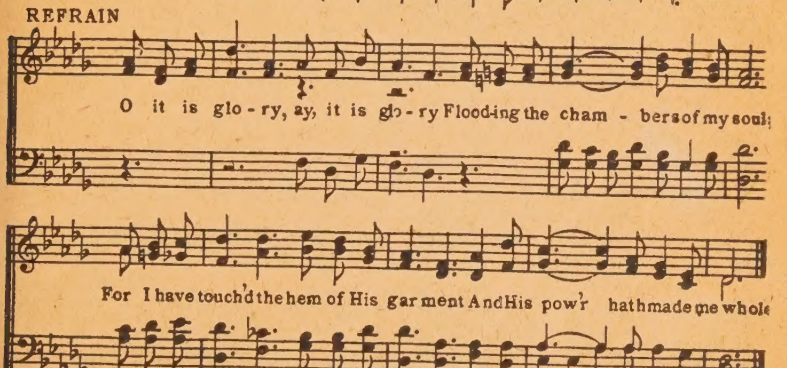
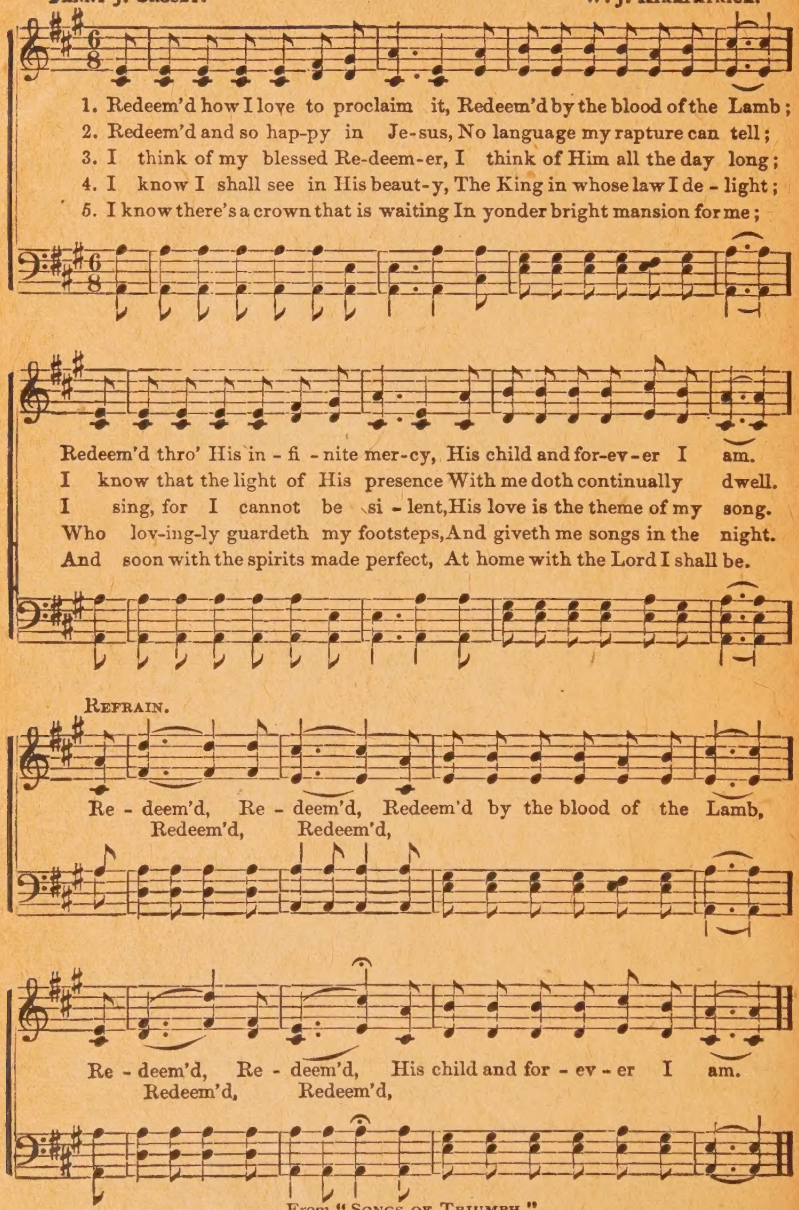
1. Mer cy sweet to me is giv - en, Deeper, broad - er than the sea;
2. Hold Thy sa - cred cross be-fore me, Je-sus my be-lov-ed Lord;
3. Keep me safe till by Thy fav - or With the ran - somed I shall rest
High-er than the high-est heav-en Is the grace that ransomed me.
Let Thy Spir - it hov-er o'er me That my lips may speak Thy word.
On the bo - som of my Sav-ior, Ful-ly sat - is-fied and blest.


REFRAIN
O it is glo - ry, ay, it is glo - ry Flooding the cham - bers of my soul;
For I have touched the hem of His gar ment And His pow'r hath made me whole
might - y pow'r

286 Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

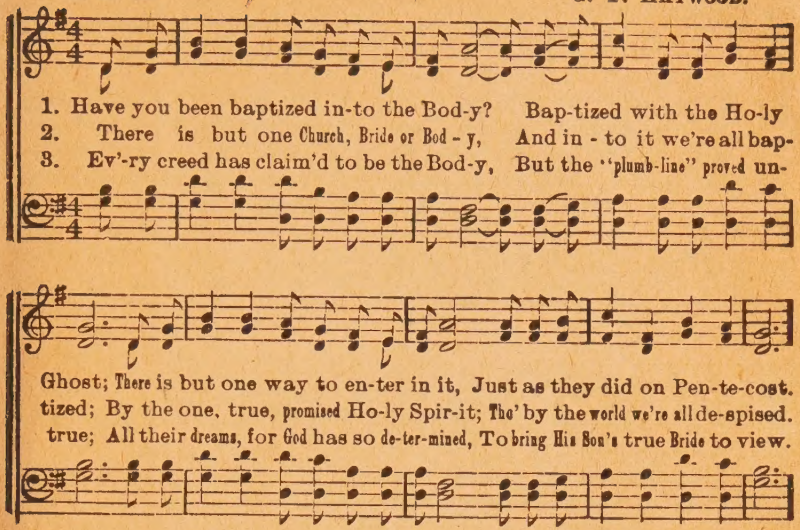

1. Redeem'd how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeem'd and so hap-py in Je-sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beaut-y, The King in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me;
Redeem'd thro' His in - fi - nite mer-cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
I know that the light of His presence With me doth continually dwell.
I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.
REFRAIN.
Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,
Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, His child and for - ev - er I am.
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

From "SONGS OF TRIUMPH."

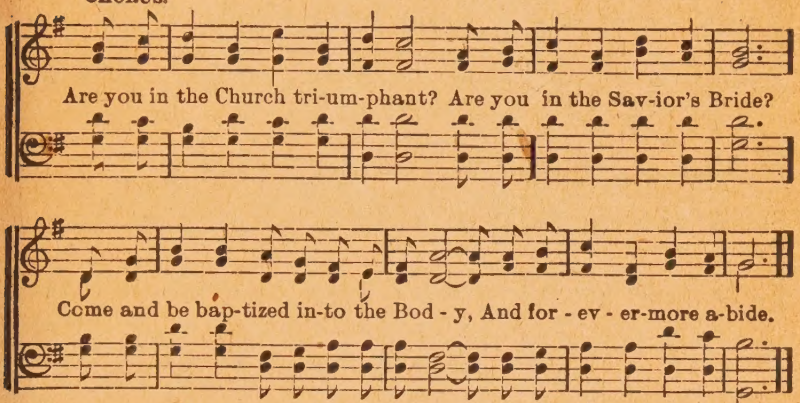
Baptized Into The Body.

(I Cor. 12:12, 13.)

G. T. H. G. T. HAYWOOD.


1. Have you been baptized in-to the Bod-y? Bap-tized with the Ho-ly
2. There is but one Church, Bride or Bod - y, And in - to it we're all bap-
3. Ev'-ry creed has claim'd to be the Bod-y, But the "plumb-line" proved un-
Ghost; There is but one way to en-ter in it, Just as they did on Pen-te-cost.
tized; By the one, true, promised Ho-ly Spir-it; Tho' by the world we're all de-spised.
true; All their dreams, for God has so de-ter-mined, To bring His Son's true Bride to view.

CHORUS.



4. Many thought that they were in the Body,
'Till the Holy Ghost had come;
When the Word of God was opened to them,
They entered in, and yet there's room.

5. Those who died before the Holy Spirit
Came upon us from on high
May, by faith with Saints of old departed,
Arise to meet Him in the sky.

6. When the Bridegroom comes, will you be ready;
And your vessel all filled and bright?
You will be among the foolish virgins
If you do not walk in the light.

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288 Under the Blood.

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E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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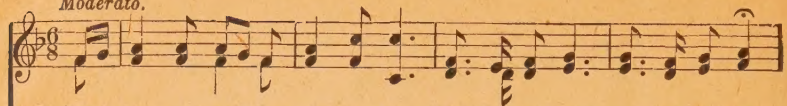
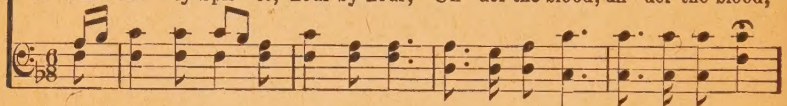
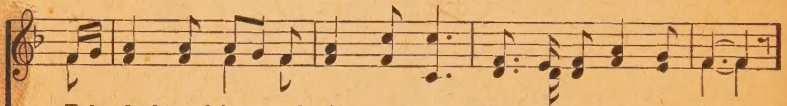
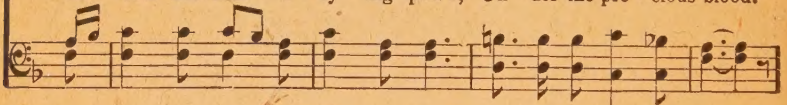


1. Lord, keep my soul from day to day, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
2. The sin - ner's ref - uge here a - lone, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
3. Lord, with Thy - self my spir - it fill, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
4. Sweet peace a - bides with - in the heart, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
5. The Ho - ly Spir - it, hour by hour, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;

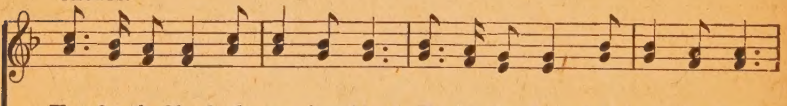




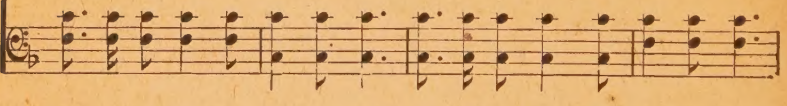
Take doubt and fear and sin a - way, Un - der the pre - cious blood.
Here Je - sus makes sal - va - tion known, Un - der the pre - cious blood.
And work in me to do Thy will, Un - der the pre - cious blood.
And gifts di - vine their joy im - part, Un - der the pre - cious blood.
Ex - erts His sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r, Un - der the pre - cious blood.

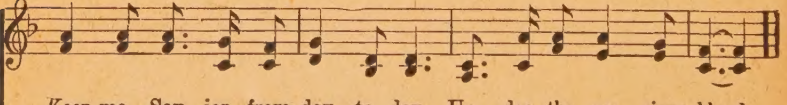


CHORUS.

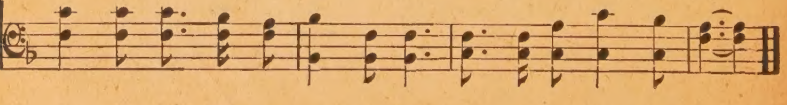


Un - der the blood, the pre-cious blood, Un-der the cleans-ing, heal - ing flood;





Keep me, Sav - ior, from day to day, Un - der the pre - cious blood.



Deeper.

DUET.

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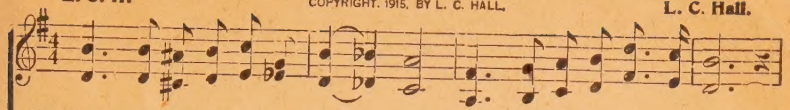
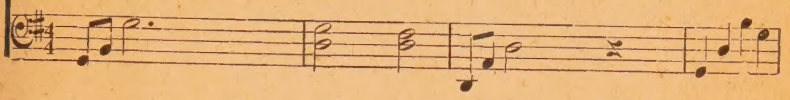
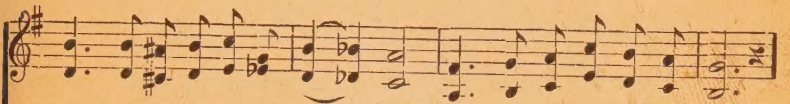
L. C. H. L. C. Hall.

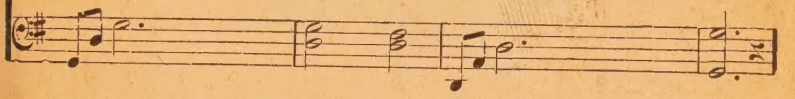


1. Deep - er in Thy love, O, Je - sus, Doth my spir - it cry to go,
2. Hum-bly must I walk with Je - sus In the paths that He doth lead,
3. Dai - ly must I seek to please Him, Wheth - er it bring joy or pain;
4. Deep - er, till at last in glo - ry, In His like-ness I shall come,

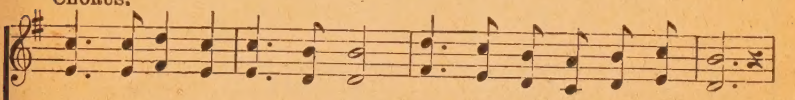




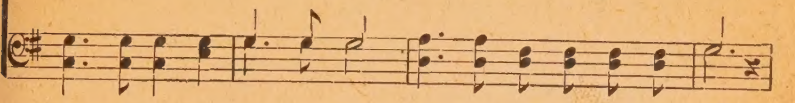
Un - til all my life is hid - den Deep with-in the cleans-ing flow.
Nev - er fal-ter, nev-er mur - mur, Al - ways to His voice give heed.
I shall know then just how bless - ed Is the worth of heav'n-ly gain.
Where the saints of all the a - ges Shall re-ceive their welcome home.

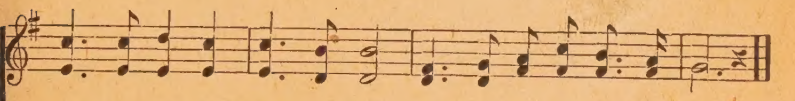


CHORUS.

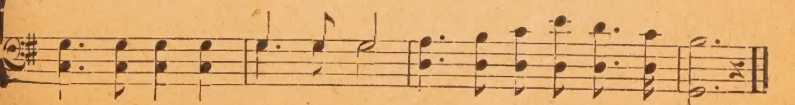


Deep - er in that ho - ly life, Till I'm lost with Christ in God;



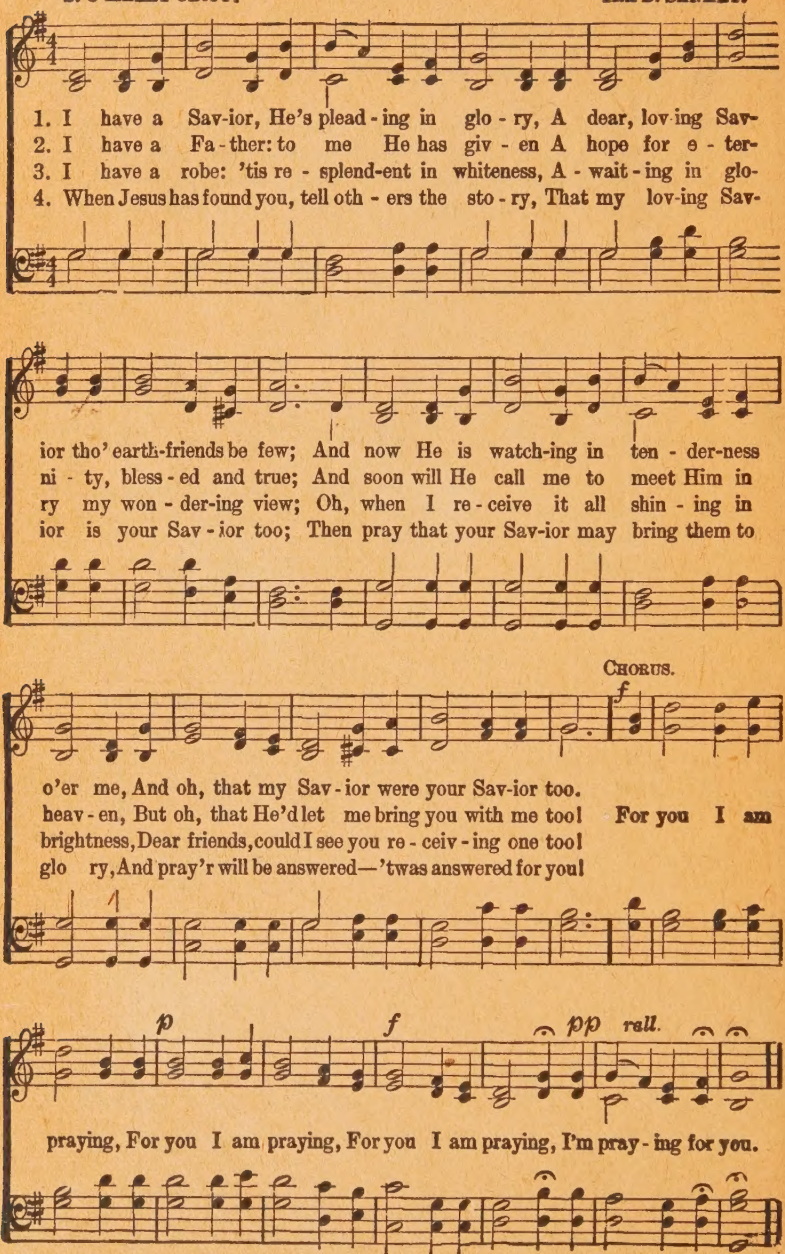


Hid - den with my bless - ed Lord, While I walk this earth-ly sod.



I Am Praying For You.

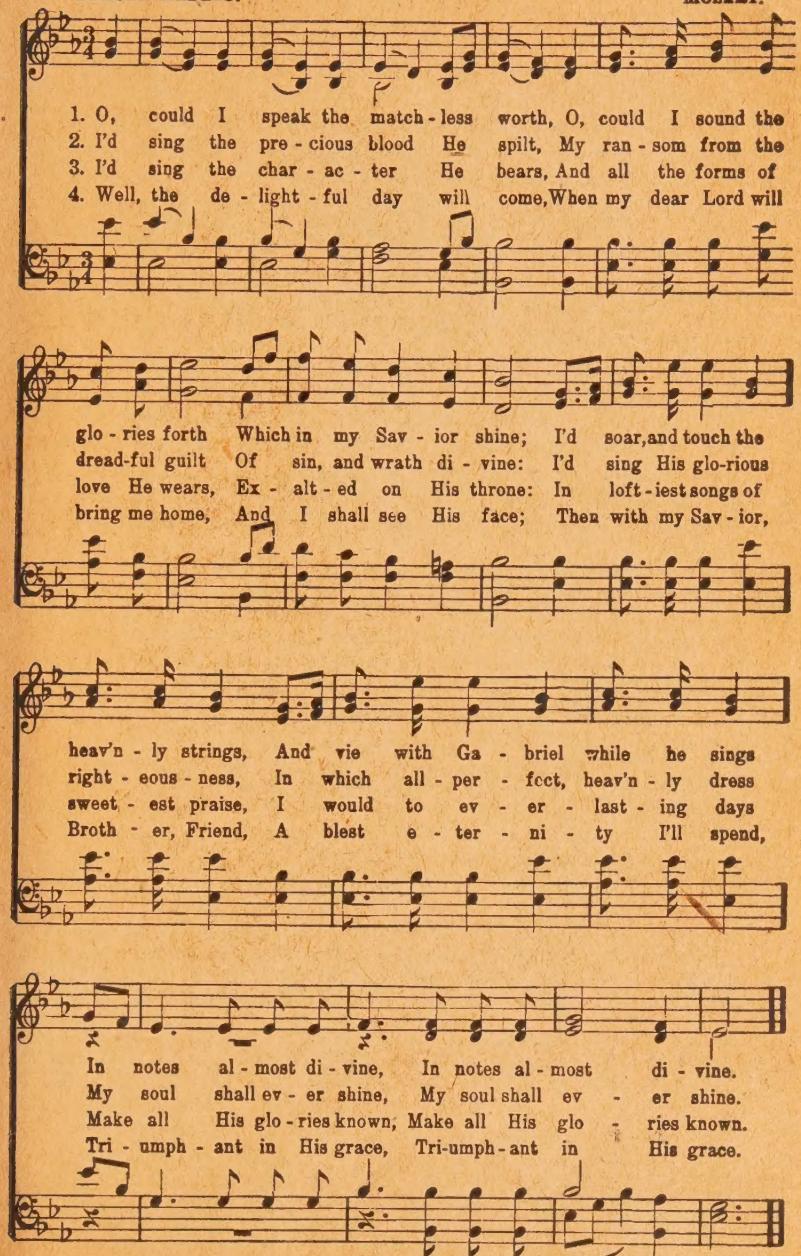
S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. I have a Sav-ior, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splend-ent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in glo-
4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-
ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-der-ness
ni-ty, bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in
ior is your Sav-ior too; Then pray that your Sav-ior may bring them to
CHORUS.
f
o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav-en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
brightness, Dear friends, could I see you re-ceiv-ing one too!
glo-ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!
p
f
pp
rall.
praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray-ing for you.

By Permission.

O, Could I Speak.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. MOZART.

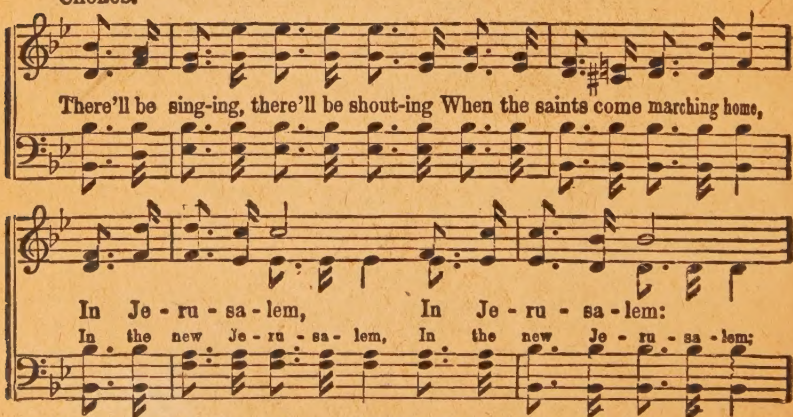

1. O, could I speak the match-less worth, O, could I sound the
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ter He bears, And all the forms of
4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will
glo-ries forth Which in my Sav-ior shine; I'd soar, and touch the
dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di-vine: I'd sing His glo-rious
love He wears, Ex-alt-ed on His throne: In loft-iest songs of
bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav-ior,
heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings
right-eous-ness, In which all-per-fect, heav'n-ly dress
sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days
Broth-er, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend,
In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known.
Tri-umph-ant in His grace, Tri-umph-ant in His grace.

In the New Jerusalem.

C. B. W. C. B. Widmeyer.

1. When the toils of life are o - ver And we lay our ar-mor down, And we
2. Tho' the way is sometimes lonely, He will hold me with His hand, Thro' the
3. When the last good-by is spok-en And the tear stains wiped away, And our
4. When we join the ransomed ar-my In the sum-mer-land a-bove, And the
bid fare-well to earth with all its cares, We shall meet and greet our
test - ings and the tri - als I must go; But I'll trust and glad - ly
eyes shall catch a glimpse of glo - ry fair, Then with bounding hearts we'll
face of our dear Sav - iour we be - hold, We will sing and shout for-
loved ones And our Christ we then shall crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
fol - low, For sometime I'll un - der-stand, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
meet Him Who hath washed our sins a - way, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
ev - er And we'll grow in per - fect love, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

CHORUS.


There'll be sing-ing, there'll be shout-ing When the saints come marching home,
In Je - ru - sa - lem, In Je - ru - sa - lem:
In the new Je - ru - sa - lem, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem;

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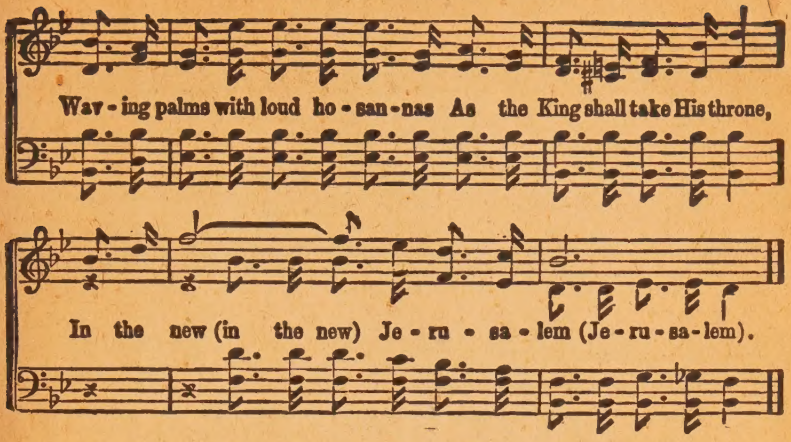
In the New Jerusalem.



293 This World is Not My Home.

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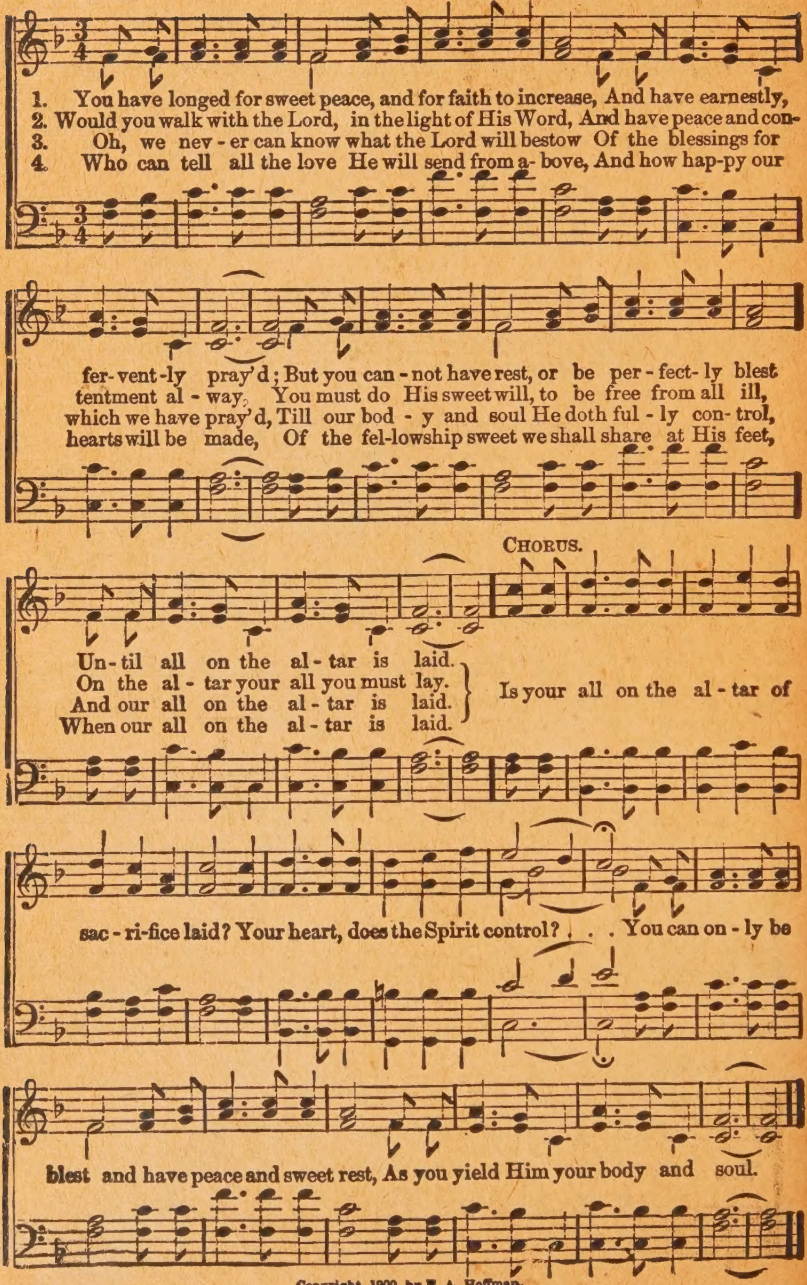
Arr. by Mrs. John T. Benson.

1I'veleft the way of death and sin, The road that ma-ny trav-el in;
2. Tho' ma-ny would my progress stay, And beg me not to watch and pray;
3. O sin-ner, come and go with me, And seek this land of lib-er - ty;
And if you ask the rea-son why, I seek a glo-rious home on high.
I dare not lis - ten to their cry; I seek a glo-rious home on high.
O, do not stay, but tell me why You do not seek this home on high?
D.S. This world is not my rest-ing place, This world, this world is not my home.
CHORUS.
D. S.
This world, this world is not my home, This world, this world is not my home;

294 Is Your All On the Altar?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to increase, And have earnestly,
2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word, And have peace and con-
3. Oh, we nev - er can know what the Lord will bestow Of the blessings for
4. Who can tell all the love He will send from a- bove, And how hap-py our
fer-vent-ly pray'd; But you can - not have rest, or be per - fect- ly blest
tentment al - way, You must do His sweet will, to be free from all ill,
which we have pray'd, Till our bod - y and soul He doth ful - ly con- trol,
hearts will be made, Of the fel-lowship sweet we shall share at His feet,
CHORUS.
Un-til all on the al - tar is laid.
On the al - tar your all you must lay.
And our all on the al - tar is laid.
When our all on the al - tar is laid.
Is your all on the al - tar of
sac - ri-fice laid? Your heart, does the Spirit control? . . . You can on - ly be
blest and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your body and soul.

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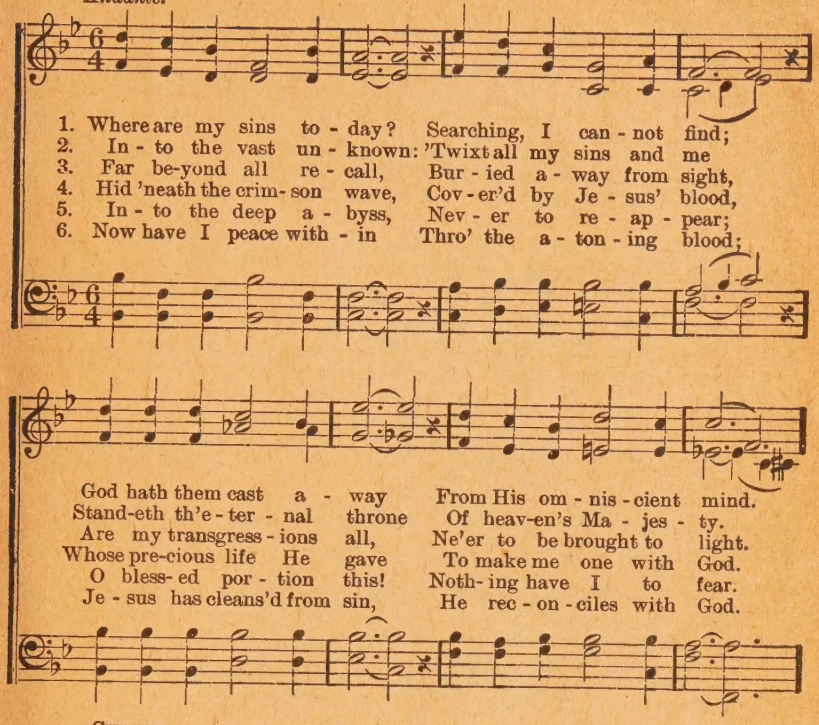
Into the Depths of the Sea.

T. H.

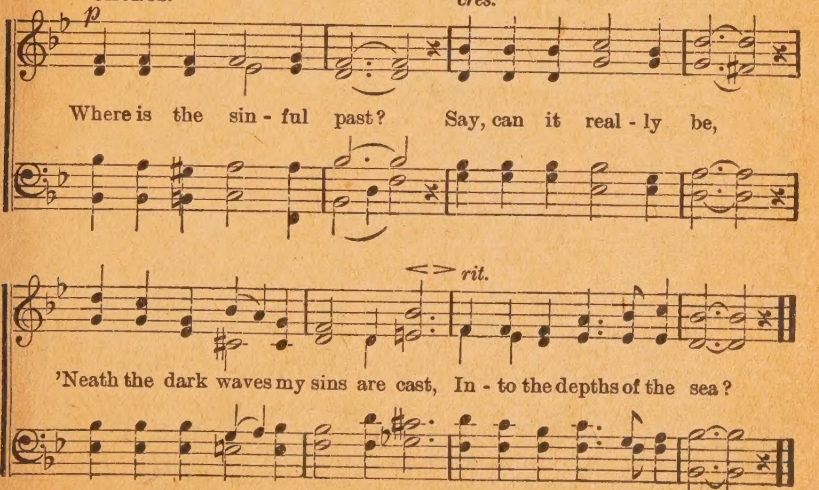
Andante.

THORO HARRIS.


1. Where are my sins to - day? Searching, I can - not find;
2. In - to the vast un - known: 'Twixt all my sins and me
3. Far be-yond all re - call, Bur - ied a - way from sight,
4. Hid 'neath the crim- son wave, Cov - er'd by Je - sus' blood,
5. In - to the deep a - byss, Nev - er to re - ap - pear;
6. Now have I peace with - in Thro' the a - ton - ing blood;
God hath them cast a - way From His om - nis - cient mind.
Stand-eth th'e - ter - nal throne Of heav-en's Ma - jes - ty.
Are my transgress - ions all, Ne'er to be brought to light.
Whose pre-cious life He gave To make me one with God.
O bless- ed por - tion this! Noth- ing have I to fear.
Je - sus has cleans'd from sin, He rec - on - ciles with God.

CHORUS.

cres.



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He Knows Each Sheep by Name.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. There is one tho't more precious Than all things else could be: My Friend, so
2. I feed in rich-est mead-ows, In past-ures green and fair; He leads by
3. And when life's burdens press me, I cast my weight of care On One who
true, so gra-cious, In love re-mem-bers me. So pa-tient-ly he sought me
qui-et wa-ters, I find re-fresh-ment there. His rod and staff sup-port me;
deigns to bless me And all my sorrows share. He is my soul's De-fend-er;
Out on the storm-y wold; Safe in his arms he bro't me Back to his
And when from him I roam, He seeks a-gain the wand'rer, And leads me
And when I lose my way, This Shepherd kind and ten-der, Still seeks his
CHORUS.
shelt'ring fold.
safe-ly home. He knows each sheep by name, He knows each sheep by
sheep a-stray. each sheep by name, each
name; This Shep-herd of The fold of love Knows ev'ry sheep by name.
sheep by name;

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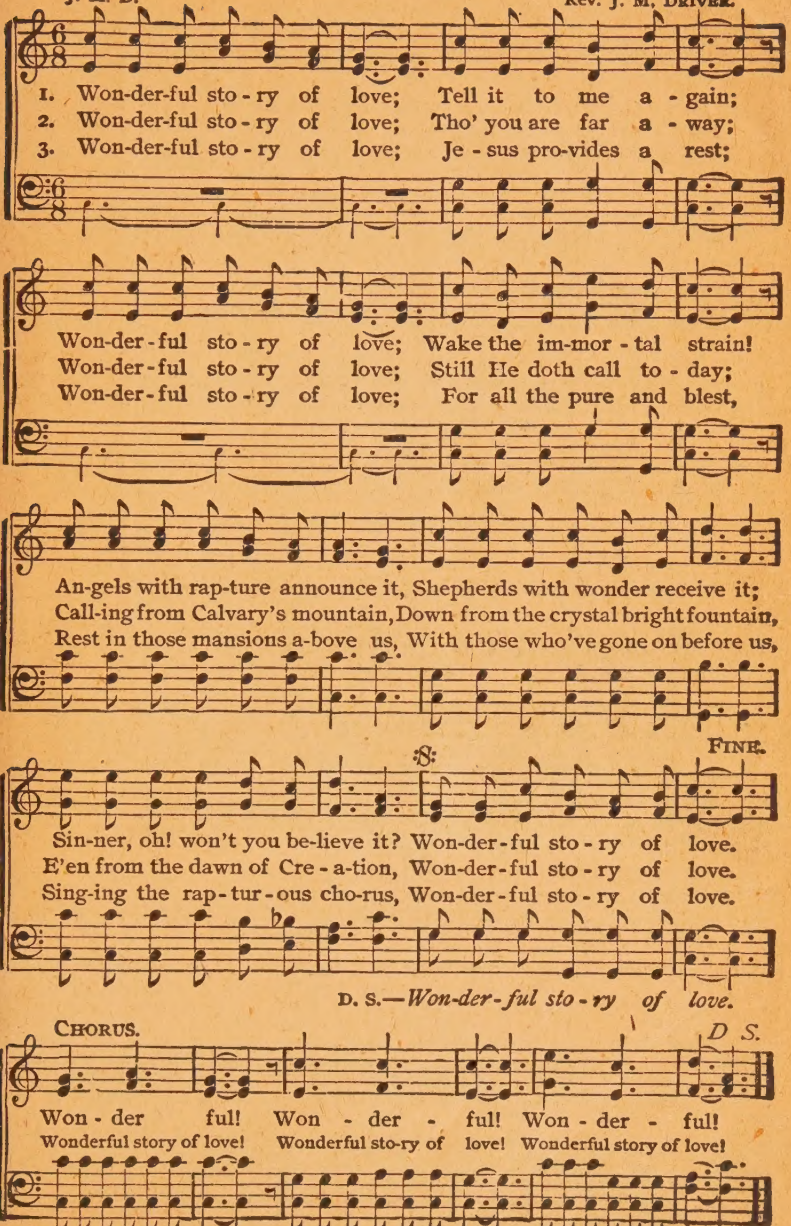
297 Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D. Rev. J. M. DRIVER.


1. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Tell it to me a-gain;
2. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Tho' you are far a-way;
3. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Je-sus pro-vides a rest;
Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Wake the im-mor-tal strain!
Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Still He doth call to-day;
Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; For all the pure and blest,
An-gels with rap-ture announce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it;
Call-ing from Calvary's mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain,
Rest in those mansions a-bove us, With those who've gone on before us,
FINE.
Sin-ner, oh! won't you be-lieve it? Won-der-ful sto-ry of love.
E'en from the dawn of Cre-a-tion, Won-der-ful sto-ry of love.
Sing-ing the rap-tur-ous cho-rus, Won-der-ful sto-ry of love.
D. S.—Won-der-ful sto-ry of love.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Won-der ful! Won-der-ful! Won-der-ful!
Wonderful story of love! Wonderful sto-ry of love! Wonderful story of love!

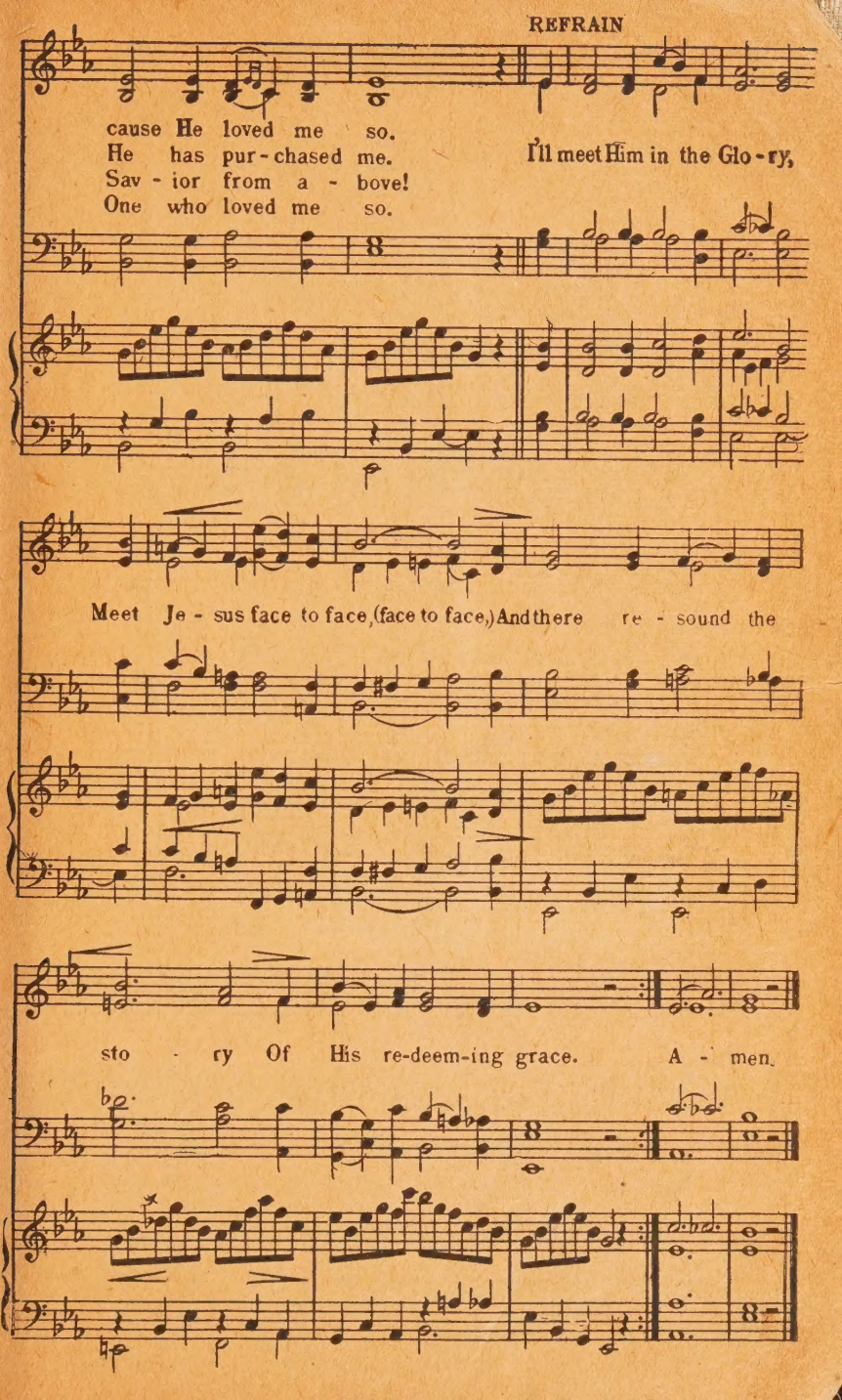
By permissoin.

I'll Meet Him in the Glory

Copyright 1927 by Thoro Harris

OSWALD J. SMITH THORO HARRIS

1. My Sav - ior came from heav - en 'Twas ma - ny years a - go— And dy - ing, wro't re - demp - tion Be -
2. He gave His life to save me On Calv - ry's rug - ged tree, And I am His for - ev - er, For
3. And now my heart is sing - ing Of Je - sus and His love; O praise His name for - ev - er, My
4. Some day 'twill all be end - ed, My ser - vice here be - low; And I shall go to Je - sus, The
p


REFRAIN
cause He loved me so.
He has pur - chased me.
Sav - ior from a - bove!
One who loved me so.
I'll meet Him in the Glo - ry,
Meet Je - sus face to face, (face to face,) And there re - sound the
sto - ry Of His re-deem-ing grace. A - men.

My Redeemer.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.

1. I will sing of my Re - deem - er, And His
2. I will tell the won-drous sto - ry, How my
3. I will praise my dear Re - deem - er, His tri-
4. I will sing of my Re - deem - er, And His
won - drous love to me;..... On the
lost ..... es - tate to save,..... In His
umph - ant pow'r I'll tell,..... How the
heav'n - ly love to me;..... He from
cru - el cross He suf - fered, From the
bound - less love and mer - cy, He the
vic - to - ry He giv - eth, O - ver
death to life hath brought me, Son of
curse..... to set me free.....
ran - - som free - ly gave.....
sin,..... and death, and hell.....
God,..... with Him to be.....

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My Redeemer. Concluded.

CHORUS.
Sing, oh sing,..... of my Re-deem - er, With His
Sing, oh sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh sing of my Redeem-er, With His
blood.....
blood He pur-chased me, He purchased me,..... On the
blood..... with His blood He purchased me, On the
cross..... He sealed my par - don, Paid the
cross He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the
Repeat pp after last verse.
debt,..... And made me free,.....
debt and made me free, and made me free.

300 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Unknown.

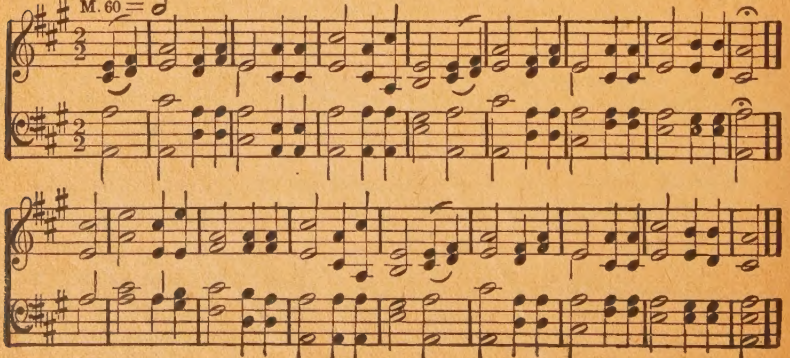
M. 108 = ♩

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sorrow shall
4. "When thro' fi-ery tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf - ficient, shall
ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o - verflow; For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti - fy
be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-
ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je-sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip - o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep - est dis - tress, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deep-est distress.
sume, and thy gold to re - fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re - fine."

301 How Firm a Foundation.

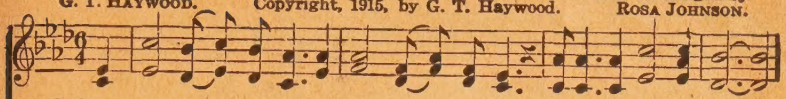
George Keith. Anne Steele.

M. 60 = 𝅗𝅥

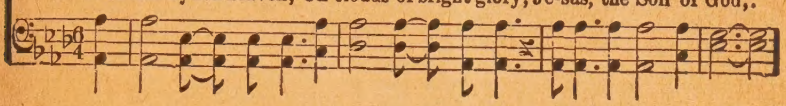


302 Jesus, the Son of God.

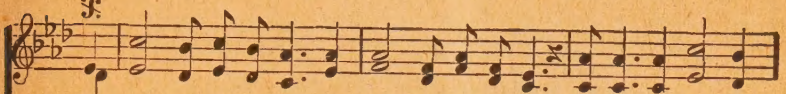
G. T. HAYWOOD. Copyright, 1915, by G. T. Haywood. Music arranged by ROSA JOHNSON.



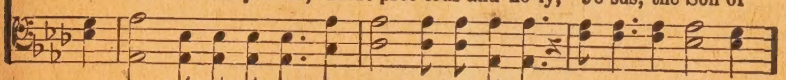
1. Do you know Je-sus, Our Lord, our Sav-ior, Je-sus, the Son of God?..
2. God gave Him a ransom, Our souls to re-cov-er; Je-sus, the Son of God...
3. O who would reject Him, De-spise, or forsake Him, Je-sus, the Son of God?..
4. If you will ac-cept Him And trust and believe Him, Je-sus, the Son of God,..
5. Then some day from heaven, On clouds of bright glory, Je-sus, the Son of God,.



S.

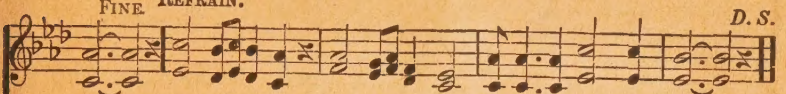


Have you ev-er seen Him, Or shared of His fa-vor? Je-sus, the Son of
His blood made us wor-thy His Spir - it to hov-er; Je-sus, the Son of
O who ev-er sought Him, And He would not take Him? Je-sus, the Son of
Your soul will ex-alt Him, And never will leave Him; Je-sus, the Son of
Will come for His jew-els, Most prec-ious and ho-ly, Je-sus, the Son of

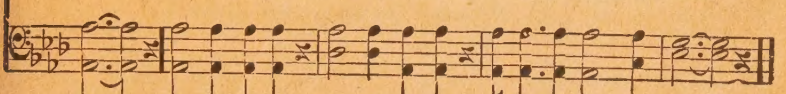


D. S.— *How I a-dore Thee! 𝄋 O, how I love Thee! Je-sus, the Son of*

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

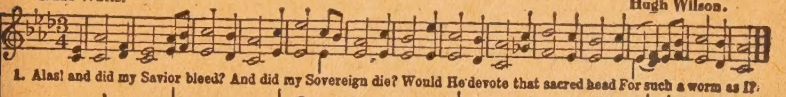


God. O sweet won-der! O sweet won-der! Je-sus, the Son of God;..



303 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.



1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Jesus Saves.

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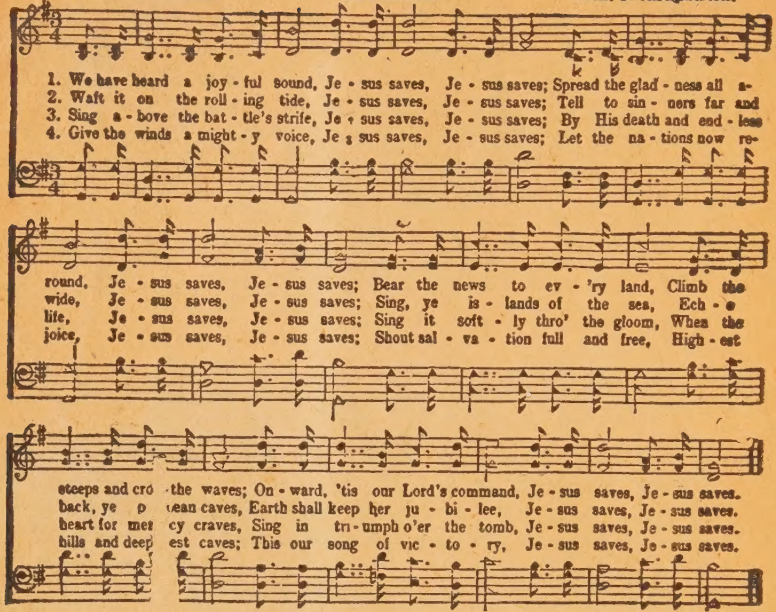
1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Spread the glad - ness all a-
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Tell to sin - ners far and
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; By His death and end - less
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Let the na - tions now re-
round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est
steeps and cro - the waves; On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
back, ye p - vean caves, Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
hills and deep - est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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